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THE
MILITARY ACHIEVEMENTS
OF
FIELD-MARSHAL
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

CONTRASTED WITH THOSE OF
ALEXANDER, PYRRHUS, HANNIBAL, CÆSAR,
MARLBOROUGH, NAPOLEON,
AND OTHER CELEBRATED COMMANDERS.

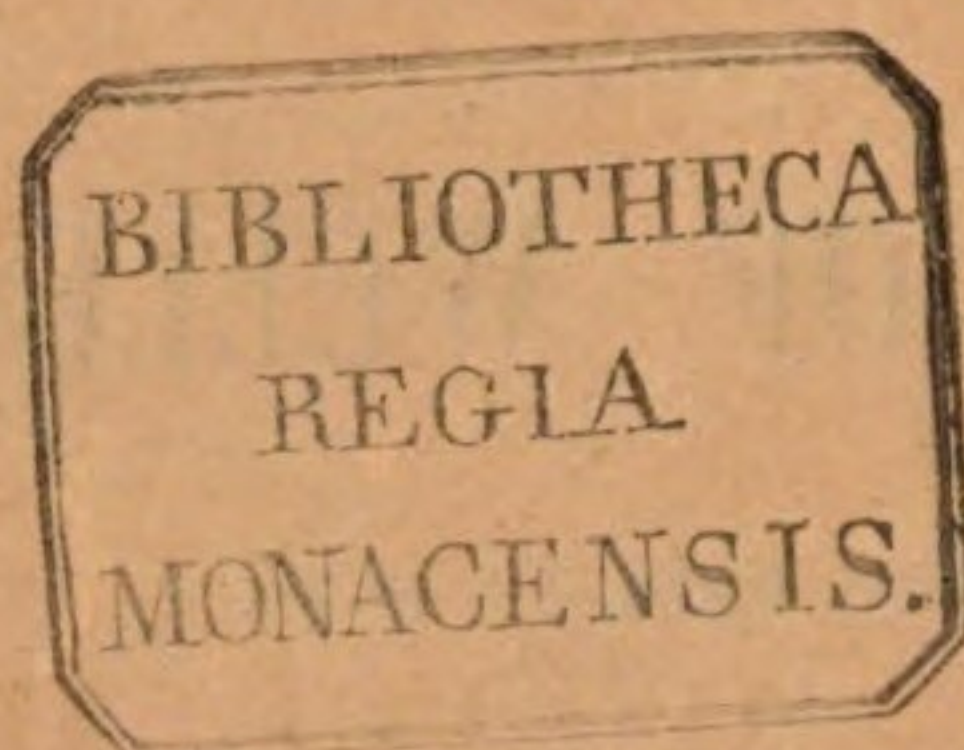
BY
A PENINSULAR AND WATERLOO OFFICER,
AUTHOR OF "MILITARY MEMOIRS OF AN INFANTRY OFFICER," &c.

"The finger of God was on me."—WELLINGTON.

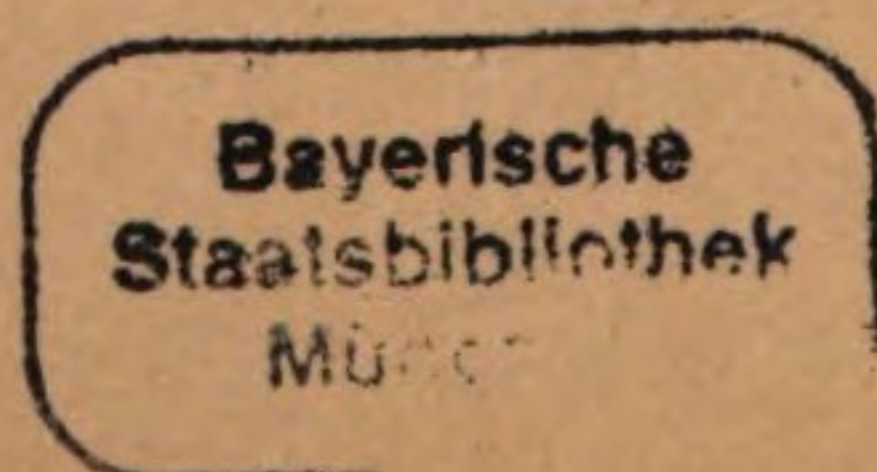
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THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

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ERRATA TO VOL. II.

- PAGE 8. Line 7, from foot, for "them," *read* "the allies."
41. Line 6, from foot, for "though," *read* "but were."
171. Line 3, from foot, after "Pyrrhus," *read* "and abandoned it."
176. Line 17, from top, for "any," *read* "every."
208. Line 4, from foot, after "send," *read* "I was obliged to send."
214. Line 11, from foot, after "and — —," omitted for a name.
226. Line 8, from foot, before "it," *read* "that."
230. Line 7, from top, for "Prussians," *read* "Russians."
239. Line 11, from top, after "Awerstadt," omit "thereby affording," and *read* "that he afforded."
251. Line 2, from foot, for "arms," *read* "armies."
261. Line 16, from top, after "forced," *read* "them."
300. Note.—For "Generalissimo," *read* "Generalissimo."
351. Line 3, from top, for "on," *read* "over."



THE
MILITARY ACHIEVEMENTS
OF THE
DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

L. J. BRUTUS, AND PUBLICOLA.

I HAVE now to introduce to my military friends the two Roman Generals, Lucius Junius Brutus and Publius Valerius, surnamed Publicola, to whom their country was indebted for the expulsion of the Tarquins, and the establishment of a consular form of government. Brutus being the First Consul, having for his colleague Collatinus, the husband of the ill-fated Lucretia, who, after communicating to her father Lucretius, Brutus, Valerius, and others assembled by invitation at her own residence, the extent of the injury which she had received at the hands of Sextus Tarquinius,

and urging them not to allow the crime to remain unpunished, plunged a dagger into her bosom, heroically declaring she would not survive her honour. The detestable crime, and the harrowing fruits of it which lay before them in the inanimate form of the once lovely and virtuous Lucretia, had such an effect on the assembled group, that Brutus, who for some time had feigned himself insane, seizing the poniard, still reeking with the blood of the victim, raised it above his head that all might see it, and with apparent fervour, said—

“I swear by this blood, which was once so pure, and which nothing but the villany of Tarquin could have polluted, that I will pursue Tarquinius the Proud, his wicked wife, and their children, with fire and sword, nor will ever suffer any of that family or any other whatever to reign at Rome. Ye Gods, I call you to witness this my oath!”

Then presenting the frightful instrument of death first of all to Collatinus, then to Lucretius, and afterwards to all the others in succession, he made them bind themselves to pursue a similar course, by adopting the same oath. The consequence was a popular movement, which being headed by Brutus and Valerius, the tyrant and his family were forced to crave protection in a foreign land.

Now, such being the detestation in which this infamous crime was held by the Roman people 500 years before the Christian era; in what light

should it be viewed by the inhabitants of this country, 1854 after it? True it is, that until lately, the crime was looked upon as one of so atrocious a character, that death was, in almost every case, the punishment awarded the culprit; but the Legislature, in its wisdom, lately substituted transportation for that of death, and thereby demolished one of the strongest fences, which until then had surrounded and protected female virtue from the brutal assaults of lawless ruffianism; an act of Senatorial wisdom which has never found favour in the eyes of a large majority of the people. No one can hold public executions in greater abhorrence than we do; but so long as the human heart remains what it has hitherto been, a thing full of cunning, deceit, &c., so long I fear will capital punishment for certain offences, and this one of the number, have to be suspended over the heads of those guilty of crimes similar to that which drove Tarquin from the throne; otherwise there will be no real security for female virtue, whether residing within the mansion of the Peer, or the cottage of the individual who earns his bread by the "sweat of his brow."

In every age, from that of Brutus to the present, the masses—the least qualified to give an opinion on political affairs, have in almost every country arrogated to themselves all the patriotism and virtue vegetating within the boundaries of their respective nations, and branded all the educated

and wealthy portion of their countrymen as the enemies of liberty, because the opinions of the latter did not coincide with their own. That such is the case now is but too true. And that such was the case two thousand four hundred years ago, the records of Rome amply testify.

The people, on the flight of Tarquin, seemed disposed to place the reins of power in the hands of a General instead of a King; and Valerius having yielded the first place to Brutus, the latter was elected Consul, under whose auspices the Roman Republic commenced. But the ever-changeable masses, repenting of their handiwork, insisted on giving Brutus a colleague, on which he requested that Valerius might be associated with him in the government; but to this they objected, because the royal family having always treated the latter with marked attention, he must have a leaning towards the exiles; and elected Collatinus, who being deeply injured by the Tarquins, he must entertain a deadly hatred to royalty. So greatly did the issue of the election annoy Publicola, that he absented himself from the Senate, and declined to take part in the public business. But to show the people that it was not the men who poured into their ears the words—liberty, country, virtue, whose breasts were most largely stored with the love of country, Valerius, on Brutus calling upon the members of the Senate to take an oath of fidelity to the Re-

public, hurried to the Forum, and was the very first who, in the face of *Heaven*, declared he would never listen to overtures proceeding from the exiled family; but, until death, combat for the liberty and independence of his country.

A conspiracy to restore the royal family having, soon after this, been discovered; Collatinus, who was suspected of harbouring a friendly feeling for those engaged in it, resigned the Consulship, and left the city; whereupon Publicola was elected Consul, amid the plaudits of the people.

That Tarquin might be deprived of the services of at least a portion of the Roman citizens, who had accompanied him into exile, a general amnesty was granted to all who should return to Rome within twenty days, of which a considerable number took advantage. We cannot, of course, affirm that the success attending the Roman policy, on this occasion, suggested to the Duke of Wellington the propriety of urging the Spanish Government to adopt a similar policy towards those Spaniards who, from various motives, had exiled themselves; but certain it is, that, on the 11th of June, 1813, his Grace, in a letter to Don Juan O'Donoju, made a most energetic appeal to the Spanish Government on behalf of those unfortunate individuals, not a few of whom were, at the time, serving in the ranks of the enemy, but with very little success; those at the helm of

affairs in Spain being too little acquainted with the art of governing millions, to give either a ready or a willing ear to the Field-Marshal's representations.

The desertion of so many adherents did not, however, prevent the deposed monarch from attempting, with the aid of the inhabitants of Veii and Tarquinii, the recovery of the Roman crown. On completing his preparations, Tarquin marched towards Rome, at the head of the allied army, confident of success; and, equally confident of victory, Brutus and Valerius—the former in command of the cavalry, and the latter at the head of the infantry—marched from the capital, amid the plaudits of their friends, to welcome the invaders on Roman soil. Coming in sight of each other in the vicinity of Arsia, but little time was spent in preliminary preparations, both parties being anxious to bring the quarrel to an immediate issue. The armies, indeed, were no sooner drawn up, a wing of each resting on the wood of Arsia, than they advanced towards each other, but with great caution, the stakes for which they were about to contend, being of considerable magnitude.

Being now fairly pitted against each other, the rival chiefs, on the signal being given, Brutus at the head of the Roman, and Aruns Tarquinius, son of the exiled monarch, in command of the allied cavalry, advanced, at first in admirable

order; but the moment the two generals could distinguish each other, the latter rushed towards Brutus with the view of deciding their quarrel in a personal rencontre. The latter, equally ready and willing for a tilt, moved forward to welcome his antagonist at the point of his lance, and the champions being hurried onward more by personal hatred and a thirst for revenge, than either glory or the love of their country, passion left but little room for skill or precaution on the part of either, and consequently each hastened to the deadly fray with so much fury, that at the very first collision, the enraged combatants were stretched lifeless on the crimson-coloured sward, the victims of ambition and direful revenge.

This tragedy proved the prelude to one of the most severe combats—numbers considered—recorded in the annals of Rome; for Valerius, to secure the liberty and independence of his country, and Tarquin, to recover a throne, and the power of enslaving and tyrannizing over his former subjects, permitted no opportunity of securing their object to pass unimproved.

Encouraged by the heroic example of their leaders, each party fought with incredible bravery and resolution. Attack succeeded attack, neither being disposed to confess their inferiority while one man remained alive to contend for victory. The consequence was that each party endeavoured

to gain upon his adversary either by stratagem or force, until night threw her sable mantle over the combatants, and forced them to delay the final settlement of the national quarrel.

Fully resolved to renew the action on the following morning, the necessary preparations for such a measure were instantly made by the belligerents. Appalled, however, by the number of corpses that lay around him, doubtful as to the issue of a second engagement, and satisfied that the loss of a battle would entail innumerable ills on his country, Publicola, in the dead hour of night when all was silent as the grave, despatched a few trusty friends into the forest of Arsia, on which as already noticed, rested one wing of each army, with instructions to proclaim in voices of thunder, the Romans victorious. Astounded and alarmed by the unexpected and unwelcome notes of triumph, the allies instantly resumed their arms to be prepared to renew the action, but the victorious sounds continuing to issue from the forest, and every time in more animated strains, and being unable to ascertain the actual extent of their supposed misfortunes, a panic seized them, who abandoned their camp, and by every highway and bye-way they could discern, fled precipitately towards their respective countries.

The field being everywhere covered with the slain, the space on which so many thousands had contended the previous day had all the appear-

ance of a vast charnel house, the loss of the combatants being no fewer than 22,599 ; viz., the Romans 11,299, and the allies 11,300—one more than their opponents—numbers which would be thought immense were the present inhabitants of the same districts to take it into their heads to have a similar exhibition, on the scene of Brutus' last appearance in arms in the cause of Roman independence.

On returning to the capital, Publicola made his entry amid the reiterated acclamations of a delighted populace, being the first general who was decreed a triumph—the first general to enter the city in a chariot and four, and who, at the tomb of his colleague, pronounced the first of those funeral orations, which ever after were delivered over the remains of Rome's illustrious sons.

Often have my ears been tickled with remarks intended to prove a similarity of character between Brutus and the Duke of Wellington. I say tickled, for I have never yet been able to discover where the comparison holds, for in their political characters no two men could be more unlike ; the latter having, throughout the whole of his long life, been the firm supporter, the former the determined enemy of a monarchical form of government. And as to their military acquirements, those of the *Roman Commander-in-Chief* are not to be named at the same time with those of the *late Commander-in-Chief* of the army of these

realms ; his conduct at Arsia being anything but what we should have expected from a person arrogating to himself the title of first general and statesman of the age.

True it is that much fuss was occasioned a few years ago by the appearance of a paragraph in a provincial paper, intimating that the Duke of Wellington had placed his son, the Marquis of Douro, under arrest for appearing in plain clothes at the head of his Depôt, when it was about to be inspected by his Grace. On transcribing the paragraph, the editors of other papers were induced to contrast the conduct of the Field-Marshal with that of the Roman Consul, Brutus, towards his sons, for engaging in the attempt to restore Tarquin to his throne, with the view, no doubt, of adding one laurel more to those which then encircled the revered brow of the former. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that the Marquis was placed under arrest by his father, for a little breach of military discipline ; how very childish was it to contrast the conduct of the Duke for placing his son under a simple arrest, with that of Brutus, who, instead of placing his sons under arrest, or sending them before the ordinary tribunals of their country to be tried, and if found guilty, to be punished according to the degree of their respective offences, passed sentence of death on each of his children ; and though urged by the people to alter the sentence, obsti-

nately refused to substitute the word *Banishment* for DEATH. Our very blood becomes chilled when we recal to recollection the appalling and most unnatural deed of the Roman parent. Fancy two interesting youths arraigned—but not before a national tribunal; condemned to die—not by the judges of the land, but by their own father; and some faint idea may be formed of the shriek of horror which, from the astonished multitude, ascended towards the seat of mercy, as the dreadful sentence died away on the lips of the unfeeling, unjust, and inexorable judge. Two thousand four hundred years have rolled away since that tragedy was acted, and yet the words, “Lictors, yours is the part that remains,” still ring in our ears like a funeral knell. Innumerable are the times which the Roman Consul has been lauded for his conduct on this occasion; but by whatever name the world may be pleased to designate the inhuman deed, we will ever maintain that the act of Brutus was one of cool and deliberate murder. I say so because it was not from any love which he bore for his country, nor fear for his personal safety, that he was induced to imbrue his hands in the blood of his children; but from a base, a selfish feeling, to gain a name for patriotic virtue above his fellows, that in time he might seize upon the sovereign power and *reign alone*; for in what respect did the authority of a Consul differ from that of a King, but in this, that the authority was limited to one

year ; the Consuls, like the Kings their predecessors, having the supreme administration of justice, the power of convoking the senate and assembling the people, the disposal of the public finances, the power of declaring war, and making peace, raising troops, and nominating the officers to command them. Had not this been his object, would he not have been but too happy of an opportunity to pardon his children, or commuting the sentence of death into one of perpetual banishment from the Roman soil? Had this not been his object, would Brutus have ordered his sons to the scaffold, and permitted others equally guilty to escape without any punishment whatever? In every age, from the days of Arsia, Brutus has been dignified with the title of a patriot ; but true patriotism is a flower but rarely to be met with. To serve some sinister purpose, the most worthless men that ever assumed the political mantle have been known to assume all the deceitful appearances of patriotism—a virtue which has lost much of its original dignity ; more countries than one having of late years placed patriotism to the credit of men who, from the basest of all human motives, have not only headed faction, but fanned with a fiendish smile the flames of rebellion. Away then with all such spurious patriotism ! banish from view for aye and for ever the patriotism of a Lucius Junius Brutus, who, when danger stared every friend of Roman liberty in the face, feigned

madness, instead of boldly unsheathing his sword, and nobly avenging the death of a father and a brother; who, from a feeling nearly allied to cowardice, was base enough to permit the murderer of his relatives to roam at large, lest the attempt to punish him might draw upon himself a little personal danger; who, from a similar feeling working on a callous heart, was induced, when all danger had passed away, and he had fixed himself in the seat of power, to order his children to be conducted into his presence, first flogged, and then beheaded; who, during the revolting ceremony, fixed his eyes on the poor sufferers—not the eye of pity, or of remorse, but the stern, unrelenting aspect of the tiger; who, as already related, regardless of the best interests of his country, and to gratify a hateful spirit of revenge which had for years been rankling in his breast, engaged in a personal conflict with one of the Tarquins, an act of folly in which he lost his life, and which, but for the prudence and great military talent of his colleague, might have entailed years of misery on all classes of his countrymen. Away then, we again say, with patriotism such as that of Brutus, which extended to self, and to self only; patriotism which, in whatever light it may be viewed, must invariably appear of so selfish, so unamiable a description, that the editorial remarks must continue to be looked upon, as by many they have hitherto been, as so many

attempts, not to increase, but to diminish the wreaths which encircled the brow of our departed warrior.

PUBLIUS VALERIUS.

But, notwithstanding the splendid service rendered to his country, and the solemn oath he had taken to serve her faithfully through life—true it is, that the head of Brutus had no sooner been lowered into the grave, and his colleague become sole Consul, than hints were thrown out by the people, that as Publicola occupied a large house, which commanded a view of the Forum, and many of the private residences of his fellow-citizens, he must entertain hostile intentions against the republic. Acting on this erroneously formed opinion, it is extremely probable, that, but for a few friends who mentioned to the Consul what was passing, the people would have been induced to use him rather roughly without his knowing why or wherefore, or being allowed to prove his entire innocence of the crime alleged. Astounded at the information, Publicola, without waiting for a confirmation of it from any other quarter, assembled at his residence as soon as his friends had retired, a large body of workmen, and so well did he keep them employed during the night, that at sun-rise on the following morning, the Roman people could no longer say to their friends on passing the ruins, “There stands,” but “There once

stood, the palace of Publicola," every stone of it being levelled with the ground. But, like spoiled children, the masses no sooner observed the fruits of their unjust suspicions, than with eyes full of tears, but whether of remorse or hypocrisy, deponent sayeth not, bewailed in accents of apparently deep contrition, the ruin they had occasioned, and not long after presented the Consul with ground for a new residence, on which he erected one worthy of himself, but much less spacious than the former.

Such were the masses two thousand four hundred years ago ; and such were they a few years back, when from equally unjust suspicions, and a total absence of everything like gratitude in their breasts, the mob openly insulted in the streets of the modern Rome, or Babylon, or by whatever name the overgrown metropolis of this country may be designated, that General who but a few years before had rendered most distinguished services, not to his own country only, but to every other European state. And though, from a dread of the consequences, they did not dare to pull Apsley-house about the ears of the Field-Marshal, yet, those who witnessed their proceedings were more than satisfied, that the masses would have been but too delighted to have seen "the Duke" imitate the conduct of Publicola, that on passing Constitution-hill, they might have it in their power to say to their country-cousins, "There

once stood Apsley-house, the residence of Field-Marshal his Grace the Duke of Wellington ;” leaving to others to fill up the blank, “by whose consummate wisdom and judgment, skill and ability, perseverance, fortitude, and valour, this country has been raised to a glory unexampled in the annals of the British nation.” But a wonderful change for the better came over the good people of London, for a few years subsequent to that occurrence, the gallant Duke was escorted by the same masses to his residence amidst the most noisy protestations of their gratitude and esteem. But the Field-Marshal, still bearing in remembrance their former proceedings, and his Grace’s recollection being not a little sharpened by the iron shutters placed at each window, to shelter him from the violence of the same parties, the Duke, on arriving at the gate, turned to the multitude, and with a smile of contempt playing on his well-known countenance, pointed to the iron guardians, as much as to say :—

——“He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes ; hang you, trust you !
With every minute ye do change your mind ;
And call him noble that was once your hate—
Him vile that was your garland.”

That the Duke was right in treating the ungrateful ebullition of the London mob with

contempt, and Publicola wrong in pulling down his house to gratify the equally ungrateful masses of Rome, there can be but one opinion; for where in the annals of the world is there the name of one political demagogue to be found, who to convince his followers of his entire devotion to their interests, was ever known to mulct himself of even the smallest of this world's comforts?

The Consul Lucretius dying a few days after his election, M. H. Pulvillos was nominated his successor. Tarquin, the son of Demaratus, having during a war with the Sabines given a solemn pledge to build a temple to Jupiter Capitolinus, Tarquin, the Proud, had nearly completed it at the period of his flight from Rome. On the completion of the building, Publicola, as the senior Consul, claimed the honour of dedicating it; but some of the leading men, envious of the honours which he had acquired, prevailed upon his colleague to dispute the matter with him, and succeeded; Publicola being then in command of the army assembled on the frontier to protect it from insult. On the day and at the hour appointed for the ceremony, Pulvillos proceeded to the Temple, and was about to offer up the prayer of consecration, when Marcus Valerius, Publicola's brother, cried at the pitch of his voice, "Consul, your son lies dead in the camp;" but instead of the remark producing the effect intended, the latter merely replied, "Do with the dead

what you please, I admit of no mourning on the present occasion," then proceeded with the ceremony, on concluding which he was most agreeably surprised to find the assertion unfounded.

The conduct of M. Valerius shows to what amazing lengths some men of even high character will at times proceed, to defeat the views of a political opponent. A similar unfounded remark from the lips of one candidate for senatorial honours to another, would at the present day be sufficient to send the person making it to Coventry for the rest of his life. But severely as the conduct of the gallant Roman is to be condemned, I doubt much whether conduct such as his, is not to be preferred to the cowardly conduct sometimes practised in this country, that of calling in bludgeon and brick-bat-men to aid in the work of political regeneration; for whether is it a greater sin to say to a man—"A near relative of yours lies dead at such a place," or to send that man to his last account without giving him one moment to prepare for the great change?

"Thou shalt not kill" is a commandment which all the political quackery in the world cannot explain away, and it being binding alike on all classes of the human race, what right have those engaged in political squabbles to claim an exemption from the punishment generally awarded for the crime of wilful murder. If men will allow their evil passions to obtain the mastery over their

better regulated ones, the law in all such cases should be permitted to take its course, without excitement being permitted to plead in mitigation of the punishment awarded. For where lives the man who before seizing a stone, a brick, or a bludgeon to hurl at the head of a fellow-creature, does not know that if the missile hits the mark intended, the consequences must be serious, if not fatal? The merest child, when striking a companion, knows that it is doing an illegal act; to suppose, therefore, that the child on arriving at manhood can be ignorant of that which it so well knew in childhood, is truly absurd. It is all very well for a man guilty of homicide to plead the excitement of the moment as an apology for his conduct, but this will not do. If men cannot restrain their passions within their proper bounds, the law must step in and do that for them; for that man who at a political meeting deprives a fellow-creature of life, has no more right to expect to be visited with a less severe punishment than he who privately takes away the life of his fellow-man.

Was it by indulging in such oratorical displays as that of Marcus Valerius, that the Field-Marshal raised for himself a name enduring as the world? No! for like Epaminondas, he could not brook a lie even in jest. Was it by engaging hundreds of his fellow-men to proceed to political hustings, that he might have the melancholy

pleasure of seeing them, with mouths and cheeks distorted, eyes starting from the socket, hands raised in every possible variety of attitude, and hair pointing in threatening array to every point of the compass, perform such irrational parts in the political drama as to induce those endowed with less political wisdom than themselves to fancy them bedlamites, not men endowed with human reason? No! For everything in the shape of buffoonery the Field-Marshal detested, and instead of provoking or countenancing a breach of the peace, his entire existence was devoted to the cause of legal authority and regulated power, and in impressing upon others the necessity of supporting the religious institutions of the country, satisfied that without which these realms would in a few years be much better fitted for the residence of the savage than civilized man.

From the petty squabbles arising from the consecration of the temple, the attention of Publicola, his brother, and his colleague, was soon after attracted to matters of infinitely greater importance, not only to themselves personally, but to the community at large.

From the fatal field of Arsia, Tarquin fled to Porsena, then one of the best and most powerful of Italian sovereigns, who not only agreed to befriend the exiled monarch, but sent an ambassador to Rome, commanding the people to receive him back. Declining to obey the imperious man-

date, the Consuls proceeded from the capital to give the invaders a meeting, under circumstances much more favourable than any under which the Duke ever had the good fortune to move towards an enemy for a similar purpose ; for with that high sense of honour for which he was so celebrated, Porsena informed his opponents not only when, but where he intended to make the attack. But, notwithstanding this advantage, the Roman army was forced to retire, and to contend for their independence under the walls of the capital. The battle was warmly, yea, obstinately contested, until both of the Consuls were wounded, when the courage of the troops seeming to droop, it was deemed prudent to move the whole into the city. In hopes of entering Rome with the fugitives, the enemy kept close up with them till they arrived at the wooden bridge which then bestrode the celebrated Tiber. Flushed with success, and confident in his numerical superiority, Porsena pressed forward with all the audacity of the conqueror, never doubting but that the object for which he had taken up arms, was then within his grasp. But from the day on which he enters on the business of the world, until that on which his head is laid in the tomb, man meets with disappointments at every turn of his path ; a general rule, from which the fate of Porsena's operations on this occasion did not furnish an exception ; for just as his legions were about to step upon the bridge,

a most unexpected obstacle presented itself, in the person of Horatius, surnamed Cocles, nephew of the Consul Horatius, and a descendant of that Horatius who, in the reign of Tullius Hostilius, remained victor in the great trial of arms between the Horatii and Curiatii—who, placing himself at the entrance of the bridge, on the right bank, repelled, single-handed, the utmost efforts of the infuriated assailants to obtain a footing thereon, until two gallant companions, Herminius and Spurius, had, with the assistance of others, succeeded in destroying a portion of the bridge in his rear; when, throwing himself into the Tiber, the gallant fellow, though severely wounded in the thigh, pursued his course to the left bank, amidst the deafening shouts of admiring thousands.

How very similar are the disappointments which crossed the path of Porsena at the bridge over the Tiber, at the close of a desperate engagement, and that of the Duke of Wellington at the bridge of Alba-de-Tormes, at the close of the battle of Salamanca, though springing from totally different causes. Both were alike sanguine of success; the former that Rome would be in his power before the sun had dropped behind the western,—and the latter, that the greater portion of the French army would be in his hands before the same glorious luminary had raised his head above the eastern, horizon. Both were disappointed,

and each by the conduct of one man; the disappointment of Porsena being occasioned by the gallantry of Horatius Cocles—an enemy; that of the Duke by the pusillanimity of a friend, as already noticed. The Roman acted without orders, and saved his country; the latter disobeyed his orders, and thereby deprived the Allied General of the most glorious opportunity ever afforded him of striking a decisive blow. The affairs at the Tiber and Tormes show not only of what importance the service of even one man of sterling courage and fertile mind, may at times accomplish for an army; and what an army may lose by bestowing the command of an important post on an officer destitute of the necessary qualifications; but furnish indubitable proofs that there are more ways than one by which men may arrive at immortality. It must ever be a matter of deep regret that this admirable plan, so nobly conceived, should have failed through the pusillanimity of the person entrusted with the defence of the Castle of Alba; for though success did not reward the Field-Marshal, no portion of the Duke's operations in the Peninsula will reflect greater credit upon his military character in the eye of posterity, than those on the banks of the Tormes, in July, 1812.

Failing in his attempt on the city, Porsena instituted a strict blockade, which producing

famine, Publicola caused a report to be circulated in the enemy's camp that on the following day all the cattle brought in from the country would be sent to graze in the fields under a guard. As was expected, Porsena prepared to capture the rich prize ; but the Roman chief having moved with great secrecy from the city, at the head of a large force, attacked the Tuscans, who had been placed in a false position by the report, and defeated them with the loss of 5,000 men.

To attempt the relief of Rome, but by means not only different from those adopted by Publicola, but such as every man of proper feeling must hold in detestation, Mucius Cordus proceeded to the Tuscan camp habited as a Tuscan. Arriving at the royal tent without detection, he, with the greatest coolness imaginable, plunged a dagger into the bosom, not of the Sovereign, as intended, but that of his less fortunate secretary. Though the life of an innocent person was sacrificed on this occasion, this sacrifice, no doubt, saved the lives of many ; for, as out of evil good has frequently arisen, so out of this diabolical deed, good likewise arose ; for Publicola, estimating very highly the conduct of Porsena to Mucius, instantly offered to submit to his decision all matters between himself and Tarquin ; but the latter lending a deaf ear to the proposal, the Tuscan prince was so irritated at the refusal of the royal

exile, that he concluded a separate peace with the Romans.

The wars with Tarquin and Porsena having weakened Rome, the Sabines, soon after the retreat of the latter, were induced to try their luck once more ; but being soundly drubbed by the Consuls, Marcus Valerius, Publicola's brother, and Posthumius, and at a small loss of Roman blood, peace was re-established, and the victors were honoured with a triumph. To testify, however, in a peculiar manner, their gratitude to Valerius, the people built a house for him ; and the entrance-door, contrary to the then prevailing custom, was made to open to the street, to show by such an honourable distinction, that he was always ready to receive any proposal having for its object the public weal—a singular mode of testifying a people's esteem for the patriotic virtues of a public servant, it must be allowed ; one which, if generally adopted in our large cities, would afford capital fun to the medical profession, and not a little additional practice to the successors of Carpue ; for, as our friend Jonathan would say—"I guess that the number of broken noses would be pretty considerable in certain localities."

Nothing discouraged by the result of their inroad into the Roman territories, the Sabines, forming an alliance with the Latins, renewed their attempt to bring Rome under their rule in the

following year with a large army. Taking possession of Fedenae, the Sabine commander threw one half of his troops into the city, and encamped the other half in the vicinity.

To stem the tide of invasion, the Consuls, Publicola and Lucretius, proceeded in search of the enemy; and on coming up with them, Publicola with the first corps encamped on an eminence overlooking the camp of the Sabines; and Lucretius, with the second corps, on another height, at no great distance from his colleague. Anxious to bring the quarrel to a speedy decision, the Consuls endeavoured to provoke their opponents to a general engagement; but the Sabine commander having resolved upon a night attack, declined the honour of a sun-light meeting. To enable him to accomplish his purpose, the latter prepared fascines, and ladders in abundance; and the troops in the city were moved very quietly out of Fedenae, and by a circuitous route conducted to a position in rear of that occupied by the Consul Lucretius, there to remain in ambush until the Sabine chief had commenced the assault of Publicola's camp, when they were to attack that of Lucretius, to prevent him moving to the aid of his colleague. The plan was excellent; but being fore-warned, Publicola, as all commanders ought to be, was fore-armed, and consequently on his guard.

Pending the preparatory movements and ar-

rangements of the belligerents, spies and others, more or less favourable to the views of the parties, were extremely busy. In the full belief that the Romans were ignorant of his intention, the Sabine commander was all life and hope, and ever and anon chuckling over the victory in prospective. His opponent, though not less sanguine of success, yet knowing from experience that the battle was not always to the strong, seemed more absorbed in thought, knowing that if he were defeated, there remained nothing for his country but unconditional submission. In the number of his fascines and ladders, the Sabine general beheld the instruments by which the Roman legions were to be placed in his power; Publicola viewed them as the instruments which would place the owners at the mercy of the Romans. And as for the Junior classes, plunder and pleasure appeared uppermost in the thoughts of the invaders; but "home, sweet home," and its endearing associations, an affectionate wife, and darling children, in those of their opponents.

As the hour approached at which the Sabine chief was to make his attack, Publicola silently summoned his followers to arms. Hearing no noise, or stir of any sort within the Roman encampment, the Sabines, conceiving that their plans had not been discovered, approached the enemy's intrenchment in high spirits; and on their arrival at the exterior of the ditch, filled the latter with fascines; then passed over, and no movement indi-

cating the presence of armed men behind the ramparts being heard, rushed up the ladders in the confident hope of achieving an almost bloodless victory. Lulled into the fatal belief that the enterprise was not to be attended with much danger, they ascended the ladders with the greatest alacrity ; but, like a calm before a storm, the silence of the Romans proved anything but the harbinger of safety. What an awful moment ! and oh ! how pregnant of proofs of the uncertainty of the lease which man holds of this world ! The Romans having, unperceived by the assailants, been formed in such a manner, that on the arrival of the latter at the top of the ladders, they could be sent into another world, without their friends below knowing whether they had been killed or had fallen by accident, an unfortunate Sabine no sooner appeared on the uppermost steps of a ladder, than, writhing under a mortal wound, he was tumbled headlong into the ditch below. The night being extremely dark, the slaughter continued, almost unobserved by the assailants, until by the moon's pale beams, they at length perceived that instead of finding their way into the Roman intrenchments, almost every one of the many thousands of friends who had attempted the passage were piled before them in heaps, wrapped in everlasting sleep ; and the enemy, who had sustained little or no loss, ready to furnish with similar passports all others who might attempt to locate themselves

within the circuit of the Roman encampment. So unexpected, and so horrifying was the spectacle, that the survivors, on obtaining a full view of it, fled precipitately from the scene of danger, hotly pursued by the conquerors, who strewed every foot of ground over which they moved, with a dead or a dying Sabine. Taking advantage of the panic, Publicola attacked and carried the city of Fedenae by assault; and Lucretius on learning the issue of the enemy's night attack, brought his opponent to action, and drove him from the field with great slaughter, the total loss of the Sabines being 13,000 killed, and 4,200 prisoners.

For this splendid victory, Publicola was honoured with a triumph; but did not long survive his newly-acquired honours. On almost all previous occasions, the people were accustomed to ascribe the issue of every important event to the interposition of the gods; but so conspicuous were the military talents of Publicola on this, that they adjudged the sole merit of the victory to him, while the soldiers, generally no bad judges of an officer's merits, publicly affirmed that their General had placed the enemy in their hands lame, blind, and all but bound for the slaughter. Lucky Roman soldiers! you must have fought under circumstances infinitely more favourable than did the soldiers of the Duke of Wellington, none of whom could, on any occasion, assert that

the Field-Marshal had delivered the enemy into their hands lame, blind, &c. ; for the tremendous distance at which the French troops generally opened their fire, proved they were not blind, and the rattling pace at which they scampered from every field where his Grace commanded, testified to their being neither bound, lame, nor lazy, when circumstances told them that one pair of heels was worth two pair of hands. But, although, for the reasons stated, the soldiers of the Duke could not, with those of the Roman Consul, say that their General had placed the enemy in their hands in so helpless a state as that just alluded to ; yet, by planting Victory's standard on every battlefield where he commanded, the British chief compelled his gallant followers to eradicate from their vocabulary the word "defeat;" and, before the close of the eventful struggle, such were the numbers of the Field-Marshal's successes, and so closely did they follow each other, that the people of these realms as confidently anticipated, every three or four months, the details of a victory from the pen of the hero of Waterloo, as, at a later date, they looked for a novel from the pen of the author of Waverley.

Whether the plan of operations, chalked out by the Sabine General, was the most judicious which he might have adopted, it is now impossible to say ; but that the attack was made with a degree of boldness and military skill which must have com-

manded success had he been so prudent as to have kept the plan locked within his *own breast* until carried into effect, there can be little difference of opinion. Had he, for instance, concealed his plan, Publicola would have remained in ignorance of his designs until roused from his dreams of security, by the Sabine chief in his camp—too late to prevent it being taken; for had Lucretius attempted to move to Publicola's assistance, the Sabines, in ambush, would have brought him to action, and thereby prevented him from rendering his colleague any efficient relief. Then, Publicola defeated, Lucretius would have been placed between two armies, each equal in numerical force to his own, and forced to surrender, or to cut his way through the ranks of the enemy at a dreadful sacrifice of human life. Many other generals have, from a similar want of caution, been baulked in their designs, and paid a heavy penalty for their imprudence. Even our lamented Commander was once guilty of this imprudence, as appears from the passage,—

“I apprised —— of my intention and plan for attacking Ciudad Rodrigo, *and him alone*, the success of which depends principally upon the length of time during which I can keep it concealed from the enemy. Some Spanish women at Portalegre were apprised of the plan by him, and it must reach the enemy! Yet —— is one of the best of them.”—2nd August, 1811.

By adopting a reverse maxim on all other oc-

casions, the fruits were a long series of victories, without a defeat. Treasure up this in your memory, my young military friends, that, when your sovereign may call you to some command of importance, you may shun the error committed by the Sabine chief, and adopt the course followed by the Duke of Wellington on all occasions, save the one just noticed, and thereby secure a successful issue to your operations.

In their military capacity, both Publicola and the Duke were similarly engaged, warring against tyrants; and both were successful—the Roman general in establishing a republic on the ruins of monarchy, the British chief in hurling a usurper from a throne which he had established on the ruins of a republic.

Though the operations of the Roman Consul were confined to a space by far too limited for that general to show that he possessed those military qualifications without which no commander can conduct war on a large scale; yet the military talent exhibited by him even on that very limited sphere of action, was so conspicuous as to procure for him the title of the first general of the age.

And does not the passage:—

“It owes to you the proud satisfaction, that amidst the constellation of great and illustrious warriors, who have recently visited our country, we could present to them a leader OF OUR OWN, TO WHOM ALL, BY COMMON ACCLAMATION, CONCEDED THE PRE-EMINENCE,”

prove that on the 1st July, 1814, the Field-Marshal was without a competitor?

During all his campaigns, the operations of Publicola were invariably based on the capital of his country, where lay all the resources he required, and which could be procured at short notice, and without danger of being intercepted; the operations of the British General were carried on, as has been already shown, at the distance of from 150 to 700 miles from his native land, the intervening watery space covered with the enemy's vessels of war, ready to capture the men and stores sent from the British to the Lusitanian shore.

Publicola carried off the palm of victory in the greater portion, but not in the whole of his battles; the Duke of Wellington was victorious on every field on which he marshalled the sons of the sea-girt isle. The Roman Consul defended his country against powerful enemies; Wellington not only defended Portugal against the French, though outnumbering him in the proportion of four and five to one, but after six years of toil and danger, finally drove them out of the Peninsula. Though beaten by Porsena, the then greatest sovereign in Italy, Publicola ultimately conquered him by the gentle arts of persuasion; the Duke on the plains of Waterloo, conquered the General, then reckoned all but invincible. But great and glorious as many of the military exploits of Pub-

licola really and truly were, they fall infinitely short of the triumphs of him whose life stands alone in history.

From boyhood, until the grave closed over his mortal remains, Publicola was engaged in the affairs of his country, either in a civil or military capacity; from the age of eighteen the Duke was similarly engaged. The manner in which the former discharged his onerous duties, may be estimated from the fruits he has left behind, the laws he framed, the appointments he made, the institutions he established, and the honours showered upon him when alive, and paid to his memory after his death. The honours bestowed upon the Field-Marshal by almost every crowned head in Europe bear ample testimony to the manner in which the Duke has invariably conducted the important trusts confided to him; and it is a recorded fact, but one year old, that all honour was paid to the memory of the warrior, after those eyes which had so long watched over the interests of his country, were closed in death. The voice of Publicola was invariably raised in defence of justice; justice never had a more strenuous advocate than the Field-Marshal. The wealth which Publicola at one time possessed, was acquired honorably; so was that which the Duke left behind him. Publicola was generous to the poor; the private charities of the Duke were many. Publicola occupied a mansion on the Velian hill, from which

he had a view of the Forum, and a considerable portion of the capital; the Duke occupied a splendid mansion at the top of Constitution-hill, from which he could look down, not only upon the British house of parliament, but the palaces of the Sovereign, and no small portion of the metropolis. To please the mob of the Roman capital, Publicola razed his house to the foundation; to show the mob of the British metropolis that he was not to be intimidated, the Duke caused each window of Apsley-house to be furnished with iron shutters. The Roman mob soon repented of their conduct to Publicola; so did that of London to the British General. After assisting her to overcome all her enemies, Publicola left Rome more powerful than she had previously been. The Duke of Wellington, after raising his country to the highest pinnacle of glory, left her in peace with all the world, and in the enjoyment of power far greater than she had ever before possessed.

Like many other illustrious men, Publicola appears to have been more anxious to transmit his virtues to his posterity, than to provide them with the means of indulging in the good things of this life, for, at his decease, there was not cash enough in his repositories to pay his funeral expenses. On this fact becoming known, the departed warrior was decreed a public funeral; and, that every Roman citizen might have the pleasure of

contributing, each deposited a quadran in the common purse, about the value of a farthing. That this spontaneous mark of a nation's gratitude was well merited, who, after perusing the narrative of his great achievements, can deny? The head of that illustrious warrior, whose lofty spirit inspired the British legions with the most unbounded confidence, and taught them that a day of battle was a day of victory, has, like that of the Roman Commander, been consigned to its earthly resting place at the public expense, as an unfeigned mark of the gratitude entertained by the people of these realms for the important services rendered to them by the departed hero. And, as if this was not considered sufficient to mark the high sense in which the nation held the services of the late Field-Marshal, a subscription was entered into, under the patronage of our revered Sovereign, to raise a fund sufficient to build and endow an asylum, for the education of officers' children, to be denominated the "Wellington Testimonial," which has produced £106,000; but as this is little more than the half of the sum required to carry out the object of the projectors, what nobler tribute could the people of these lands, rich and poor, pay to departed worth, than to deposit, in a common purse, the sum of ONE PENNY each? which would at once place at the disposal of the committee of management a sum equal to that already subscribed, and thereby

enable them to provide a liberal education for the children of those gallant men who, in future wars, may fall combating for the honour, the glory, and the independence of that unrivalled empire on which the sun never sets.

HANNIBAL.

WE took leave of Hannibal on the banks of the Rhone; let us return to his head-quarters and accompany him to the banks of the Ticinus.

A deputation from the Insubrian and other Gaulish nations having assured the Carthaginian leader that the road across the Alps was passable, that provisions could be had, that he might calculate upon their aid in his struggle with Rome, and that they would act as his guides into the land flowing with milk and honey, the moment the deputies retired Hannibal magnified the importance of the Gaulish mission; and, after bestowing upon his followers ample praise for their past conduct, urged them to maintain the honour and the glory of the Carthaginian name; to which so-

licitation they, like all good soldiers who love their country, responded with loud and hearty cheers.

But, notwithstanding their fair promises, the Gauls harassed Hannibal with almost unceasing attacks on his progress up the Alpine range, causing him considerable loss in men and animals. On arriving at the summit, he, to cheer up the drooping spirits of his troops, pointed to the plains of the Po, and to the Imperial city, as the end of all their toils and dangers, which had the desired effect. But, for full particulars of this celebrated march, we must refer to the history of Carthage; and conclude our notice of it with the remark that, though he started with 9,000 cavalry and 50,000 infantry, 6,000 cavalry and 20,000 infantry were all he could muster on touching Italian soil.

Finding that his opponent had stolen a march on him, Scipio descended the left bank of the Rhone, and re-embarking his troops, sailed round to Pisa and disembarked.

The Taurini having spurned an alliance with the invader, their capital, Turin, was invaded; and after a siege of three days only, was carried by assault. No quarter being given, so great was the terror which this rapidly-executed operation caused throughout the neighbouring tribes, that many submitted, and many more would, but for the approach of Scipio at the head of the Consular

army. There being no retreat for Hannibal, and as a retreat on the part of Scipio, without trying his strength with the invader, would but increase the terror and confusion reigning within the walls of the capital, a battle became inevitable. But there were other inducements to an immediate appeal to the sword. The Consul Sempronius having been ordered to join Scipio, the latter longed for battle, that he might have the undivided honour of beating Hannibal, and the African Chief that he might have the satisfaction of measuring weapons with his opponent before the expected reinforcements arrived. Both addressed their troops in animating strains. Scipio could not, like Hannibal, point to the wealth of his opponents; but, assuring them that the invaders were mere spectres, he crossed the Ticinus by a bridge of boats, raised a fort for its defence, then marched forward a few miles, and encamped at no great distance from his antagonist.

Speaking to the eyes of his men, Hannibal called before them a number of prisoners, to whom the option was given of remaining in captivity or engaging in single combat with each other—the survivors to obtain their liberty. The terms being joyfully accepted, Hannibal, at the close of the harrowing spectacle, pointed out to his troops that their position was, in almost every respect, similar to that of the captives—*Italy being to them a vast prison*; the enemy being in their front and the Alps in their rear, and from which there was

no way of escaping, but by conquering the Romans in battle or dying in the attempt. The address of Hannibal, particularly that part of it in which he held up to their view the plunder of Rome as their reward, was loudly applauded. He broke, with a stone, the skull of a lamb he was sacrificing; then prayed to Jupiter to perform a similar office for his own head, should he fail in the performance of the promises he had made to them.

To bring matters to a point, the Carthaginian commander drew up his men in order of battle—the Spaniards in the centre, the Numidians on the wings, the whole of the cavalry in one line in front. On perceiving Hannibal busy preparing for the conflict, Scipio advanced, with a considerable body of cavalry, supported by a corps of archers; the latter, on coming within range, pouring a shower of arrows into the ranks of the Spaniards: but, on a closer view of the latter, the former were so terrified at their appearance that they fled through the intervals of their cavalry. To check the advance of their opponents, the Gaulish horse in the service of Rome, with archers between their squadrons, charged the Spanish cavalry with much spirit, though repulsed with great loss. From this period the battle was maintained on both sides with considerable bitterness, until a body of Numidian cavalry, which Hannibal had sent by a circuitous route, attacked the Roman flanks, when, being taken by surprise, the latter gave way.

This decided the day; for Scipio, in endeavouring to restore the battle, being wounded, the spirits of the men were so much depressed that a retreat became absolutely necessary, and so precipitately was it made that 600 men, left to guard the bridge, were made prisoners, besides many picked up on the road to the Po, behind which the Roman General retired.

Though we may applaud the courage, perseverance, and military talent displayed by Hannibal on his march from the Rhone, and in the Battle of Ticinus, we cannot help condemning, in the strongest language we can use, his conduct to his soldiers. Sooner would the Duke of Wellington have broken his sword, and eschewed the profession of arms for ever, than have practised so heartless a stratagem, if by doing so he could have laid the world at his feet. At the Rhone, the Carthaginian commander praised his troops, urged them to support him in the new war, and maintain the honour and glory of their country; and on arriving on the summit of the Alpine ridge, pointed out to them the fertile valleys beneath, the capital itself, which was to be the reward of all their toils and dangers. Had the Carthaginian General stopped here, our strictures on his proceedings would have been less severe; but all this being enacted for the sole purpose of inducing his troops to accompany him into the Italian plains, from which, as the address—

“ I have brought you into a prison, from which there is but one way for you to escape, and that is by dispersing the Roman legions that surround you, or die in the attempt,”

shows, there was no possible outlet, but by bringing Rome under the power of Carthage ; no language we can use is sufficiently strong to characterize his conduct as it ought. How pleasingly does the conduct of the Duke of Wellington contrast with that of the Carthaginian commander ! for on what occasion did he ever appeal to the vanity of his men, or point out to them the fertile valleys and rich cities of our enemy, or say to them, “ I have brought you into a prison,” &c., to induce them to combat with increased bravery ? It is nameless. By pursuing a straight-forward, honourable course, Wellington succeeded, and to an extent which at one time he could hardly have anticipated ; by practising cunning and deceit, Hannibal ultimately failed in his object, and the reason is obvious—

“ Man may deceive his fellow man, but cannot cheat his God.”

Many of the Gaulish nations having, immediately after the battle of the Ticinus, not only submitted, but made a tender of their services to the conqueror ; the Romans, in order to check his progress, hurried the Consul Sempronius to the scene of action, with a strong additional force, and joining Scipio on the banks of the Trebia, preparations were instantly made by both parties

for another trial of strength, which both most anxiously desired ; the Roman General, that he might have the undivided honour of beating his opponent before Scipio recovered from the effect of his wound, and the Carthaginian chief, that he might have the satisfaction of once more meeting with the Roman legions before the fiery Sempronius could be relieved, his period of office being about to expire.

Though the river Trebia separated the belligerents, affairs of posts were matters of almost daily occurrence, Hannibal being in hopes of provoking his rival to engage in a general action ; and he was not disappointed. Lest the ardour of the gallant Roman might cool, Hannibal kept teasing him by pushing parties across the Trebia, and close up to his intrenchments, until the wrath of Sempronius was brought to the boiling point ; when, placing 2,000 men, under Mago, in ambush, Hannibal despatched a body of Numidian cavalry, with instructions to advance, at day-break, up to the very gates of the enemy's encampment ; then provoke them to fight, and if attacked, to retire slowly across the river, skirmishing, however, all the way, and by every means at their disposal, induce the enemy to continue the pursuit.

As was anticipated, the Roman Consul, indignant at the insult offered to him, called his legions to arms, and caused the Numidians to be attacked

with the whole of his cavalry, supported by 6,000 light troops—the former retiring as directed. Much rain and snow having fallen in the night, the river had by this time increased in depth so much, that in crossing, the water reached almost to the armpits of the infantry; and the Consul having been improvident enough to make them engage in this important operation without their morning repast, the poor fellows on arriving on dry land were not only thoroughly drenched, but hungry and naked; while their antagonists, strengthened by a substantial morning meal, providently provided for them, and with their persons dry and comfortable, were ready to enter upon the important work of the day in first-rate order. The latter were consequently all life and confidence—their opponents half-dead, not with affright, but with cold and hunger.

All my brother officers, save the Commanding Officer, Adjutant, and another, who breakfasted with me, left their camp on the morning of Vittoria, not only without breakfast, but without an ounce of bread in their possession. Having heard fall from the lips of a Field Officer who had dined with the Duke of Wellington the previous evening, (but whose eyes before the sun went down were sealed in death,) the rather interesting fact that we were to exchange a few peppercorns with our French friends before night, I had breakfast prepared, and urged my friends to imitate my example,

but without effect; and the issue was as now stated.

As the Romans approached, Hannibal formed his troops in two lines. The first consisted of 8,000 Spanish slingers, and the second of 20,000 infantry; the cavalry being on the wings, and the elephants stationed so as to cover the extreme flanks of the second line. And the Roman General, as his legions arrived, placed them in one line—the infantry in the centre, and cavalry on the wings, having the *Triarii* in reserve.

There being but very little love on either side, the belligerents, on the dread note being sounded, proceeded to work in a business-like manner; but without either party gaining much upon the other, until Mago, rushing from his hiding-place, attacked the rear of the enemy with so much impetuosity, that they, believing themselves to be completely surrounded, the whole fled precipitately from the field, save the legionaries, 10,000 in number, who, with the Consul at their head, effected their retreat in an orderly manner, as far as *Placentia*. Few of the others were so fortunate; for the *Trebia* having become quite impassable, almost all the auxiliaries who had escaped the Carthaginian swords were drowned in attempting to regain their encampment. Oh, Rome! how many of your best and bravest warriors were sacrificed to the pride, the ambition, or the avarice of your commanders!

Had the Roman Consul attended to the advice of his colleague Scipio, to delay giving battle until his wound would enable him to appear on the field—instead of insultingly telling that far superior person, “that his mind was more affected than his body, and that his wound gave him a dislike to battles ;” the word *Trebia* would not in all probability have adorned the wreath that encircled the brow of the Carthaginian commander. But unfortunately for their country, both of the Consuls, contrary to the maxim, “Never to engage in general actions unless induced by a favourable opportunity or obliged by necessity,” brought on the battles of Ticinus and the Trebia under the most unfavourable circumstances, neither of them being under the necessity of doing so. It is no very difficult matter to nominate an officer to the command of an army ; but it is often a very difficult matter to find an officer qualified for the appointment. They must have been sadly puzzled at Rome to find a commander for the army selected to oppose Hannibal, when they nominated Sempronius to that important post ; for what general, save one of the very meanest capacity, would have quitted his camp at the head of hungry legions, or so soon after a frightful storm of rain and snow have crossed a rapidly increasing river to attack an army equal to his own in numerical strength, in dis-

cipline, in courage, and in the full enjoyment of their personal comforts? For any officer blessed with vision must have been convinced, on passing the Trebia, that if defeated, no retreat remained for the vanquished. It was a highly imprudent step on the part of Marshal Marmont to attack the Duke of Wellington at Salamanca, with the river Tormes in his rear; but a much more imprudent one for Sempronius to attack Hannibal with the rapid and much swollen Trebia behind him. In Marmont's case, it being then summer, the Tormes was fordable at several places; but not so the Trebia, after the Roman army crossed it. The Roman General lost all his men save 8,000 or 10,000; the French General would have lost all his, but for the conduct of the Spanish officer left in charge of the Castle of Alba. Both Hannibal and Wellington fought their opponents under favourable circumstances; but the Tormes being fordable, and the Trebia not, these were more favourable to the former than to the latter.

When penning some of his despatches, Bonaparte must have had before him that of Sempronius to the Roman Senate on this occasion; for what was the language of the Roman Consul? "I have engaged the Carthaginian army; but the severity of the weather has deprived me of the victory;" and what was that of Napoleon from Russia, in 1812? Was it not almost precisely the same? And, strange coincidence! Sempronius

leaves the remains of his army, returns to the capital—lays the facts before the Senate—procures fresh supplies of men, and returns to his post, as if the losses sustained on the banks of the Tiber had not been occasioned by his gross misconduct—a proceeding imitated by Napoleon at the close of the disastrous campaigns of Russia, in 1812, and Germany in 1813. Could the success attending the conduct of the Roman Consul have prompted Napoleon to pursue a similar course.

Well might the Romans have said, in the language of Bonaparte, on hearing that the Russians had taken Borizoff:—"Is it written that we shall commit nothing but errors?"—for what greater error could that people have committed than to appoint Flaminius—a man without ability, without morals, without religion—to the command of an army acting against Hannibal? The incapacity of Sempronius we have seen—that of his successor we shall presently show.

On finding that the Gauls did not at all relish the idea of being burdened with the expense of the war, Hannibal, though he had placed his troops in winter quarters, resolved upon a trip over the Appenines, into Etruria. Failing in his first attempt through the violence of a storm, he was attacked by Sempronius; but having the best of the struggle, he renewed the attempt by the shortest route, though assured that the greater

part of the way was a perfect marsh—and though he succeeded in effecting the passage, suffered a great loss of men and horses—all his elephants save one—and had the personal misfortune to lose the sight of an eye.

Finding that Sempronius, after conducting his troops to Lucca, had resigned the command to Flaminius—and that the latter, a person of impetuous temper—fond of glory—and like all men of a similar stamp, extremely rash, had removed to Arretium—Hannibal laid waste the whole of the country in the vicinity of the Roman encampment—and then leaving the latter in his rear, pushed forward toward the capital; a movement which roused the ire of the Consul to such a degree that, despite the advice of his Generals, whom he upbraided with cowardice, he put the troops in motion—fully resolved to bring his antagonist to a general engagement. Seeing their commander so confident of victory, the soldiers journeyed along in confident expectation of an early termination of their labours; while the non-combatants followed in their wake with chains to bind the prisoners. “I go to measure myself with Hannibal,” said Flaminius, as he started in pursuit—“I go to measure myself with Wellington,” said Napoleon, as he threw himself into his carriage on starting to join his army in June, 1815—an overweening pride leading both of them to fancy themselves invincible. Both were found wanting—

but, unlike the sun of Austerlitz, which rose in 1805 and set in 1815, that of Thrasymenthus was doomed to rise and set on the same day.

Flaminius being still in pursuit—Hannibal, on arriving at the lake of Thrasymenthus, and seeing a favourable opportunity of striking a decisive blow, halted—and after reconnoitring the ground, marched his legions through a narrow defile into a valley bounded by the lake on one side, and the hills of Cortona on the other. The farther end of the valley being closed by a hill of considerable height, on this point of the mountain range, he encamped the main body of his army, placing his light armed infantry in ambush on the hills on the right—and part of his cavalry behind the hills on the left—as far back as the entrance of the defile through which the Romans must necessarily pass.

Unconscious of the snare prepared for him, the Consul entered the fatal defile, without attempting anything like a reconnoissance of the Carthaginian position, and on reaching the valley encamped; but though the last of his people did not arrive till a little before sunset, Flaminius called them under arms at day-break next morning, and advanced to assault his opponents, in position at the upper end of the valley, who, though fully prepared for the visit, allowed the assailants to approach close to their piquets before they offered any opposition. To the mind of any other gene-

ral, the inactivity of Hannibal would have carried conviction that mischief was brewing; but attributing it to a very different cause, he continued to press forward, until his ears were saluted with the wild hurrahs of thousands of armed men, immediately in his front, on his flanks, and in his rear, when, for the first time, the eyes of the Roman chief were opened to the fate that awaited himself and his host. In this altogether unexpected state of affairs, Flaminius made the best disposition which his imperfect knowledge of the Carthaginian position, distribution of their forces, and a dense fog, which enveloped the whole, would admit. Personally, the Consul exhibited great courage, and the soldiers, fearing they would fall alive into the hands of their opponents, closed with their enemies; and so fierce was the combat, that the motion of the earth, occasioned by the shock of an earthquake, that laid whole cities in ruins, was not observed by either party, the stakes for which each were contending being great—the Carthaginians to make slaves of the Romans, and the latter to retain their liberty, all being of opinion—

“ That infinitely better ’twas to die,
Than to prolong a life of misery.”

The issue of the conflict, however, was most unfortunate for them, for their commander being killed, courage took wings, when the whole were killed, drowned, or taken prisoners, save 6,000,

who forced a passage for themselves, but who soon after were forced to surrender.

“Thus it befalls when we commit faults upon faults;” for that this dreadful overthrow was the fruit of the vanity and incapacity of the Roman leader, whom the Senate, at the instigation of the masses, nominated to the command of the army, contrary to their own wishes, the Roman records but too truly tell.

Though we cannot help censuring Hannibal for endangering the lives of his troops in his uncalled for movement across the Appenines, our unlimited praise is due to him for his conduct at the lake, the stratagem having been no less ably executed than it was planned. True it is that his opponent was so unworthy of the rank to which he was elevated, that Hannibal could acquire but little glory in contending with him. Courage he possessed—but what is courage without experience, without perception, and without prudence? Had the Roman General, like the Duke of Wellington, possessed a less exalted opinion of his own, and a more elevated one of his opponent’s abilities, he could not have fallen into the *trap set for him* by the wily African. Deficient as his knowledge of the duties of a commander appears to have been, had Flaminius retained his self-possession, on finding himself taken in the Carthaginian net, the fact that it was Hannibal’s grand object to arrive at Rome before

him would have forced itself on his attention, and convinced him that as, in that case, Hannibal could not detach a strong body of troops to attack his rear columns, without putting to hazard the issue of his own operations, his only plan was to amuse his opponent by a few false attacks in front, while with the main body, he forced a passage from the valley by the same route by which he had entered it the preceding evening, a movement which the successful retreat of the 6,000 proves to have been perfectly practicable. But, losing sight of all this, being too proud to accept of advice from juniors in moments of prosperity, and his understanding being so clouded in the hour of adversity, as to be altogether incapable of laying down any plan for his personal guidance in the matter, he continued to urge on his men to the performance of impossibilities, till the favourable moment had passed away, never to be recalled.

During his campaigns, the Duke of Wellington never imposed upon any British Senator the unpleasant duty laid upon the Roman Pro-Praetor Pomponius, of announcing to his countrymen by the words, “we are undone,” that a great battle had been lost—and my unfeigned wish is, that every future British general may on all similar occasions imitate so admirable an example; for what was the state of Rome on this short sentence dropping from the lips of the Roman Senator? con-

sternation and despair; for so little did the citizens expect to have the pleasure of welcoming back any of the troops of Flaminius, that with excessive joy—two women, on their sons presenting themselves before them, safe and sound, dropped lifeless at their feet.

In this critical state of affairs, the Senate nominated Fabius Maximus, Pro-Dictator—a man no less celebrated for his coolness, caution, and sound judgment than his two predecessors in command of the army were for qualities every way the reverse. Carrying with him a reinforcement of eight or ten thousand men, the almost first measure he adopted was to make the country people burn their houses, and remove their property to a place of safety, which so curtailed the supplies of provisions, that Hannibal was forced to move into Umbria, then Picenum, and thence through Adria, the lands of the Marreceni, and into Apulia, followed all the way by his opponent, who marched when he marched, and encamped when he encamped, and but seldom at a greater distance from him than two leagues.

Whether it was the success which attended the measures of Fabius that prompted the Duke of Wellington to urge the people of Portugal to retire with their property behind the lines of Torres-Vedras, we do not know; but this we do know, that the Portuguese followed the prudent advice of their then protector, and thereby

compelled Massena, from a want of provisions, to retire from their country, a retreat, which by showing to the inhabitants of the Peninsula, that their oppressor was not invincible, may be said to have paved the way for their final deliverance from his iron yoke.

Seeing that Fabius was resolved not to stake the issue of the war on a general engagement, and that the system he had adopted would soon effect the ruin of his army, Hannibal carried fire and sword into Samnium and Beneventum, and his ravages then not producing any change in the conduct of his opponent, proceeded into Campania, in hopes, that by laying it—the then garden of Italy—waste, he would bring about the event he so much desired.

A circumstance occurred on this march, which shows how very necessary it is, that officers in command should have a perfect knowledge of the language of the country in which they make war, or some confidential staff-assistant who does. Having but an imperfect knowledge of Latin, the gallant Carthaginian on instructing his guides, named Casilinum instead of Cassinum, as the place to which they were to conduct him—the consequence was that he was led into some narrow defiles leading from Samnium into Campania, a short distance from Casilinum, where being attacked by Fabius, he lost nearly a thousand of his followers.

Ignorance of the French language on the part

of an officer engaged at the storming of Fort Napoleon on the 19th May, 1812, caused the death of the French Commandant. On the latter surrendering, having been allowed to retain his sword, the officer alluded to, on entering the fort, fancying that the former was still exercising his authority, made a cut at the head of the French Colonel, though assured by the latter that he was a prisoner, which not being prepared to parry, a severe wound above the eye was the consequence, of which a few days after he died, and was interred in the church of Merida, with military honours, all officers in garrison attending. For his conduct, the erring officer was greatly censured by his own corps, which preyed so much upon his mind, that he died not long after, sincerely regretting the occurrence, the more so, that the Commandant was generally beloved by those under his command.

Having obtained a large supply of the good things of this life in Campania, Hannibal resolved upon a return trip into Samnium. But though a thorough proficient in the art of military artifice, he, on making the attempt, was, by resting too securely on his own ability, drawn into an ambuscade, from which, however, he escaped by adopting the well-known stratagem of fastening faggots to the horns of a large flock of bullocks—and, on the torch being applied to them, driving

the herd before him up the face of the mountain occupied by the enemy—who, alarmed at their fiery appearance, fled—opening a way for their opponents.

The escape of the Carthaginians brought no little odium on the head of Fabius—and that being increased by Hannibal placing protective guards on passing the lands of the Roman chief, a circumstance which the Romans, as Hannibal wished, attributed to a private understanding between the two commanders, he was recalled on the false pretence that his presence was required at Rome to assist at some solemn sacrifice. Before proceeding to the capital he enjoined his Lieutenant, Minucius, not to give battle in his absence—but disobeying his instructions, the latter engaged in two or three little affairs, and being successful, the temerity of the General, and the courage of his soldiers were so much increased thereby, that Fabius—dreading nothing so much as the success of Minucius—for as the Duke remarked of Napoleon, “It was dangerous to commit an error in the presence of Hannibal”—said to the people in the Forum, “Let us finish the religious ceremonies as quickly as possible, that I may return to the army and punish Minucius for fighting contrary to his orders,” an address which so alarmed the people that to save the latter from punishment they

placed him on a footing of equality with Fabius, the folly of which soon appeared by Minucius engaging with his portion of the troops in an action with Hannibal, in which, but for the timely aid of Fabius, he would have been totally routed. We should not have mentioned this well-known affair were it not that the repentance of the Lieutenant of Fabius, as expressed in his address to the soldiers immediately after the battle—

“ I have learned, in the small compass of one day, that I know not how to command, but have need to be under the direction of another—and from this moment I bid adieu to the ambition of getting the better of a man by whom it is an honour to be foiled. In all other respects the Dictator shall be your commander, but in the due expression of gratitude to him, I will be your leader still by being the first to show an example of obedience and submission,”

May by being kept in remembrance, prevent many from falling into the error committed by the gallant Roman, that of estimating their military capacity at by far too high a rate—for though tens of thousands of officers have had the rank of General bestowed on them, that immense body of warriors, it must be remembered, have numbered in their ranks but one Alexander—one Hannibal—one Cæsar—one Napoleon—one Wellington.

On Fabius laying down the Dictatorship, Servilius and Attillius were nominated Consuls—who,

pursuing the same policy as their predecessor, no military operation of importance occurred, until they were relieved by Tarentius Varro and Æmilius Paulus, when, to bring the war to an issue, the Consular army was increased to 87,000 men—that of Hannibal being but 40,000 infantry, and about 10,000 cavalry.

Being in want of provisions, Hannibal stole a march upon his opponents and proceeded into Apulia, and on being closely pursued, offered battle on the plains of Cannae—but the Consuls being of two very opposite opinions as to the propriety of accepting the offer, it was rejected, though so anxious was Varro for battle, that as often as his day of command came round, he marched the whole of the troops into the plain and encamped—his colleague as regularly moving them back to the heights on the following day. In an army having two commanders—and those two so divided in opinion that the measures adopted by one of them to-day is laid aside by the other on the day following—the Roman chiefs could not, with the Duke of Wellington, say, “We are an united army”—and what the consequences were we shall presently see.

Knowing the division that reigned in the enemy's camp, Hannibal used every endeavour to provoke his opponents to engage in a general engagement. At these attempts Æmilius laughed, but his colleague, all self-conceit, and of a fiery

temperament, unable to brook the conduct of his rival any longer, resolved upon an appeal to the sword in a fair stand-up fight.

The Roman legions were drawn up in three lines: the Hastati forming the first, the Principes the second, and the Triarii the third, having the cavalry on the wings. The flanks of the legionaries were covered by the Roman Knights, and the allied cavalry covered their infantry. Varro commanded the left, his colleague the right, and the Pro-Consuls the centre.

With the view of joining in conflict with the Roman Knights, Hannibal posted his Gaulish and Spanish cavalry on the left, and the mounted Numidians on the right, to watch the movements of the allied horse. The Spanish and Numidian dragoons were supported by the African infantry, and between those two bodies stood the Gaulish and Spanish infantry. And the Carthaginian chief having, as on all similar occasions, an eye to number one, selected ground which enabled him to engage the enemy under peculiarly advantageous circumstances—the meridian sun shining, and the hot wind blowing directly in their face.

The action commenced by the Roman light infantry and the Balearic slingers exchanging shots. Being immensely superior in numerical force, the Romans assailed the wings of their opponents with great fury, in hopes of throwing them back upon the centre, and thereby circum-

scribing the field of operations; the centre of the latter having made an equally fierce assault upon the centre of the Romans. The object of Hannibal being to draw his opponents after his centre columns, his wings made good their footing against the enemy, until the Romans had advanced so far in pursuit of the centre, that the flanks of the pursuers were completely exposed, when the Carthaginian wings wheeling up to the right and left, attacked them with so much spirit, that they were forced to retire in the utmost confusion; and to make matters worse, the Roman cavalry, far less numerous than the Carthaginian, were attacked at the same time by the latter, and so roughly handled, that more than a half fell under the weapons of the assailants.

On seeing the danger which threatened the Romans on every side, the Consul Æmilius, placing himself at the head of the legionaries, flew to the rescue of the centre columns, with all the cavalry that remained; cut his way through various Carthaginian battalions, fighting all the while like men in the utmost despair, until coming in contact with the Gaulish and Spanish infantry under Asdrubal, they were forced to seek for safety in flight; many of them, in order to save themselves, having to fight through columns of armed men, not only equally brave as themselves, but

flushed with recent victories: the greater portion were either killed or taken prisoners; for so bent were the Carthaginians on fulfilling their slaughtering mission, that in order to put a stop to their thirst for blood, their leader repeatedly called, "Stop, soldiers, spare the vanquished;" but too late, more than the half of the enemy having then bit the dust. Varro was accompanied from the field by 70 dragoons only; 10,000 were taken in the camps; five or six thousand only effected their escape. Æmilius, the Pro-Consul, Minucius, two Quaestors, twenty-five military Tribunes, and eighty Senators were killed; the loss of Hannibal being but 200 cavalry, 4,000 Gauls, and 1,500 Spanish and African troops.

As, from the confused and often contradictory manner in which the military achievements of Hannibal and his opponents, from the battle of Cannae down to his departure from the Italian shore, have been handed down to us, it is in many cases impossible to determine, with anything approaching to accuracy, with whom the advantage rested—some authors affirming that Hannibal was never defeated in action, and others that he was often worsted by Marcellus and other commanders. The particulars of all such combats could serve no useful purpose, the assertion of one historian being as good as another; we shall therefore merely glance at such of the Carthaginian General's subsequent

military operations as may be found necessary to elucidate the military character of that distinguished commander.

Little did the Romans think, when they beheld Hannibal and his handful of troops descending the Alpine range, that he was to overrun their country; and, for the long period of fifteen years, to find their military defenders ample employment in the field on their own territory; and far less did Bonaparte imagine, on seeing the Duke of Wellington land a still smaller band in the Bay of Mondego, in August, 1808, that that General was to be the principal means of hurling him from his throne. To prevent the former from obtaining a footing in Italy, the Consul Scipio, as we have already seen, hurried forward to the River Ticinus, brought him to action, but was defeated and forced to retire behind the Trebia. To crush Wellington before he could receive reinforcements, Junot attacked him at Vimeiro, on the 21st August, 1808; but, like Scipio, was defeated, and driven back upon Lisbon. By the victory of the Ticinus, Hannibal cleared the country of Roman troops from the scene of action to the Trebia. Wellington, by that of Vimeiro, compelled Marshal Junot to capitulate with the whole of the French troops in Portugal. The battle of the Ticinus was the precursor of numerous others between the victor, on that occasion, and his powerful opponents, as was that of Vimeiro between the Field-Marshal and his far more powerful antagonists.

The great object of Hannibal being to strike before his enemies became too powerful, the whole of his energies were, during his early campaigns in Italy, directed to the almost only point of bringing his antagonists to a general action, in doing which he hoped to succeed in keeping the numbers of the enemy below his own. So long as the Duke of Wellington was constrained to act on the defensive, he was unwilling to commit anything to the issue of a general engagement; but the moment that the period arrived for assuming the offensive, he changed his policy; for the month immediately succeeding that in which Badajoz was taken, he writes:—

“I purpose to move forward, to bring Marmont to a general action.”

And, equally sanguine with Hannibal that he would succeed in lessening the numbers of the French in his front; for, in the same despatch, he adds—

“I am of opinion, also, that I shall have the advantage in the action.”

Anxious to bring the Roman Consul Sempronius to an engagement, Hannibal, on perceiving that he was unwilling to commit himself to the tender mercies of a general action, manœuvred daily with small parties up to the gates of the enemy's encampment, to provoke him to quit it and give him a meeting. Wellington, being equally

desirous of bringing Marmont to action, manœuvred for several days between the Douro and the Tormes, in order to catch him napping. Hannibal at length succeeded in drawing the Roman Consul across the Trebia, and defeating him with immense slaughter. The Duke succeeded in inducing Marmont to cross the Tormes, and defeating him with immense loss of men, guns, &c. The defeat of the Romans was principally occasioned by the stratagem of the Carthaginian chief; that of the French by Wellington placing the third division almost the same as in ambush at Aldea Tejada. The principal loss of the Romans was occasioned by the rapid swelling of the river Trebia during the action; that of the French by the superior tactics of the General, and indomitable bravery of the Allied troops. Ten thousand only of the Romans escaped: but for the misconduct of the officer left in command of the castle of Albad-Tormes, the probability is that the whole of the French army would have been taken. The victory of the Trebia cleared the way from that river to the lake Thrasymenus—that of Salamanca, the road to Madrid, and also the whole of the South of Spain. The advantages obtained by Hannibal on this occasion were not of a permanent character; more than a moiety of those obtained by the Duke at Salamanca were.

Being desirous of striking such a blow as would put him in possession of the principal resources of

the enemy, if not of the capital itself, Hannibal, after the battle of the Trebia, proceeded first across the Appenines into Etruria, and then, to make the Roman Consul follow him, until a favourable opportunity should occur of attacking him, towards the Capital. Wellington, equally anxious to engage his opponent, on some favoured spot, advances towards the foe. Hannibal draws his enemies into a snare—Wellington turns his out of every position they take up, until they arrive on the banks of the Zadorra, when, finding them in something like a Thrasymentian trap, he attacks them, and but for the incidents, related by the Duke in his despatch of the 29th June, 1813, would have proved as disastrous for Joseph as the lake proved to Flaminius. The victory of Thrasymentus was the fruits of stratagem; and, from the note to the details of the battle of Vittoria,—

“The advance of the column, under Sir Thomas Graham, was so effectually covered by Colonel Longa, that the enemy *was not aware of any British troops being in that direction*”—

to the stratagem here adopted, of placing the Spaniards in front, until the outlet into France was shut up, must be ascribed no small portion of the success which attended the capture of cannon, stores, and cash. The victory of Thrasymentus opened the way to Cannae, and may be said to have been the only advantage derived from so

complete a victory ; that of Vittoria prepared a highway to the French frontier ; but so far was this from being the only advantage derived from the victory, it not only cleared Spain of the enemy, with the exception of a few thousands in fortresses, but exercised a most influential part over the destinies of Europe. True it is that, like the Roman, the French army was not annihilated ; but it is no less true, though the truth was never promulgated in France, that, though not totally destroyed, it left behind it all its cannon, baggage, everything it had, indeed, that could distinguish it from a rabble.

In the despatch of the Duke of Wellington, respecting the plundering by the troops at Vittoria, the whole are alluded to as having been guilty of that crime. That the Field-Marshal was led to believe that such was the case, his great love of truth is a sufficient assurance. That the troops on the extreme right, heights of Puebla, engaged in no work of the sort, I have already affirmed. And in testimony of the truth of that affirmation, I beg to submit a few particulars relative to the conduct of the men composing the company which I had the honour to command on that memorable day, satisfied that all who may peruse it will rise from their task with the full conviction that such men were incapable of conduct so disgraceful to the character of a soldier.

In the company there was a man named Walsh, a volunteer from an Irish militia regiment, whose character was so desperately bad, that none of the other men would associate with him. On the march, previous to going into action, the conversation of this person consisted of blasphemous sentences, strung together without attention to anything like classification. Oath succeeded oath, then curses on everything round, *above*, and below him with such fearful rapidity, that his comrades became perfectly horrified at his conduct. But HE who has written, "*Thou shalt not take the name of the LORD THY GOD in vain,*" arrested the wretched infidel in his blasphemous course; for, singular as it may appear, it is no less true, that before the sound of a ball had been heard by any member of the company on the heights of Puebla, he was called to his account while giving utterance to a frightful torrent of blasphemy, not one moment being afforded him to solicit forgiveness from the *God of Battles*, whom he had so grievously offended.

But Walsh had a family; so, banishing the crimes of the parent from their view, the pay-serjeant, a corporal, and a private, came to me immediately after the repulse of the enemy, on their third attempt to wrest the heights out of our hands, to solicit permission to take the deceased's knapsack from his back—then two or three hundred yards in rear—and dispose of its contents for

the benefit of his widow and children. Highly applauding the feelings of the men, I obtained the commanding officer's permission for them to do as they required, he being quite as much delighted with the singular application as myself. In a few minutes the sale commenced, and continued until all was sold off. The produce of the sale, £1 11s., was placed in the hands of the paymaster, by whom it was remitted to the widow then at home. Some officers of the 50th, who were present on this occasion, declared with tears in their eyes, that it was the most singular and beautiful exhibition they had ever witnessed. Singular it undoubtedly was; for, in the annals of the world, it was perhaps the only AUCTION that ever took place in ACTION—amid the booming of artillery, and volleys of musketry.

Hannibal, very evidently, was not aware that—

“There is a tide in the affairs of man,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune :
But, if omitted,
All the voyage of his life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries ;”

for, instead of following up the splendid advantages which he had obtained at Cannae, he devoted one whole day to—not the re-organization—but what the Duke would have styled the disorganization of his army; the employment of the whole being confined to the sole duty of stripping the slain of their ornaments. Would the Duke of Wellington have committed a similar error?—

The extract, "*In military operations TIME is everything,*" is our voucher that he would not. What, then, would he have done? Marched his legions if not upon Rome, certainly upon Neapolis or Tarentum—for what was his conduct after the battles of Salamanca and Waterloo? On neither of which occasions did he remain on the field huckstering with the prisoners respecting their ransom, or collecting decorations of the Legion of Honour, to send to England as tokens of his victory. But, putting his columns in motion towards the capitals of France and Spain, he arrived in twenty days at Madrid, compelling the usurper, Joseph Bonaparte, to fly for safety; and—strange coincidence—in the same number of days, three years later, he entered Paris, forcing the usurper, Napoleon Bonaparte, brother of the other, to seek for a place of safety on board of a British man-of-war.

Oh! but (say Hannibal's apologists) his forces were not sufficiently numerous to warrant him undertaking a movement on any of the three points named, with any hope of success. Now, what was the strength of the Carthaginian army at the close of the battle of Cannae? Was it not 44,000 well-disciplined troops? And what the strength of the Roman army in their front? *Seven thousand* discomfited and dispirited soldiers only. Surely, then, if 50,000 Carthaginians were sufficient to defeat, kill, wound, or capture all but

7,000, out of an army of 87,000,—44,000 of the same victorious host were more than sufficient to sweep the 7,000 from the face of the earth in less than seven minutes.

Between Hannibal and Rome, therefore, or Naples, or Tarentum, there were no more than a few thousand human obstacles, which a few minutes only would have served to remove. And that this was the opinion of his most experienced Generals, may be inferred from the remark—“Hannibal, you know how to conquer, but not to improve your victory,” made by Maharbal, on Hannibal expressing an unwillingness to march upon Rome; for, had such not been the case, the remark would not have escaped the lips of that celebrated chief. Had each of those places been garrisoned by fifteen or twenty thousand men, the operation might have been attended with danger; but Rome having but some five or six thousand men, and the other cities not nearly so many within their walls, no danger could possibly have arisen to the cause of Hannibal from any operation of the kind. It is a somewhat difficult matter to account for Hannibal's conduct on this occasion. Either avarice or timidity must have been busily at work in his mind; either he must have fancied himself too weak to march upon Rome or Naples; or have been too unwilling to quit the field of Cannae, so long as it yielded him one golden bauble. That his conduct could not

have been acted upon by any timorous influences, his temerity on so many previous and subsequent occasions decisively proves. To avarice, therefore, I fear, we must attribute the fatal measures adopted by the Carthaginian chief; for, had he acted on strictly honourable and military principles, he would not in after years have so often called down upon himself a thousand curses for not having, after the battle of Cannae, led his brave followers up to the walls of Rome, their weapons still reeking with the blood of her citizens. But, be this as it may, the page of history being prolific in examples of generals having, by bold and ably-conducted operations, induced metropolitan cities to open their gates, without putting the invader to the trouble of investing them, particularly after disasters like that of Cannae—upon Rome or Naples he should have directed the march of his columns, without one hour's delay. For, every other consideration apart, by remaining so long on the field of Cannae, pursuing the trade of a paltry huckster, Hannibal gave greater encouragement to the people to believe that his conduct proceeded from weakness, than if he had attacked either of the cities, and failed. Whether, therefore, the tide was, or was not as favourable for Hannibal as we suppose it to have been—still, under all the circumstances in which he was placed, particularly as it was the most favourable he could ever expect to have,

he should not have permitted the opportunity to slip, for—

“We must take the current when it flows,
Or lose our ventures.”

True it is, that a charge somewhat similar to that preferred against Hannibal, for not attempting the capture of Rome after the battle of Cannae, has been brought against the Duke of Wellington, for not entering France with the French fugitives, after the battle of Vittoria, or the Pyrenees; but between the two cases there is no analogy whatever. Of the whole Roman army, but 7,000 escaped from Cannae, the loss of the Carthaginians being 6,000; there remained fit for duty 44,000 men, more than six to one. The French loss at Vittoria being 12,000, and that of the Allies, say 6,000, it follows, that as the belligerents were nearly equal in numbers at the opening of that campaign, the French were numerically 6,000 less than their opponents at the close of that battle, it being the first serious encounter of the campaign. And with regard to the battles of the Pyrenees, the loss of the enemy being 15,000, and that of the Allies about 8,000, the French army, at the close of those battles, could have been but 13,000 men less than that under the Field-Marshal; a deficiency which, supposing it had received no reinforcements, was more than counterbalanced by the naturally strong

position which the enemy occupied on the Nivelles. But that the latter were very considerably reinforced after the battle of Vittoria, history attests, and therefore throws to the winds everything in the shape of analogy between the cases of Hannibal at Cannae, and Wellington at Vittoria. But, notwithstanding the powerful obstacles in his front, the Duke would not, like the Carthaginian commander, have been deterred from following up the blows so effectively given, from any dread of the result of the operations, had not motives of a prudential nature, fully stated in despatches 812, 816, 822, and 826, of the Selections, induced him to delay his movement in advance.

Of the real numerical strength of the armies of Rome, during the campaigns of Hannibal, no correct estimate can be formed. Of one thing we are assured—that the largest army ever marshalled against the Carthaginians, was on the plains of Cannae, viz., 87,000 men. If to the latter, therefore, we add 20,000 more for garrisons, we have 107,000, as the total number of men under arms at that date; to oppose which the Carthaginian leader had 50,000. Now, this being in the second year of the war in Italy, let us see what the relative strength of the British, the Allied, and the French armies were at the close of the second year of the war in the Peninsula.

According to the British Commander's own

statement, the British contingent amounted to 27,188 rank and file; the Portuguese to 30,000; in all 57,188. To these the Spaniards, I may be told, should be added—but why? True it is, that the Guerillas rendered efficient service on many occasions, as the Gauls, and many of the southern tribes of Italy did to Hannibal; but what were their brethren composing the regular armies?

“They are really children in the art of war. The Spaniards have neither numbers, efficiency, discipline, bravery, or arrangement to carry on the contest,”

was the language of the Duke in 1809 and 1811, and in October, 1812—

“I am sorry that I cannot say that the Spanish troops are at all improved.”

With the exception of the British and Portuguese troops, and a small portion of the Spaniards, therefore, there were no regularly organized efficient bodies of troops, capable of meeting in anything approaching to equal terms, the 300,000 experienced warriors of the French nation.

Hannibal had 50,000 good men and true, besides corps of Gaulish and other Guerillas, to oppose to the 107,000 Romans; Wellington but 57,000, to encounter the immense hordes of Napoleon.

By way of a counterpoise to this, we have frequently been reminded that the Duke made war

in a friendly, Hannibal in an enemy's country. True it is, that Spain was in alliance with England—but it may very fairly be questioned whether Hannibal did not upon the whole derive more efficient support from the people of Italy, than Wellington did from the inhabitants of Spain. For is it not a fact, that on the capture of Taurinum, all the Gaulish tribes in its vicinity not only submitted to the conqueror, but supplied him with all sorts of provisions? Is it not a fact that after the victory of the Ticinus, other Gaulish nations followed their example; and offered to supply him with as many men and arms as he might require? Is it not a fact, that before he arrived on the banks of the Trebia, so many Gauls joined Hannibal, that he had not sufficient provisions for the crowd, until he prevailed upon the Governor of Clastidium, the Roman depôt, to deliver it into his hands for a suitable compensation? Is it not a fact, that after the battle of the Trebia, almost all the Gaulish tribes, who had not previously submitted, declared for Hannibal, and against Rome? Is it not a fact, that after the battle of Cannae, the city of Capua, capable of sending 36,000 men into the field, declared for the conqueror, and that the example of the Capuans was immediately followed by the whole of the Campanians, who, not content with a mere expression of friendship, placed 14,000 men at his disposal as an earnest of their

devotion to his cause? Is it not a fact, that almost all that part of Italy styled Ancient Greece, declared for Hannibal, and against Rome; not so much from any love which they bore to the Carthaginians, as hatred to the Romans; being like the Gauls, in hopes that with their assistance they would be able to throw off the yoke of their oppressors? As a proof of the hatred which both Gauls and Greeks entertained towards the Roman name and people, is it not a fact, that on the evening of the battle of the Ticinus, two hundred Gaulish cavalry and 2,000 infantry, after killing their Roman comrades nearest to them, deserted to Hannibal; and that when Capua opened her gates to the Carthaginian chief, the people actually put to death by suffocation the whole of the Roman troops who had retired to the citadel?

That the Portuguese and Spaniards were as cordial haters of the French, as the Gauls and Greeks were of the Romans, I allow; but their strongholds, being like those of the Gauls and Greeks, in the hands of a much more powerful neighbour, dared not make any attempt to emancipate themselves from the yoke of foreign bondage, until, like the Gauls and Greeks, they saw powerful aid at their doors. For as in Italy in the days of Hannibal, so in Spain during the late war—the great majority of the people were compelled to remain quiet, as the most trifling friendly act to

any, save a Roman or a Frenchman, was certain to bring down upon their heads summary and severe punishment. As in Italy, at the epoch already named, so in the Peninsula in the days of Wellington, the spirit of the people was so completely broken, that they looked upon the power of the invader to be so firmly established, as to be altogether unassailable. So deeply, indeed, was this sentiment rooted in the minds of the masses, and so small did our chances of success appear in their eyes, that whenever we attempted to console them by pointing to a day of deliverance, we were invariably met with—"Impossible, the power of Napoleon is too great."

That portions of the Gauls and the Greeks were at times hostile to Hannibal's rule, is no doubt true; but how did the Spaniards act towards the Field-Marshal? We shall let the gallant chief make answer:—

"In the subsequent removal of the sick, we had absolutely no assistance from the Spanish army, *or the country.*" . . . "At Truxillo, in particular, *assistance which could have been afforded was withheld.*" . . . "I shall only repeat that the want of magazines, *and the apathy* and disinclination of the magistrates and people in Spain to furnish supplies for the armies, **EVEN FOR PAYMENT,**" &c., &c.

And, though last, the following:—

"The want of common management in the Spaniards, and of the common assistance which every country gives

to any army, and which this *country gives most plentifully to the French*”—

is not the least important extract; proving, as it distinctly does, that at the very time the Spanish authorities were allowing their allies to starve, they were supplying the enemy with a liberal hand. How unfavourably does the conduct of the Spanish people, on the Duke of Wellington's first entrance into Spain as a friend, contrast with that of the people of France, on his entering France as an enemy; as shown by the passage—

“In no part of Spain have we been better, *I might say so well, received, because we really draw more supply from the country than we ever did from any part of Spain.*”—Nov., 1813.

But as all the campaigns of Hannibal were made in the Gaulish or Grecian provinces of Italy, which had been overrun by the Romans; and Wellington's in Spain and Portugal, both of which had been taken possession of by Bonaparte; it may with far greater truth be said, that both of the warriors earned their laurels in friendly countries. For if the Gauls and the Greeks were not in cordial alliance with the Carthaginians, yet their territories having been overrun by the Romans, as the Peninsula was covered by the legions of Napoleon, they became their allies in hopes of achieving their liberation; as the people of the Peninsula rallied round the standard of Wellington

for a similar purpose. Viewed in this light, the two commanders, as regards the friendly feelings of the countries in which they waged war, appear on a footing of perfect equality. Well, should this view be admitted as correct—what then? Why, that Wellington is entitled to a larger share of the world's applause than Hannibal; the former, with an army not more numerous than that commanded by the latter, having in six campaigns driven an enemy, three times more numerous than the armies opposed to the gallant Carthaginian, completely out of the Peninsula; while Hannibal, after fifteen campaigns, is compelled to take leave of the Italian shore, and for ever.

From the day of Cannae to the present, Hannibal has been celebrated for that which the Duke of Wellington never practised in the cabinet, and but seldom in the field—stratagem. The Roman generals who commanded in the battles of the Trebia, Thrasymenus, and Cannae, were nominated to their several commands at the instigation of the masses; the French marshals sent against Wellington were selected by the then acknowledged first commander of the age, for their superior knowledge in the art of war. In the first years of the war, Hannibal had a *carte-blanche* to act as he thought best for his country; the hands of Wellington were tied down by stringent restrictions, as the extract—

“My instructions so far concur with the general

sentiment, as to forbid any risk, or any unnecessary loss ; and you will attend to that in any movement you may make ”—

satisfactorily proves. So long as Hannibal acted under the *carte-blanche*, he was successful, and increased in power ; but from the day that that was withdrawn, his successes were few and far between, and his power and influence became less as each successive day rolled over his head, until he was recalled to Carthage. Though under restrictions, Wellington was successful in all his battles ; his power and influence continuing to gain strength daily, until a treaty of peace recalled him to England.

After a battle, the losses of the Roman armies were speedily filled up ; those of Hannibal but sparingly, and not at a very early period. Depôts of French troops being close to the Spanish frontier, their losses in Spain were filled up in a few weeks ; those of the British, at the distance of many months. On this head, therefore, the two commanders were on a footing of equality ; though, from the circumstance of Napoleon being the despotic sovereign of a powerful empire, with an army of 600,000 men at his beck, he could send to the seat of war whatever number of men he might deem necessary ; while at Rome, not a man could be added to the army, but with the sanction of a majority of the senate. Wellington, unquestionably, had to con-

tend with much greater difficulties than Hannibal, the French army in Spain being much more numerous, in proportion to the numbers of the Allies, than that of Rome was to the troops of Carthage in the field. The army of Hannibal was composed of the troops of various nations, while his antagonists were almost all Roman subjects, or of states which had united their fortunes to hers. The army of the gallant Field-Marshal was likewise made up of troops, the subjects of various nations; while those opposed to him were native Frenchmen, or of nations in strict alliance with, or subject to, France. And that the latter were the very *élite* of Napoleon's troops, the extract—

“The armies employed against us, cannot be less than 100,000 men, indeed more, including garrisons; and I see in the French newspapers, that orders have been given for the formation, at Bordeaux, of an army of reserve of 100,000 more. Is there any man weak enough to suppose that one-third of the numbers first mentioned would be employed against the Spaniards and Portuguese, if we were withdrawn? They would, if it were still an object to Bonaparte to conquer the Peninsula. And he would succeed in his object; but it is much more likely that he would make peace with the powers of the Peninsula, and then have it in his power to turn against the Allied armies the 200,000 men, *of which 100,000 men are such troops as those armies have not yet had to deal with*”—

testifies.

Apologists, ancient and modern, attribute all

the errors and crimes of the Carthaginian general, to the difficulties with which he was forced to struggle. But what were the difficulties against which the British General had to contend? the Duke shall himself tell—

“ I believe there never was any officer—but certainly never any British officer—placed in so difficult a situation as I am in.”.....“ No man can appreciate better than yourself, the difficulties with which I have had to contend.”.....“ Nothing, but something more than firmness, could have carried me through the nine months’ discussion with these contending opinions. To this add, that people in England were changing their opinions, almost with the wind, and you will see that I had not much to look to, excepting myself.”

But many and great as the difficulties of the Field-Marshal were, he extricated himself from them all, without committing a single crime, or an error of any magnitude. Hannibal was accused of avarice at Carthage, and cruelty at Rome, and not without cause, as his conduct at Cannae, &c., and the number of prisoners which he put to death, testify. Of neither of those crimes has even the tongue of slander laid to the charge of the Field-Marshal. Hannibal was opposed by factions at Carthage, so was the Duke in England. So completely did the factions obtain the ascendancy in the councils at Carthage, that Hannibal was forced to fly to a foreign court for protection. But so far were the opponents of the Duke from pur-

suing a similar course towards him, that in a letter to the Field-Marshal, they confessed they had been led into error; and as the best proof that they could give of their repentance, they, after the peace, proposed an addition of £100,000 to the grant of £300,000 proposed by the Minister, as a mark of a nation's gratitude for the services which the British chief had rendered her.

Two-thirds of the Roman soldiers who fought at Cannae, were raw levies, and were defeated by Hannibal with an army little more than half their number. More than a moiety of the British troops engaged at Waterloo were young soldiers, who had never been in any previous action, and, led by Wellington, defeated a much superior native French army, all veteran soldiers, commanded by Napoleon in person. As a last grand effort at Zama, Hannibal brought forward his Italian veterans, but was defeated by Scipio; for a similar purpose Bonaparte brought forward his old guards at Waterloo, but was routed by Wellington. From the scene of action, Hannibal fled to Carthage, pursued by Scipio; Napoleon fled to Paris, pursued by Wellington. Hannibal was the life and soul of the Carthaginian army, and of the second Punic War; Wellington was the life and soul of the Allied army, and war against France in the Peninsula. Hannibal was often in want of money and provisions; so was the Duke. Both overcame their difficulties. Hannibal frequently

by means which would not bear the light; Wellington by means at once honourable to himself and to his country. So long as Hannibal acted under the aristocracy of Carthage, he continued victorious; but as soon as the democratic element obtained the direction of warlike matters, victory seldom visited the Carthaginian standards, without a corresponding reverse. What would have been the result had democracy come into power during the Peninsular contest it were idle now even to guess; but judging from the virulence with which that portion of the population occasionally ridiculed that war, and the laudatory manner in which they mentioned the actions of the French ruler, it is not going too far to say, that in all human probability the fate of Carthage would have been ours.

Hannibal was as celebrated in the cabinet as the field. The Duke was celebrated in both—but more in the field than in the cabinet. There is an old proverb, “strike the iron when it is hot,” which seems to have been pretty well understood by these two warriors. As proof of this, Hannibal, on the fall of Cæsiliunum, invested Petilia, which after a rather protracted siege, was carried by assault. And what British subject does not know that, on the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, the Duke of Wellington immediately thereafter laid siege to, and captured, the strong fortress of Badajoz? Both conducted their military operations at the

distance of 600 to 800 miles from their native land—the surface of the intervening watery space being occasionally pretty thickly studded with hostile cruisers—and both against the most powerful nations, of which the world, at the respective periods, could boast.

On the receipt of some disastrous intelligence, Hannibal, one day, in accents of the deepest distress, exclaimed—

“O Carthage! unhappy Carthage! I am sinking under the pressure of thy fall.”

And what was the exclamation of the Duke of Wellington, on being told one day during the retreat from Burgos, that a body of Spaniards had without sufficient cause, yielded up a position they were ordered to defend?—was it not

“O lost Spain! lost Spain!”

Throughout life, the Duke of Wellington was characterized by prudence; not so Hannibal, for what more imprudent act could any military commander commit, than crossing the Appenine marshes—after being made fully aware of their deadly character? True it is, that in great undertakings, great risks must sometimes be run; but then the undertaking must have a more important object in view than the mere personal fame of the commander—the only object which the Carthaginian chief appears to have had in his eye; when, instead of pursuing a healthy and convenient

though a somewhat more circuitous route, he proceeds by one which he is assured is strewed with the seeds of death at every step. How very widely different was the conduct of the Duke of Wellington, when even urged from various quarters to undertake hazardous enterprises. Banishing self, and keeping duty always in his eye, the British chief, from his first appearance at the head of an army, down to the close of his last terrific struggle, invariably refused to incur any risk from which no corresponding advantage could be derived. A month after the battle of Assye, the Duke writes—

“ It is unpleasant that we cannot take all the advantage I could wish, of our success ; but the fact is, that offensive operations are not expected from us in this quarter, and although I am willing, and have undertaken them already, I must take care *not to risk, by attempting too much, that for which I am sent here.*”

A passage which demolishes, at one fell blow, the charge which has so often been made against the Field-Marshal, of not acting with greater boldness and promptitude after his victories—for as in India—so in the Peninsula, he acted under instructions which precluded him from following the bent of his own genius on all occasions, as appears from the extract—

“ My instructions so far concur with the general sentiment, as to forbid any risk, or any unnecessary loss.”
2nd April, 1810.

That is, not to risk, by attempting too much, that for which he had been placed at the head of the Allied army—the defence of Portugal. And if ever a military commander rigidly obeyed his instructions, that one was the Duke of Wellington, as the records of his services fully testify.

But the error committed by Hannibal on the occasion alluded to, was trifling compared with those of which he was guilty at subsequent periods. What greater error, for instance, could any general commit, than remaining on the field of battle, collecting gold rings, instead of pursuing the flying enemy, and collecting prisoners? Before the battles of Salamanca and Vittoria were brought to a close, night had thrown a covering over everything around the belligerents; and ere the sun had reared his head above the eastern horizon on the following morning, the Duke, instead of employing his men at work which old women or children could equally well perform, marshalled them for another tilt with the enemy, resumed the pursuit of the fugitives, and what were the consequences? The passages—

“ I have been under the necessity of delaying to send till now, having been engaged ever since the action in the pursuit of the enemy’s flying troops.” . . . “ We renewed the pursuit at break of day (morning after the battle) . . . We came up with the enemy’s rear of cavalry and infantry near La Serna. . . The whole body of infantry, three battalions of their first division were

made prisoners.”—24th July, 1812. “We have continued to pursue the enemy, whose rear reached Pamplona this day. We have done them as much injury as has been in our power, considering the state of the weather and of the roads; and this day the advanced guard, consisting of Major-General Victor Alten’s brigade, and the 1st and 3rd battalions 95th Regiment, and Captain Ross’s troops of horse-artillery, took from them the remaining gun they had.” 24th June, 1813—

fully show.

But as Hannibal had promised his soldiers the plunder of Italy, the charge of imprudence might have been modified, had he followed up his advantage, even on the morning of the second day after the victory; but remaining, not one, but many days, and when quitting it, directing his march, not upon any one of the three points, Rome, Naples, or Tarentum, but upon a city which may justly be said to have proved the grave of his glory;—by what other term can we characterize his conduct than that of gross imprudence?

Great as would have been the advantages which the capture of the capital would have bestowed upon Hannibal, the possession of Neapolis would have placed him in a much better position. Carthage having on many occasions previous to the days of Hannibal poured her fifty, hundred, or three hundred thousand men into Sicily at one time, shows that she was, as regards men, in a

position to supply her commander with any number he could require. Such being the case, and their fleet being then so efficient that at the period of the battle it was sweeping the sea around the island of Sicily of everything carrying a hostile flag, what an amazing advantage would not the capture of Naples have proved to Hannibal, furnishing him not only with a safe and commodious port, into which he could import from Carthage whatever number of men, or stores, or provisions he might require ; but a splendid point, on which to base his ulterior operations—a point which he then wanted, which he never acquired, and for the want of which he failed in his mission into Italy.

And so would the Duke of Wellington, had his prudence and foresight not enabled him to secure a sea-port as a foundation for his military operations in the Peninsula. Satisfied that the foundation of his operations in the *Peninsula* should be *Portugal*, and that so long as his operations might be confined to the latter country, or provinces of Spain bordering on it, should be based on Lisbon ; the Field-Marshal had no sooner given Marshal Junot a drubbing, than he urged his successor to march direct upon that city, having, no doubt, the fate of Hannibal before his eyes, who, from the non-possession of a similar foundation for his operations, struggled for a dozen years, hoping against hope, until his army dwindled

down to but a skeleton of its former self, and dispirited with repeated, if not something nearly resembling, defeats, returned, after being confined for nearly four years to the province of Bruttium, to

“Afric’s wild plains.”

Where, at Zama, the veterans of the renowned Hannibal, like the old guard of the equally celebrated Napoleon at Waterloo, almost all died sword in hand, vainly attempting to turn the tide of victory in favour of their chief; and yet this very proof of Wellington’s genius and foresight, a recent French military writer, Captain Duparcq, brings forward as proof of a want of both. For what says that officer?—

“In spite of the great success of Wellington”—(Ay, there is the rub!), “there will always be a doubt” (Pray where, but in France?) “as to the extent of his military genius. He only fought after the English method, namely, along the coast, having a port open for retreat, and delivering his supplies from the sea, which, from the numberless British vessels, seemed to form a vast magazine for his use. It was thus in Portugal, the north of Spain, along the Pyrenees, and in Belgium.”

But of what value can the opinion of that person be worth, who can coolly tell his readers, that—

“Wellington had only to contend against French soldiers degenerated in comparison with those of from 1792 to 1808, the period at which he first appeared in Spain.”

It being well-known all over Europe, and, consequently, in France, that, so far were the French soldiery in Spain from being a degenerated race, they were men who had seen much service—a fact which it is in vain for the gallant author to deny—the age and appearance of the great majority of the prisoners attesting that their armies in Spain must have been composed of men of the fittest for undertaking the duties of soldiers in the field. Was the army of Napoleon at Waterloo composed of men of the degenerated class? No; but of men who had served in one or more campaigns; while not one-half of the British contingent had ever witnessed a musket fired in anger.

There is a military quality for which both the Carthaginian and British commanders are not a little celebrated—that of knowing when, and how to strike. That both of them hit hard, the details of their battles afford the best of all proof; but that they were not equally well qualified to follow up their blows with the necessary effect, is evidenced by the fruits which they produced. Compared with the magnitude of the victories achieved, the destruction of three consular armies—the fruits of Hannibal's greatest battles, were trifling to those produced by the victories of Wellington. True it is, that at the Trebia, Thrasymenus, and at Cannae, Hannibal obtained great and memorable victories; but derived from them no permanent advantage for his country. Not so the Duke of Wellington;

the victory of Salamanca opened a passage for the Allied army to Madrid, and compelled the enemy to retire altogether from the south of Spain; and the details of the victory arriving at the headquarters of the Russian army, on the evening immediately preceding the battle of Borodino—cheered the spirits of the northern warriors, as they proceeded to the battle-field the following day. The victory of Vittoria not only forced the French to evacuate Spain, but the details arriving at the headquarters of the Allied Sovereigns at a critical period, exercised no small influence over their important deliberations; and the victory of the Nivelle opened for the Allies a highway to Toulouse.

No wonder that the Carthaginian chief so often exclaimed in accents of despair, "*O! Cannae, Cannae!*" it being on that memorable field that he first deviated from the path of duty, and entered upon that which ultimately led to his discomfiture, exile, and death. For by losing sight of duty's path, and marching to Capua, he may be said to have consummated his own ruin; for although his power and influence was not immediately diminished by adopting that unfortunate step, yet by clinging to that voluptuous city, he neglected, and so far lost the hold which he had acquired over other important portions of the Italian territory, that from the recapture of that city by the Romans, his power and influence

gradually decreased ; until, on the plains of Zama, both, with the power and influence of his country, were so completely trodden under foot by the Romans, that he was compelled to fly to a foreign court for safety. By pursuing steadily the path of duty, the power and influence of the Duke, day by day, gradually increased ; until both were consummated on the plains of Waterloo, and his country raised to her present pre-eminence among the nations of the earth. The Duke of Wellington, we have been assured, gave to Hannibal the first place in the list of military commanders. We cannot afford to be so generous ; and therefore shall conclude this contrast with the remark, that though the *details of their battles* show that each of the warriors hit their opponents equally hard in action, the ISSUES OF THEIR VARIOUS CAMPAIGNS prove to demonstration, that the British General knew best how to improve an advantage, gained on the field of battle.

ALEXANDER.

THE battle of the Granicus, alluded to in the preceding volume, decided the fate of Asia Minor; the whole of that extensive range of territory, including its wealthiest cities and strongest fortresses, falling into the hands of the conqueror, soon after that memorable event, or early in the following campaign.

Alarmed at the progress of the Macedonian monarch, Darius assembled all his disposable forces in the vicinity of Babylon; and in the spring of the year 333 B.C., moved towards his antagonist, at the head of an army of five or six hundred thousand men, in anticipation of achieving an early and decisive victory—though I will venture to assert, no commander ever adopted a line of

conduct less calculated to bring about so desirable a result. That the dress and diet of the Macedonians were of the most homely description, is evident, from the fact, that the robe worn then by Alexander, was the fruits of his sister's labour; and the message sent by Alexander to the Queen of Caria, on receiving from Her Majesty a supply of cooks, viz. :—

“ That his tutor, Leonidas, long ago, provided him with better cooks—long morning marches to give him an appetite for dinner; and slender dinners, which never failed to ensure a good appetite for supper.”

Now, there being but £17,500 in their military chest, on the Macedonians crossing the Hellespont, about ten shillings each man, what more powerful inducements could the Persian Sovereign have held out to the invaders—men with empty purses, coarse clothing, and living on spare diet—to break the heads of those, whose death would enable them to fill their pockets with cash, cover themselves with comfortable clothing, and satisfy their appetites with the good things of this life—than to decorate the uniforms of his soldiers with gold and silver ornaments, and tipping the tops of their spears with the same precious metals. What a nice affair we should have made of it, had our swords and our bayonets been similarly ornamented in the Peninsula, and at Waterloo !

Receiving at Tarsus the first intimation of the enemy's advance, Parmenio instantly proceeded to secure the pass of Syria; the rest, under Alexander, moving to Castabala; on arriving at which, it was resolved in a council of war, to offer the Persians battle—though at the time the members of the council knew not where the enemy were; for it was not until after he had completed his movement in advance, from Castabala to Myriandros, that the Macedonian sovereign received the, to him, astounding intelligence, that Darius had, after collecting his army in the plains of Sochus, crossed the mountainous ridge of Amanus, by the pass of the same name. So improbable did the movement of Darius appear to Alexander, that he sent a messenger round by sea to Issus, to ascertain how matters really stood; and, on the latter returning, and reporting that the Persians had possession of the place, he countermarched his battalions—repassed the Syrian gates; and finding his communication with his posts in the rear completely cut off, and the enemy in position on both banks of the river Pinarus, encamped a few miles from his opponent—and made preparation for the struggle, which the false position in which the parties had placed themselves had rendered inevitable.

The plain on which the battle of Issus took place, was bounded on the south by the sea, and on the north by a ridge of mountains, which

encircled it in the form of a crescent, and was divided into two nearly equal parts by the small river Pinarus. The right of the Persian host rested on the sea, and the left on the mountain; the left of the Macedonian on the sea, and their right on a height, a little distance short of the mountain alluded to. Alexander commanded the right wing, Parmenio the left. On all previous occasions Alexander had fought for glory; but here he had to combat for his very life; 500,000 armed men having blocked up, by chance, the highway to Macedon.—I say chance, for until Darius arrived at Issus, he verily believed that his rival was in full flight for his native land.

The distribution of the troops, and the details of the battle, being given at length in the history of Macedon, it seems unnecessary to give a detailed description here. I may remark, however, that on the Greek mercenaries in the pay of Persia giving way, the Persian Monarch fled from the field in the utmost terror; and the example of the Sovereign being too good to be thrown away, the Persian cavalry, in imitation of their royal commander, scampered off, but not from the scene of danger, for crowding into narrow passes, where a file or two only could pass at a time, and urged onwards by the terrors behind them, they jostled each other in so infuriated a manner, that many of them fell under the swords of their comrades. Intent upon nothing but their own preservation,

the Persians hurried to the rear, abandoning to the mercy of the victor, their wives—their children—their all ; without making a single effort to preserve what to them should have been dearer than life.

From the day of Issus to the present, loudly has the Macedonian monarch been applauded for his conduct in this engagement, but why, few can give a good and sufficient reason ; and no wonder, for the various movements of Alexander and Darius, from the day on which the latter quitted the plains of Sochus, and the former moved from Issus towards Myriandros, have a much nearer resemblance to the midnight flounderings of two travellers in an unexplored region, than the military manœuvres of two celebrated commanders ; for so little did they know of each other's movements, that neither of them knew where his opponent was to be found, till chance, the real generalissimo of each army, condescended to inform the royal warriors, that the game of cross-purposes, at which they had shown themselves such adepts, had placed them in false positions, from which victory alone could extricate them. Had the latter, by a premeditated movement, placed his army in rear of that of his opponent, without his knowledge, the world might, in that case, have admired the daring of the person by whom it was planned and executed,—though it could not have lauded his prudence in

engaging in the hazardous undertaking. Had the hero of the Granicus with his army of 40,000 men, stolen a march or two upon Darius, the movement could have excited no surprise; but for the Persian Monarch to steal a march upon his brother Sovereign, and without his knowledge carry an army of 600,000 men, and an endless train of followers, and baggage-animals, through a narrow pass—place his armed masses in rear of the Macedonian army—cut off all communication between it and the stations in its proper rear—and, finally, place himself in a position, which gave to his antagonist the choice of fighting a battle to be defeated in, which was ruin, or unconditional surrender, manifests such a total absence in the breast of Alexander of some of the most essential qualifications of a military commander, that we cannot but feel something bordering on astonishment, at the issue of the operations on the banks of the Pinarus. The Alexandrian system of manœuvring in face of a powerful antagonist must have been exploded before the Duke of Wellington assumed the command of an army either in India or the Peninsula; for in the annals of his campaigns no such proofs of incapacity, as allowing his communication with his posts in the rear to be cut off, and giving battle to an enemy with the head of his army, where its rear should have been, are to be found.

True it is that many assert that the Duke of

Wellington was guilty of a similar error at Talavera, in July, 1809—but what are the facts?

When a schoolboy gets a pummelling from a playmate, the first thing he does is to prevail upon some other boy to return the victor the compliment. Bearing his schoolboy tricks in remembrance, General Cuesta, who had been roughly handled by Marshal Victor on the plains of Medellin, in March, 1809, no sooner heard of Sir Arthur Wellesley's arrival at Lisbon, than he endeavoured to coax him, in schoolboy fashion, to assist him in repaying the French Marshal with interest—a fact we find recorded in a despatch dated the 29th of April, 1809, one week after the arrival of the former at Lisbon. And that Cuesta continued to press this matter on the attention of the Duke, and to the exclusion of almost every other, may be inferred from the correspondence of the parties. Coinciding with the views of the Spanish General, a plan of operations was agreed upon, by carrying out which, Victor, it was hoped, would be well whipped, and a solatium thereby afforded to the wounded pride of the Spanish Commander. Victor, Sebastiani, and King Joseph, being in position in the vicinity of Talavera and Toledo, with some 45,000 or 48,000 men, and Soult and Ney on the side of Salamanca with from 30,000 to 35,000 more, the Duke of Wellington, in order to prevent the latter from penetrating into the valley of the Tagus,

and establishing themselves in his rear during the advance of the Allied army to Talavera—stipulated with Cuesta that the *Pass of Banos*, through which runs the most direct road from Salamanca to Plasencia, and that of Perales, through which the enemy could have greatly interrupted the British General's communications with Portugal, should be occupied by detachments from the Spanish army, and this, not on the eve of the pending event, but fully two weeks before.

For what says the Duke in his memorandum of the operations of 1809? —

“On the 10th July Sir A. Wellesley went over to the Puerto-de-Mirabete to confer, and concert a plan of operations with General Cuesta.”

And that that plan provided for the defence of both of these passes, is evident from the despatch—

“I asked Cuesta to secure for me the passes of Banos and Perales, and *he has* occupied the former, but has left the latter to be occupied by the Duke del Parque”—

Addressed to Marshal Beresford, 17th July. And that the Duke considered the occupation of those passes a perfect guarantee for the security of his rear, is evidenced by what he adds in the same despatch:—

“I wish that you would send somebody to see how the pass (Perales) is occupied, and that at all events you should have an eye to that pass. *It will make me quite secure.*”

The Duke believing, at the date of this despatch, that the pass of Banos had been occupied by a force sufficient to hold it against Soult.

Now, whether the Marshal complied with his chief's request, or whether the concluding paragraph of the Duke's letter to him—

“ I do not think that the French would like to venture through that pass in the existing situation of their affairs. The bridges of Alcantara and Almaraz, being irreparable, they would be in a ‘cul-de-sac,’ and would have no exit except through a desert on the frontier of Portugal,”—

led him to think attention in that quarter unnecessary, we have no means of judging; but certain it is, from the document now quoted, that the Duke was not only aware of a strong French corps being assembled in the vicinity of Salamanca, but that he had taken the steps necessary to prevent that corps from passing through the Banos Pass before he moved from Plasencia, a town considerably in rear of the other, to give the enemy a meeting; and that all the operations of the Duke of Wellington, from the 17th of July down to the 2nd of August, *five days after the battle of Talavera*, were taken in the confident hope that his rear was secure, is evident from the passage—

“ Notwithstanding the anxiety which I felt, the pains which I took, and the assurances which were given to me, respecting the security of the Puerto-de-Banos, General Cuesta received intelligence yesterday morning

that the French corps, which had threatened that point, had *passed through unopposed*, and had entered Plasencia on the 1st, about two o'clock."—Despatch, 3rd August.

Now, the only error which the Duke appears to have committed in this matter, is that of trusting to the assurance of the Spanish General, that he had occupied the Pass of Banos as requested; instead of sending a confidential person to ascertain whether it was held by *four*—the stipulated number of battalions of Spanish infantry, which Cuesta was to place there for its defence. For that the Duke himself concurred at the time that he had committed an error, we glean from—

"I have but little to add to my public despatch of this date, which I hope will justify me from all blame in the eyes of His Majesty's ministers, *excepting that of having trusted the Spanish General in anything.*"

But although this error led the Field-Marshal into, as he acknowledges, "*a bad scrape*," yet it was attended with this gratifying result, that it enabled him to prove to the world, that though deceived by friends, and far outnumbered by enemies, he possessed talents equal to the task of extricating not only his own, from the fangs of a greatly superior enemy, but the army of that very General, by whose misconduct he was compelled to forego all the advantages he had reaped in the battles of the 27th and 28th of July; for

that such was the case, the Duke, who seldom indulged in egotism, furnishes proof in the extract:—

“As it is, I really believe that I have saved the whole of both armies, by determining to retire to Arzobispo, and taking up the line of the Tagus as soon as I found the enemy at Naval moral, and that General Cuesta had irrevocably quitted Talavera.”

Though there may be some trifling analogy, there is this wide difference between the cases of Alexander and the Duke of Wellington: the former placed himself, through a gross dereliction of his duties, as generalissimo of the Grecian army, in his false position at Issus; the latter was placed in his scrape by the misconduct of the Spanish Commander. Had Alexander, as he ought to have done, acquired a correct knowledge of the country, and the strength, state of discipline, and equipment of the Persian host, and placed small bodies of troops and spies in such positions that the enemy could not move without betraying their intentions, he could not possibly have committed the egregious error already noticed. How very beautifully the caution and foresight of Wellington contrasts with the blindly rash and unmilitary conduct of Alexander! Up to the very moment that his poor wounded soldiers acquainted him with the astounding fact that his retreat was cut off, the latter appears to have been in utter ignorance of the movements of his antagonist. Not so the Duke, in regard to his

opponents ; whose despatches, written previous to the battle, prove in the most satisfactory manner, that his knowledge of the enemy's motions was so complete, as to enable him to take the measures of precaution already alluded to. At Issus, Alexander was *compelled to fight*—not for glory—but for his very existence. Wellington, at Talavera, gave battle in the well-grounded hope that its result would wrest the capital of his allies from the grasp of a tyrant usurper. With the powerful aid of his superior officers, Alexander defeated the Persians ; by the gross neglect and incapacity of his allies, the Duke, though victorious at Talavera, was unable to follow up the blow. From these facts, but one conclusion can be drawn—that the military character of Alexander was in no way enhanced by his conduct previous to the battle of Issus, but rather the reverse ; while the battle at Talavera raised the military reputation of Wellington so far above what it was before, even in the eyes of his bitterest enemy, that on the officer bearing Victor's despatch, presenting it to Napoleon, he received him coldly ; and on the bearer of the duplicate despatch performing a similar office, he was placed under arrest : than which, no greater compliment could be paid to the military talents of the victor of Talavera.

Detaching Parmenio to secure the Persian treasure at Damascus, Alexander advanced to

Tyre, procuring as he proceeded the submission of the Persian tributaries along the coast. The Tyrians refusing the conqueror admission within their walls, he invested the city; and after a siege of seven months carried it by assault; in which, and during the preceding operations, he lost many more men than in his three most notable battles.

Pending the siege, terms of accommodation arrived from Darius; but these being rejected, Gaza, the almost only stronghold in Syria remaining to Persia, was, soon after the fall of Tyre, invested, and, like the latter, taken by storm at the end of three months; all the garrison, 10,000, being put to the sword.

The ambition of Alexander leading him to aspire to the rank of first of mortal men, he envied every other who had any pretensions to virtue, or excelled him in any of those arts which rivet the attention, or command the admiration of mankind. So deeply rooted in his breast was this hateful vice, that he not only envied the gallant eunuch Batis, for the honour he acquired by his heroic defence of Gaza; but, lest the praise, which he perceived would be bestowed upon the brave governor, might detract from his personal glory, he caused him to be put to an ignominious death. His apologists assure us that he was induced to commit this flagitious crime from an ardent desire to imitate the conduct of Achilles at Troy. But what a pitiful apology; for between the two cases

there is but a very trifling analogy ; the latter having dragged the *dead* body of Hector round the walls of Troy ; whereas, Alexander caused the heels of that person whom he ought to have honoured, to be pierced ; a rope passed through the orifice ; then fastened to a horse ; and dragged round the walls of Gaza, until his eyes were closed in death—an act of cruelty which to the latest ages will appear in the records of Macedon as the blackest speck in the character of that far from spotless person. For who was *Batis* ? and who was Alexander ? Was not the latter endeavouring to deprive the King of Persia of his throne and kingdom ; and the former placed in Gaza as governor, to do his best to preserve it for his royal master ? With a great deal more plausibility, the Duke of Wellington might have decapitated the governors of the fortresses which he captured in the Peninsula, their master having most iniquitously taken possession of Spain, and robbed and plundered the people in all directions. But what was the conduct of the gallant Duke ? Leaving the honour of perforating the heels of the several governors to their own despotic master, should he not feel satisfied with the manner in which they had respectively defended their posts, he treated them with all the respect due to brave men, who had done their best to baffle him in his attempts to wrest from them the strongholds which had been confided to their

keeping. That some of them expected rougher treatment is evidenced by the fact, that on the Governor of St. Sebastian, General Ray, passing through Exeter, he became so satisfied, from the numbers assembled around the hotel, and the noise proceeding from the crowd, that some harm was intended him; that, throwing his arms above his head, he cried "Strike;" but the exclamation being received with cheers, the gallant Governor, convinced that John Bull was not an assassin, but one who could appreciate bravery, even in his bitterest enemy, melted into tears; perhaps the only drops that, until then, had ever trickled over his well-bronzed countenance.

Seeing that Alexander would listen to no terms short of an unconditional submission, Darius assembled a large army in the vicinity of Babylon, and proceeded up the left bank of the Euphrates; until hearing of his rival's approach, he turned to the right, crossed the Tigris, and conceiving that the plains of Gaugamela offered a favourable field on which to contend for the sovereignty and independence of Persia, encamped.

Leaving to others the agreeable task of narrating the particulars of Alexander's journey from Gaza into Egypt, and back to Tyre—the principal object of which most extraordinary march being purely of a personal nature, viz., to have himself declared to be something more than mortal—let us accompany him from Tyre to the banks of the

Tigris ; and see how far his conduct at that river, and on the field of Arbela, was deserving of the encomiums which, since that period, have been so profusely bestowed upon him.

Having received considerable reinforcements from Greece, and regulated the affairs of the conquered provinces, the Macedonian monarch bade adieu to Tyre in the spring of the year 331 B.C., and passing the Euphrates at Thapsacus, proceeded thence by a circuitous route to a point on the right bank of the Tigris, a few marches from his antagonist.

Nothing could exceed the joy of Alexander, on finding, that though the whole bed of the river was covered with large round slippery stones—the stream deep and rapid, and its banks somewhat steep and rugged—no hostile troops were visible on the opposite bank. But, satisfied that so flagrant an omission could not long be overlooked, he resolved upon an immediate attempt to pass the whole of his battalions across the, to his followers, rather formidable obstacle to their further advance. True it is, that Darius had ordered a corps of 7,000 cavalry to proceed to the point threatened ; but why not send 70,000—why not move forward the whole of his disposable force, if he wished to keep the Tigris between himself and Alexander ? The corps of 7,000, was, no doubt, sufficient to prevent the invading legions from passing over, until a much larger force arrived ; but from some unexplained

cause, the general in command did not even wait their arrival; but burnt all the forage in the vicinity of the river, and retired.

Not knowing how soon the left bank might be lined with thousands of unwelcome visitors—Alexander, on arriving close to the river, showed his troops the way to the opposite shore, being the first to plunge into it, and the first to set foot on the opposite bank. Had the seven thousand Persian cavalry arrived at this moment, the battle of Arbela would never have been fought; for such was the noise and confusion occasioned by the fear of the Macedonian soldiers—dispirited before they entered the river, and afterwards so deeply immersed in the waters of the Tigris, that many of them had to part with everything they carried, to save their lives—that though Alexander, from an eminence, called to them in cheering accents, and urged them to fresh exertions, the exhortations of their Sovereign fell some time pointless on their ears. But, as on previous occasions, the good genius of Alexander prevailed. Making himself at last heard—the remaining portion of his troops marching in close order, resisted the force of the waters, like a wall; but so fatigued were the men at the close of the operations, that he was forced to give them a day's rest, before making any attempt to bring his opponent to action.

It being evident that a battle had become inevitable, and that Darius was not disposed to move from the position he occupied, Alexander quitted the left bank of the Tigris, and proceeded towards the then obscure village of Gaugamela. On his arrival in front of the Persians, Alexander reconnoitred their position; and then made such a disposition of his forces, as that of his opponent rendered necessary. Each army was formed with the infantry in the centre, and the cavalry in the wings. Around the person of the Persian Sovereign, the royal body-guards were posted; and immediately opposite to the Macedonian phalanx, the Greek mercenaries, the only portion of that vast host at all capable of contending with their opponents; and along the front, 200 armed chariots, and twenty-five elephants were distributed. For the disposition of the Macedonian army, we must refer to the history of Alexander, who, as usual, commanded the right wing; Parmenio the left, and Philotas the auxiliary cavalry. The baggage and prisoners were placed under charge of the invalids. A small phalanx was posted in rear of the centre, in order that, should the enemy attempt to surround the Macedonian army, the attempt might be rendered abortive.

The numerical strength of the belligerents being so disproportionate, Parmenio, that the courage of his countrymen might not be affected

on their obtaining a glimpse of the enemy's legions—waited on his royal master, and recommended a night attack; but the latter replying—

“ It does not become Alexander to steal a battle,” the gallant veteran retired to prepare for the anticipated struggle. For a similar purpose, Alexander offered up victims to *Fear*; and then, in imitation of his then favourite general, resigned himself to sleep; and so soundly did he enjoy his nap, that in the morning, Parmenio had to call his Sovereign two or three times before he could rouse him. On the former expressing surprise, that on the eve of an event of so much importance, he should exhibit so much serenity—the latter replied—

“ How is it possible for us not to be calm, seeing that the enemy is coming to deliver himself into our hands?”

The preparations of the belligerents being completed, Alexander moved down the eminence, from which he had previously reconnoitred the position of his opponent, and on arriving at the entrance to the grand theatre of action, caused his leading columns to oblique to their right, in order to draw Darius from the ground he had selected and strengthened; on observing which, the latter, by a movement something resembling the modern echelon, placed the troops on his extreme left in a position, from which, by wheeling them up

to the right, he could attack the Macedonians in front and in flank at the same time. Startled at this rather unexpected manœuvre, Alexander endeavoured to prevent its completion, by a charge of his auxiliary cavalry, but failed; the latter being rather roughly handled by the Eastern host.

These movements led to others of a much more important description; almost all of which ending, however, rather unfavourably for Alexander, until one of the royal equerries, being struck down by the hand of the latter; when the Persians around him, conceiving the victim to be no other than their Sovereign, and consequently, that all hope of victory had vanished, gave way; and the panic spreading with frightful rapidity, the Eastern potentate sought safety likewise in flight.

The loss of the Persians is variously stated, at from 40,000 to 200,000, killed in action and in the pursuit, and an equal number in prisoners—that of the Macedonians at 1,200 only.

Instead of pursuing the flying host, Alexander, a few days after the battle, directed the march of his troops upon Babylon, the gates of which were opened to him by Mazaeus; the very general who behaved in so suspicious a manner, when sent with 7,000 cavalry, to guard the passages of the Euphrates and Tigris, and for which he was rewarded by Alexander, with the government of the Babylonian province.

After a halt of one month, the royal warrior proceeded to Susa.

On taking possession of Susa, Alexander added 50,000 talents (about nine millions of pounds British) to the sums already in his military chest; and was joined during his stay in that city, by 2,000 cavalry and 13,000 infantry from Europe. What would the Duke of Wellington have given for a similar lining to his military chest, and a similar addition to the forces under his command, at any period, during the Peninsular war? Had he been joined by 15,000 British, immediately after the battle of Talavera, the Field-Marshal, instead of being obliged to retire behind the Tagus, would have found his way to Madrid. Had he been joined by 15,000 men at the close of the battle of Busaco, Massena would never have seen the lines of Torres Vedras. Had the Duke been joined by 15,000 men at the close of the day at Salamanca, he would have been saved the trouble of turning round, on crossing the Spanish frontier in May, 1813, and raising his hat, repeating—"Farewell, Portugal." Had he been joined by 15,000 men, and received but a fifth-part of the sum obtained by Alexander at Susa, immediately after the battle of Vittoria, the British General would have been enabled to enter France, pellmell, with the enemy. For what was the language of the Duke, on the 28th of March, 1813?—

"If there was money, I should entertain no doubts of the result of the next campaign."

And on the 21st of December, of the same year—

“If I could put 20,000 Spaniards into the field, which I could do if I had money, I must have the only fortress on this frontier. If I could put 40,000 Spaniards into the field, I should, most probably, have my posts on the Garonne.”

For that the Duke reckoned 15,000 British troops equal to 40,000 Spaniards, a portion of the same despatch, viz.—

“The armies employed against us, cannot be less than 100,000 men. Is there any man weak enough to suppose, *that one-third of the numbers first mentioned, would be employed against the Spaniards and Portuguese, if we were withdrawn?*”—

most satisfactorily proves. Gorged to satiety, with the luxuries of Susa, Alexander, at the head of his Macedonians, proceeded towards Persepolis; but the principal entrance into Persia being pretty strongly fortified, he had to fight his way to the capital; and no quarter having been given to the unfortunate people, the loss of life was necessarily great. But it was not on the route from Susa to Persepolis only, that the progress of the ambitious and selfish conqueror could be traced by the number of dead, who had fallen under the missiles of his followers. Though more than £20,000,000 fell into his hands at the latter city, the Macedonians robbed and plundered all who came in their way; destroying, without remorse, private as well as public property, in

every direction ; proceeding to the base and cowardly length of stripping in the streets, the female portion of the inhabitants, of their dresses ; and imbueing their hands in the blood of numberless defenceless individuals—the whole, the fruits of an address of Alexander to his soldiers, in which, to exculpate himself in some slight degree for his wanton cruelty, he first attributed to Persepolis, all the ills that had been inflicted on Greece ; and then told them to do with the city and all it contained, as they thought proper. And as if a something was wanting to complete the harrowing picture, the royal warrior, in a drunken frolic, accompanied by a profligate female, applied a torch to the then finest palace in the world. Thus this palace, erected not only for vanity, but riot and debauchery—by vanity inflamed by riot, it fell ; thereby affording a striking instance of the depravity of the human heart, whether incased in the breast of the very lowest, or the very highest of this world's creatures ; and utter worthlessness of all human labour.

Had the Duke of Wellington, on taking possession of Paris in 1815, authorized his soldiers to strip the female portion of the population in the streets—murder the defenceless—plunder and destroy the city—and, at the instigation of a worthless woman, reduce to ashes the palace of the Tuileries ;—what opinion would the world have entertained of his conduct ? Not that he was

the greatest commander, but the greatest robber and miscreant of his day; though the miseries which Paris had inflicted on the nations of Europe, infinitely excelled in magnitude those which the Persians scattered over the soil of Greece. Instead of imitating the conduct of Alexander, however, the Duke, when the conquered were no longer able to protect themselves—threw a protecting shield over them; and thereby earned for himself a name, which to the latest ages, will be pronounced with veneration; whilst that of Macedon's conqueror will be lisped with contempt.

Learning that Darius was still in the vicinity of Ecbatana, Alexander proceeded thither with a select body of cavalry, in hopes of obtaining possession of his person; but was disappointed. His movements, however, on this and subsequent occasions, being too numerous even to name in a work of this description, I shall merely remark, that those who delight in tales of the marvellous cannot do better than run their eye over the narrative of the Macedonian monarch's wanderings, from the day he quitted the Persian capital, down to that on which he encamped his legions on the banks of the Hydaspes; it having a much nearer resemblance to a tale of fiction, than one of sober truth. For what does that narrative tell us, but that without the smallest semblance of a military plan, the Royal Commander roamed over hill and dale; and in true knight-errant style, flying from this

place to that, in hopes of ferreting out some new antagonist, that he might have a few additional excuses for pursuing his favourite phantom, glory—the only object which he kept steadily in view during his Eastern campaigns? Having but the inexperienced armies of small states to contend with in his progress, but little generalship was exhibited, but little being required. For a person with the fiftieth part of the talent and experience of even one of Alexander's generals, could, like that Sovereign, have run his head against a stone wall, or singly braved the deadly weapons of scores of enemies, the sum total of the generalship displayed by Alexander in his trip from Persepolis to the Hydaspes.

Far different, however, was his conduct at that river, behind which the Indian Chief Porus had taken part with 30,000 men, to dispute with him the passage. Finding that his name and previous achievements had but little effect on the nerves of that Sovereign, Alexander not only caused boats to be transported by land from the Indus, but attempted, by every possible manœuvre and stratagem, to throw Porus off his guard. But such was the caution of the latter, that the Macedonian Monarch lay six weeks opposite to the Indian host before he could accomplish his purpose; which he at length did by throwing himself and a portion of his force across the river, at some distance from his opponent. A battle was the

consequence, in which the Indian army was totally routed, with the loss of 3,000 cavalry and 20,000 infantry, killed in action, and its chief taken prisoner; that of the Macedonians being but ten mounted archers, 80 infantry, and 220 cavalry.

Armies would be easily formed, indeed, if the mere placing a cap on the head, and a military weapon in the hand of a rustic, could without any training, transform him into an efficient soldier; for that the soldiers of Darius and Porus could have had no other training, their immense loss on the battle-field, and the trifling loss of their opponents, clearly prove. For what were the numbers killed on each side?—

Persians and Indians, say 500,000

Macedonians 1,915

Or about 250 Persians, &c., for every Macedonian—a statement which proves beyond cavil, that the two sovereigns had of men enough and to spare, but not one soldier; for where do we find recorded even one heroic act, on the part of a Persian combatant?

Lately we have learned, by dear-bought experience, that not only in courage, but a knowledge of warlike pursuits, the inhabitants on the banks of the Hydaspes have very decidedly improved since the days of Alexander—their drill having for many years previous to the Sikh war been superintended by French officers, as was the army of Scindiah, before the Campaign of Assye.

But brave as were the troops of the latter, would the Duke of Wellington's victories over them have been sufficient to raise his military character to the elevated point to which it attained, during the war of independence in the Peninsula? Certainly not; though in all that constitutes the true soldier, they were as superior to the legions of Porus, as the present British soldier is to the poor African savage. As well might the French general, who commanded in the streets of Paris, in December, 1851, claim a niche in Fame's temple, for his victory over the Parisian mob, as Alexander for his victory over the Indian sovereign—for what merit can be due to a commander for triumphing over an army of 30,000 men, three-fourths of whom fall in action, the victor losing but 310 of his own?—the term massacre being a much more appropriate one for such combats than “a battle.”

But it was not against ill-disciplined troops only, that Alexander led his battalions, but military rabbles, headed by generals of no military capacity; for the Persian sovereign had not one officer under his command worthy of the appellation. With the exception of Scindiah at Assye, and Argaum, all the Duke of Wellington's opponents were men of tried military abilities.

But in addition to the advantages which Alexander possessed, in being on all occasions opposed to inefficient armies, headed by incompetent

leaders, we must add that of being *assisted throughout the whole of his campaigns, by from thirty to forty generals*, the greater part of whom proved themselves at subsequent periods capable of conducting the movements of large bodies of men in the field—an advantage which the Duke of Wellington did not possess, as appears from the extract:—

“I am much annoyed by the general and other officers of the army going home. *The inconvenience of their going is TERRIBLE*, and the detail it throws upon me greater than I can well manage, for I am first to instruct one, then a second, and afterwards, upon his return, the first again,—upon every duty. At this moment, we have seven general officers, gone or going home, and excepting myself, there is not one in the country who came out with the army, excepting General Alexander Campbell, who was all last winter in England.”

Alexander, being not only Commander-in-Chief, but the sovereign ruler of the Macedonian host, wielding despotic sway over their lives, not one of the Generals dared to ask permission to return to Europe, or absent themselves from their post; for is it not a fact, that Menander was put to death by order of Alexander, for refusing to remain in command of a post to which he had been appointed. No such power had the Duke—even over members of his army far lower in the scale of rank. All that the Field-Marshal could do, on any one of his principal supporters acting a

part similar to that of the Macedonian General, was to remonstrate with them in language which, to men of proper feeling, must have been worse than death itself. To one of those officers we find the Duke writing:—

“ I cannot understand the nature of the feelings of an officer which are to be mortified by his performance of his duty, in the situation in which Her Majesty and the rules of the service have placed him ; and I can only say, that in the course of my military life, I have gone from the command of a brigade, to that of my regiment ; and from the command of an army to that of a brigade or division, as I was ordered, without feeling any mortification.”

How admirable the example of obedience to superior authority, here set by the late Commander-in-Chief. How worthy of being imitated by all classes of military men !

But what was still more discouraging, general officers of slender abilities, and little or no experience in warlike matters, were sent to the Peninsula ; and the Duke compelled to employ them, or have all the odium of their dismissal thrown upon his shoulders—a fact which we learn from the extract:—

“ I request that general officers should not be sent out ; and when those are sent out whom *I conceive* NOT TO BE FIT for their situations, I request that they may be removed. I am then to bear the responsibility or odium of their removal.”

The efficiency of the Macedonian army was never jeopardized by any such appointments. Alexander having the sole nomination of all officers, of whatever grade.

That the relief system adopted by the British Government, viz.—removing officers from one battalion of a regiment to another, though founded on principles decidedly humane, was highly prejudicial to the discipline and efficiency of the Peninsula army, we have the authority of the Duke:—

“ There are really many battalions in this army that are quite unfit for service, in respect to composition and discipline ; and they, as well as the old regiments, are made worse, by the constant change of the officers. At this moment, there are not less than sixty officers quitting the battalions of this army with which they have served and acquired some experience, to join other battalions of the same regiment, in some other part of the world. The worst of this arrangement is, that the officers who go are the oldest, and probably the best in their respective ranks ; and they are replaced by others without experience, who have no knowledge of their men, or their duty, or of the orders or regulations of this army, and the whole must be taught to them.”

And as the same system was acted upon down to the close of the war, the Peninsula army continued to be yearly deteriorated to an extent proportioned to that to which the system was carried out. Now, as no such system was in

force in the Macedonian army—no such deterioration in its discipline and composition alluded to by the Duke, could possibly have existed ; and, therefore, in this respect, Alexander must have enjoyed advantages of which the Duke at no time during his campaigns in the Peninsula, could boast ; it being an historical fact, that a large portion of the junior officers of the former, were capable of commanding battalions ; whereas, according to the Duke, no small portion of his junior officers had to be instructed even in their minor duties, after their arrival in the Peninsula.

Fortunate, indeed, have been many of the risk-all commanders when engaged with powerful opponents in the field of battle—and none more so than Alexander ; for is it not a fact, that when the false report relative to the death of Darius at Arbela was first circulated in the Persian ranks, so far was Alexander from having the advantage in the struggle, that he personally had made no impression on the left wing of his opponents ; while his own left wing, under Parmenio, had been forced to make a partial retrograde movement ? But no such favourable incident ever occurred on any battle-field on which the Field-Marshal contended for victory. True it is, that Marshal Marmont was wounded, and borne from the field of Salamanca,—but equally so, that he was succeeded by a general qualified to conduct the movements of a large force on such an occa-

sion. True it is that the intrusive king, Joseph Bonaparte, and Jourdan, his major-general, fled from the field of Vittoria—the former *without his coat*, the latter *without his baton*. True it is that Napoleon and Jerome Bonaparte, Marshals Soult and Ney, made a precipitate retreat from the plains of Waterloo—the former without his carriage; but not until the whole surface of the scene of conflict was deeply stained with human blood. But did not Alexander enjoy similar advantages in his battles with Darius, who, with many of his superior officers, fled as fast as their steeds could carry them from the fields of Issus and Arbela? And what were the results of these retrograde movements on the part of Darius and Napoleon? The battle of the Granicus deprived Darius of the whole of Asia Minor; that of Salamanca compelled Joseph Bonaparte to fly from his capital, and his army of the south to retire for aye and for ever from the southern parts of Spain. The battle of Issus deprived Darius of the whole of Syria and Egypt; that of Vittoria forced the French to withdraw altogether from Spain. The battle of Arbela deprived Darius of his throne and kingdom, and ultimately his life; that of Waterloo deprived Napoleon of his throne and kingdom, and procured his banishment to the island of St. Helena, where, six years after, he bade adieu to the vanities of this world.

Though indebted for many of his successes to the valour and good conduct of his generals, certain it is, that instead of gratefully acknowledging their devotion to his interests, Alexander almost invariably arrogated to himself all the glory arising therefrom. Such was not the conduct of the Duke, who, instead of arrogating to himself the whole of the merit of achieving any one of his numerous victories, invariably, at the close of every action, thanked all—many of the general officers by name—for the aid they had given him; and, as already stated, acknowledged in both Houses of Parliament the full debt of gratitude which he owed to his gallant brethren commanding corps, divisions, and brigades; and the consequences were such as might have been expected. Murmurs, which at length broke out in open exclamations of discontent, such as—“What was Philip but Parmenio?”—“What is Alexander but Philotas?”—and

“Are these your actions? is it thus that Greece
Rewards her combatants? Shall *one man* claim
The trophies won by thousands?”

were heard in every corps of the Macedonian army;—murmurs of admiration in that of the British. And after the ties which bound the Duke and his army together were dissolved, unfeigned friendship continued between the surviving generals and their chief, until the head of the latter was laid in the tomb.

True it is, and it is but fair that he should receive the benefit of it, that at the close of his campaigns Alexander bestowed crowns of gold on *five* of his generals—viz., Peucestas, Leonatus, Nearchus, Onesicritus, and Hephæstion. Crowns of gold the British General had none to bestow; but it is a fact equally creditable to him, that at the close of his Peninsular campaigns, *five* of his most distinguished companions-in-arms—viz., Sir John Hope, Sir Rowland Hill, Sir Thomas Graham, Sir W. C. Beresford, and Sir Stapleton Cotton, were, on the Duke's recommendation, each decorated with a coronet.

To put down croaking in the army, Alexander caused all the letters of the officers and soldiers to be opened; then selecting from among the most dissatisfied portion of the correspondents, a few hundreds of them—formed them into a battalion, which he designated the “Turbulent Battalion.” To put a stop to the same kind of thing in the Peninsular army, which, judging from the paragraph—

“The croaking which already prevails in the army, and particularly about head-quarters, *is disgraceful to us* as a nation, and does infinite mischief to the cause,”

had arrived at a rather alarming height—the Duke merely stigmatizes the conduct of those indulging in it as disgraceful; though in another letter—

“ I must devise some means of putting an end to it, or it will put an end to us ”—

he threatens to take stronger measures. The croaking of the Macedonians was caused by the unjust, ungrateful, and cruel conduct of their chief towards two of his generals, to whom he was under numerous obligations—viz., Parmenio, and his son Philotas; that of the British by the inactivity of the Duke. The former had just cause for croaking—the latter none whatever; for the very thing which they brought as a charge against their commander, was not occasioned, as they probably imagined, by an unwillingness to come to close quarters with the enemy; but was part of that consummate plan of operations which, as all the world knows, was crowned with signal triumph.

But it was not in the cases of those two celebrated commanders only that the cruelty of the Macedonian Sovereign was exhibited in the ranks of his army. Cruel, to gratify the workings of a selfish mind, Alexander never tempered justice with mercy, but when he fancied that such an act would redound to his personal glory, or aid him in his plans of personal ambition. The Duke of Wellington was at all times so much inclined to take a merciful view of the failings or the crimes of individuals, when he fancied that the *public interests* would not be injured thereby, that no act of cruelty has ever been laid to his charge.

True it is that from the circumstance of the Field-Marshal having somehow or other obtained the soubriquet of the *Iron Duke*, many have been led most erroneously to conceive that his heart was composed of something resembling that metal. That the Duke was a strict disciplinarian, and caused his orders to be respected, is very true ; but not one case of cruelty was ever laid to his charge. Some there were, I know, who fancied that the orders were enforced with too little regard to the feelings of individuals, they having lost sight of the fact that—

“The most momentous burden ever placed on the shoulders of a human being,”

was thrown upon his ; and by whom ?—not by private friends for the accomplishment of some selfish personal object ; but by his Sovereign to deliver 12,000,000 of his fellow-creatures from the fangs of a cruel despot. If, therefore, the Duke was induced on any one occasion to act with severity, it was not like Alexander to gratify his envy, or any other of the evil passions incased in the human breast ; but to enable him to discharge the duties of his office with credit to himself, and advantage to his country. But, as in all armies there are restless and disobedient spirits, and as the Allied Army in the Peninsula did not furnish an exception to the general rule, the Duke, as appears from the extract—

“ It is very unpleasant for me to be obliged to resist the inclination of the General Court-Martial to save the life of this soldier ; but I would wish the court to observe that, if with the impunity with which this offence, clearly proved, shall have been committed, should, as is probable, occasion resistance to authority in other instances, the supposed mercy will turn out to be extreme cruelty, and will occasion the loss of some valuable men to the service,”—

being of opinion that—

“ When justice dooms, 'tis fit the guilty fall ;
For, if the example made by law,
Through terror keep mankind in awe—
Mercy to one is cruelty to all.”

acted upon this maxim on several occasions, convinced that by offering up one sacrifice on the altar of justice, he was taking the most effectual means in his power of preserving the lives of many more valuable men. Beyond this the British General proceeded not. How many of his followers did the King of Macedon sacrifice at the shrine of his personal ambition ?

“ I will never purchase safety to myself, at the expense of so many thousands of my subjects, as must by this means be lost,”

said Darius, when urged to break down the bridge of the Cydnus, to retard the pursuit of the victors. How very favourably does the sentiment—

“ I would much rather leave an open path for a pursuing enemy, than close it to a flying friend,”

contrast with the conduct of Alexander, soon after the battle of the Granicus; who—that his men, seeing they had nothing to depend upon for their personal safety but their personal prowess in action, might fight with greater determination in favour of his personal hobby, ambition—ordered his fleet to quit the Asiatic coast; and with the order of Napoleon after the battle of Leipsic, to blow up the bridge in the vicinity of that city, that the Allies might not pursue him, upwards of 30,000 of his followers being thereby placed at the mercy of the victors. How nobly does the Duke of Wellington's conduct after the battle of Talavera, contrast with that of Alexander in Asia, and Napoleon at Leipsic! On crossing the Tagus at the bridge of Arzobispo, the Field-Marshal did not, in order to secure his own safety, order the destruction of that structure, and thereby sacrifice 30,000 of his allies, though it was through their gross mismanagement that his army had been placed in so much peril; but nobly set his shoulder to the wheel, and kept it there until he had—in defiance of the whole host of Marshals Soult, Ney, Mortier, Victor, Killermann, and Sebastiani; and King Joseph, and 5,000 men from Suchet, then in Estremadura, at the head of their respective corps,—rescued not only his own army, but that of the very person whose extraordinary conduct had deeply imperilled the cause of his country, and the honour of his ally. And that

his troops might continue to combat for Peninsular independence, with the spirit of British soldiers, the Duke, unlike Alexander, kept a fleet of transports off Lisbon, until its services were no longer required. Self and inhumanity prompted the Royal and Imperial Commanders to act as they did; duty and humanity the British Chief, as

“ In all these cases, it would be terrible not to have transports at hand; and I cannot advise that they should be sent away,”

testifies.

As a military commander, Alexander was guilty of many more imprudent actions than any of whose achievements we have authentic details. For his imprudence at the Granicus, Jaxartes, Issus, &c., his youth has been pleaded by his apologists; but unfortunately for them, his acts of indiscretion increased with his years; as Tyre, Gaza, and innumerable other places can testify. Was it because his soldiers would not storm a fort or a height, unless he acted as their guide, that Alexander so often laid aside the insignia of his office, and assumed that of the private soldier? If so, what becomes of the so much boasted Macedonian valour? On what occasion did the followers of the late Field-Marshal ever call upon him to lead them to the cannon's mouth; and yet he was never baulked by them on a single occasion. But to whatever

cause the reckless conduct of the Macedonian Monarch is to be attributed, one thing is certain, that it is no part of the duty of a general commanding-in-chief, or any other officer, staff or regimental, to join in a melee, sword or musket in hand. If a commander-in-chief adopts this course, is it not evident that every other part of the field, but where he is, must be neglected; being unable from the false position in which he has placed himself, to detect and rectify errors, if committed by friends, or to take advantage of them, if committed by foes? In like manner, if generals of divisions or brigades follow in the wake of their chief, every portion of their divisions or brigades, save that with which they are actually engaged, must be left to the guidance of blind General Chance. And descending a little lower, is it not obvious, that if the commandant of a battalion imitates his superiors, the services of nine-tenths of the corps must be rendered almost valueless. To superintend the movements of fifty or a hundred thousand men, or the tenth, or even the hundredth part of that number, and perform the duty of a private soldier besides, is so utterly impossible, that none but a general who fancied himself more than mortal, could so long have unceasingly persevered in a line of conduct so reckless as to acquire for him the cognomen of "The Macedonian Madman."

On what occasion did the Duke of Wellington

in imitation of Alexander, ever throw away his telescope, seize a musket, and join the masses in a fusilade? The occasion is nameless. So essential, indeed, did he conceive it to be to the interests of the service that the attention of officers should be particularly bestowed on what was passing in their own, and the ranks of the enemy immediately opposed to them, that he not only highly disapproved of their laying aside their true character and assuming that of the private soldier, but caused the practice of officers firing muskets in action to be discontinued. In my own regiment everything of the kind was strictly prohibited. "See that you have an object, my lads, before you give your fire," was the usual caution of our chief on going into action; and the next—"Officers will see that their men have an object before they fire." And that the cautions were invariably attended to, the numbers which bit the dust on various hard-fought fields, bore truthful testimony. Some may think this language—"See that you have an object," rather revolting,—the *object meant* being a fellow creature. But if those who think so will but recall to remembrance the remark—

"Noo, men, noo !

If ye dinna kill them, they'll kill you,"

made by an old Scotch general, when ordering his men to charge, they will at once see that the

to them obnoxious caution is rendered necessary by the position in which the soldiers are placed by their country.

On the day that Alexander declared war against Darius, he evidently caused a similar declaration to issue against Dame Prudence ; for since the world began, never was any rashness to be compared to his. On perusing the narrative of his campaigns, we are kept in perpetual alarms regarding his personal safety, and that of his followers. In the very first of his Asiatic battles, we see a battle-axe ready to fall on his head ; and six years later, we see him even more imprudently contending singly with many enemies. Far different was the conduct of the Duke of Wellington, who, from an early period of his military career, invariably acted under the advice of the celebrated lady just noticed ; and what were the consequences ?—

Happy it would have been, and plain to tell,
Had Macedon possessed a maniac's cell ;
And guardian sage, with providential care,
Advised by fame, had chained the madman there.

For more like a maniac than a rational being, Alexander roamed over the Eastern Hemisphere—

“ A furious vagabond without a home ; ”

his path all the way strewn with slaughter, pestilence, and death. That the Field-Marshal occasionally left behind him similar traces of the direful effects of war, is no doubt true ; but to this

circumstances compelled him, that a similar furious vagabond might be prevented from trampling the liberties of Europe under his feet. To chain the world to his chariot-wheels was the object of Alexander; that of Wellington was to break the chain with which another would-be conqueror of the world had bound the Peninsula to his. Both succeeded; but widely different were their feelings at the close of their military labours: those of the Macedonian, contrasting but badly with those of the British Commander; the former shedding tears of regret that there were no other nations in the East against which he could lead his legions; the latter, tears of sympathy for the lives he had been forced to sacrifice in the grand struggle for European liberty and independence.

Whether the circumstances of Alexander were at all times suited to his temper, we will not stop to inquire; but assuredly his temper was but seldom suited to his circumstances. In this respect the Duke had greatly the advantage of Alexander; for if the former possessed one military quality more than another, it was this, that he invariably suited his temper to his circumstances—a fact attested in almost every page of his despatches. Alexander courted flattery; Wellington hated it. The vanity of Alexander prompted him on many occasions to boast of his achievements; the modesty of Wellington prevented him from pursuing a similar course. In

action, Alexander was fiery, and generally imprudent; Wellington, coolness personified, and consequently a worthy pupil of Prudence. The movements of Alexander were evidently not the fruits of any properly arranged military plan; Wellington never undertook an enterprise but on a plan drawn up after well weighing everything for and against it. The battles of Alexander at the Granicus, Issus, and Arbela, were deemed the most memorable on record, until, if not surpassed, at least equalled, by those of the Duke and others in the same quarter of the globe.

From the death of Darius, the Macedonian Sovereign had to contend with but a succession of small states only; the Duke, save in his Indian campaigns, had to meet in mortal strife, the large and experienced armies of the most powerful nation in Europe. Alexander, like Napoleon, caused one small country to assist in the conquest of another, until he had accomplished the reduction of the whole of Asia, from Ecbatana to the Indus; the Duke was assisted throughout the contest by his Spanish and Portuguese allies only. That he might have the poor gratification of restoring a country to its lawful owner, or bestow it on some personal favourite, Alexander put to death thousands of his fellow creatures. In all his campaigns, which were undertaken, not to increase his personal glory, but the honour and glory of his country, the Duke never sacrificed

the life of a single individual, save such as fell by the missiles of the enemy,—were struck down by disease,—or who had by their crime forfeited their lives to the insulted laws of their country.

That Alexander drew up a plan for the invasion and conquest of Asia, and that that plan does him more real honour than all the victories he ever gained, is, I am aware, the opinion of no small portion of this world's inhabitants. But was there ever such a plan? and if so, by whom was it traced? For as the matter now stands, the point appears so knotty—one party giving all the honour to Alexander,—a second to his father Philip,—a third to the only general Philip ever knew,—and a fourth to all the three united,—that before it can be untied, we must wait, I fear, the arrival of a second Alexander. True it is, that as the royal Macedonian Commander proceeded, he reduced all the maritime cities or strongholds, from the Hellespont to Issus, and thence to the Nile; but there is no evidence whatever to show that these several captures were the fruits of any preconceived plan of operations. Judging, indeed, from the fact that Alexander immediately after the battle of the Granicus, applied to his senior officers for their advice touching their future operations, we can come to no other conclusion, than that no such plan then existed; for had such a plan been in the Macedonian Monarch's bureau, such an application would have been unnecessary; for instead

of presenting obstacles to the accomplishment of any such plan, the issue of the battle of the Granicus must have accelerated it,—the success being much greater than could have been anticipated.

But as additional proofs that Alexander had not provided himself with any preconceived plan of operations, it is recorded, first, that Parmenio, soon after the battle of the Granicus, advised his royal master to attack the Persian fleet; but that the latter rejected the advice, conceiving it would be attended with less danger to endeavour to obtain possession of the fleet by defeating their military brethren on shore. And secondly, that after the capture of Halicarnassus, Alexander remained a considerable time altogether inactive, being quite undetermined what course to pursue; a clear proof that there was no general plan; for had the reduction of that city been part of one, and not an operation which chance had thrown in his way, he would not have hesitated one moment as to his future proceedings.

But allowing the Macedonian Commander all the credit which his most ardent admirers can claim for him on this score, enough remains in the opposite scale to prove that in number and grandeur of conception, the plans of the Duke of Wellington infinitely surpass those of Alexander. For what plans of war did the Field-Marshal actually

prepare? “A plan for taking possession of the ceded districts in the Mysore country, which was done without striking a blow.—“A plan for conquering Wynaad and reconquering Malabar, which succeeded without loss.”—“Memorandum upon Seringapatam”—“Memorandum on operations to be conducted on the Red Sea”—“Memorandum upon operations in the Mahratta territory,” transmitted to the government of India, in September, 1801, pointing out how, in the event of a war with Scindiah, the operations against him should be conducted—and a second Memorandum on the same subject, transmitted to General Stewart, in March, 1803; the former, fully two years before that war was undertaken, which the author of the Memorandum so successfully terminated, by the battles of Assye and Argaum. The plan furnished Colonel Stevenson, in August, 1803—The plan of operations in the Deccan, transmitted to Lord Lake in 1804—Memorandum on the defence of Portugal—Plan of operations for the Spanish army—Plan for the defence of Lisbon—Lines of Torres-Vedras, of itself more than sufficient to throw into the shade all the plans ever concocted by the Macedonian Sovereign.—Memorandum on operations to be carried on, on the eastern coast of Spain—Memorandum on the Low Countries—Plans of the Campaigns of 1810, 1811, and 1812; and though last, not the least important, that of 1813. Comment is unnecessary. For where is the man, who, after com-

paring the plans and narratives of the battles and campaigns of Alexander with those of the Duke of Wellington, will not lay his hand on his heart and say with us—Wellington would have achieved the conquest of the East, but Alexander would not have effected the deliverance of the Peninsula?

PYRRHUS.

PYRRHUS, being but a few months old when his father was driven from his throne, was conveyed by two friends to the court of Glaucias, King of Illyria, under whose roof he was reared and educated until he completed the twelfth year of his age, when his guardian restored him by force of arms to the family throne. Being again forced to leave his native land, he proceeded to his brother-in-law, Demetrius; and the battle of Issus taking place soon after his arrival, Pyrrhus, who had distinguished himself greatly in the action, was placed as an hostage with Ptolemy, King of Egypt, for the due performance of the treaty entered into between the victor and the vanquished. Becoming a great favourite at the Egyptian court,

Berenice prevailed upon her husband to bestow the hand of her daughter Antigone in marriage on the young Epirot monarch, and to restore him to his kingdom, which Ptolemy accomplished with ease, the people being but too happy to receive him back.

From this period down to the year 280 B.C., Pyrrhus was engaged in many little wars with neighbouring states, particularly Macedon, in which he exhibited infinitely more courage than prudence. True it is that he raised himself to the throne of that country, but equally so that he did not long enjoy it—a result which his own subjects had no great cause to regret; for so much attention did he thenceforth bestow on their affairs that comfort, happiness, and contentment became the inmates of every cottage throughout the length and breadth of the land. Happy would it have been for himself, for his people, and all those states into which he afterwards carried his arms, had he continued to act upon the opinion which he at one time entertained—viz., “That all who engage in war, whether from motives of ambition or interest, render themselves guilty of all the blood that may be shed during its continuance;” and considered it more glorious to employ his military talents in defence of his people, securing for them all the blessings of a lasting peace, and in increasing their comfort and happiness, than engaging in hazardous enterprises

from which he could have expected no other reward than a portion of that phantom glory so assiduously pursued by his great model, to the ruin of millions of his fellow-creatures. But unfortunately he thought otherwise, and the result we shall by-and-by see.

To curb the aggressive spirit of the Romans, the Tarentines formed a coalition with the Samnites and other states; but did not openly declare war against Rome until compelled to throw off the mask, and take an active part in those events which ultimately gave a death-blow to the independence of their country.

In the year 280 B.C., a Roman admiral being on a cruise along the coast, entered the port of Tarentum one day, at an hour when all the idle portion of the population were accustomed to assemble in a theatre which overlooked the harbour. (Now, mark the effects of a guilty conscience.) Conceiving that the admiral had been sent to punish them for their secret intrigues against Rome, the whole population rushed to the harbour, attacked the Romans with the fury of maniacs, sunk one, burnt four ships, put to death all prisoners capable of bearing arms, and sold the remainder for slaves. For this gross outrage Rome demanded instant satisfaction; but, instead of apologizing, the Tarentines added insult to insult; and in a manner so much beneath the dignity of man, that the Roman diplomatist, on

seeing that the treatment to which he had been subjected excited the mirth—not the scorn of the assembly—remarked, “Laugh on while you may; the time is coming when you will weep. It is not a little blood that will purify this garment;” then retired, and returned to Rome.

Aware that they could not cope with their powerful neighbours without foreign aid, the command of their forces, which they rated at 350,000, was offered to Pyrrhus; which, being precisely the thing he longed for—conceiving it a first step towards a complete realization of his plans of conquest—he crossed over to Tarentum with an army of 25,500 men and twenty elephants, where he was received with every demonstration of joy, the people imagining that they were to be relieved by their new allies from all military service in the field. Though not a little astounded at the cool effrontery of the Tarentines in supposing that he had resorted to the Italian coast to fight for a people who would not combat for themselves, Pyrrhus deemed it prudent to keep his opinion on the subject to himself, until he had collected his scattered forces; when he ordered the theatre and every other place of public resort to be closed, and every young man fit for military duty to be enrolled, drilled, and incorporated with his own troops, denouncing the punishment of death against all who attempted either to absent themselves from their corps, or leave the country.

But before these arrangements could be carried out, the Roman Consul, P. V. Lavinus, entered Laconia to give battle to the allies, before they could unite their forces to those under Pyrrhus; but the former being quite unprepared for so unceremonious a visit, the royal warrior prepared to give the Consul a meeting at the head of his Epirots—though none of the 350,000 men, so pompously paraded on paper, had joined him,—for which purpose he proceeded to the vicinity of Heraclea, and encamped a short distance from the left bank of the river Siris.

On the Consul taking post on the opposite bank, his royal opponent reconnoitred his position, posted strong piquets at all the fords, remarking, “Megacles, they are not such barbarians as I thought them.”

But notwithstanding the precautionary measures of Pyrrhus, the enemy succeeded in throwing a large corps of cavalry across the Siris, at some distance from the main body, and by a rapid movement along the left bank, in forcing back the detached piquets in his route upon the main piquet and the whole upon the Greek main body, before the latter could be succoured from the rear. This untoward event deprived Pyrrhus of the advantages he expected to derive from his intended attack of the Romans while crossing the river; for though on the first intimation of the enemy having passed it, he hastened to the front with a

select body of troops, his hopes were frustrated by the gallantry of the Roman soldiers, and presence of mind of the general in command of their cavalry, who, placing them in front of their pedestrian comrades, successfully repulsed every assault until the whole had crossed and formed in battle-array.

The Roman legions being now on the same side of the river with himself, there was nothing for the Epirot Monarch but to close manfully with them or retire; and, preferring the former alternative, to it they went; and with so much fury was the combat continued, that seven times the Romans occupied the Epirot position, and as often was it wrested out of their hands. So equally balanced was the success of the parties at the end of four hours, that, but for his elephants, the smell of which the Roman horse detested, the Greeks would have had hard work to keep their ground. But the charge of these formidable animals, aided by the arrows of the men stationed in the towers on their backs, decided the fate of the day; for on the Roman cavalry giving way, Pyrrhus dashed into the disordered mass, at the head of the Thessalian horse, routed them, then attacked their infantry and drove them from the field with considerable slaughter. Though the victory was complete, it would have been more so, had not one of the elephants, on being wounded, rushed into the

centre of the Grecian host, and caused such confusion in their ranks, that Pyrrhus deemed it more prudent to rest satisfied with the advantages he had gained, than to risk them by pursuing the fugitives with men in so excited a condition.

The loss of the belligerents has been variously stated—that of the Romans at from 7,000 to 15,000, and the Greeks from 4,000 to 15,000 men. That the latter is pretty nearly correct may be inferred from the fact, that on the casualties being reported to Pyrrhus, he remarked, “*Such another victory, and I will return to Epirus alone ;*” and the sentence, “Great Jupiter, I have conquered an invulnerable nation, and I am conquered by the same,” which he caused to be inscribed on the trophies, on depositing them in the Temple of Jupiter, at Tarentum.

Pyrrhus proceeded to Italy with an army of 25,000 men, to aid the Tarentines and other nations against the aggressive policy of Rome: Wellington to the Lusitanian coast with an army of nearly equal strength to assist the Portuguese in their struggle against the aggressive policy of France. In the days of Pyrrhus, the Roman troops, like those of France in the time of Napoleon, were considered the best in the world. Pyrrhus was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the allied arms—the Duke, Captain-General of the Portuguese. The Tarentines promised Pyrrhus

an army of 350,000 men—the nations of the Peninsula told the British Government that of men they had more than enough. When the services of the Tarentine allies were required before the battle of Heraclea, they were not forthcoming; neither were the services of the Portuguese, when the Duke required them before the day of Vimeiro, all with their general retiring to a place of safety, save 1,650 men. Without the assistance of the Tarentine levies, Pyrrhus gave his opponent a beating—a compliment which the Duke paid Junot without aid from his allies. Fifteen thousand fell at Heraclea: a considerable portion of the French force bit the dust at Vimeira, and all the rest, 16,000 to 20,000, surrendered within ten days, prisoners of war. So great was the loss of Pyrrhus, that he remarked, “Such another victory, and I will return to Epirus alone.” So little loss did Wellington sustain, that, but for his supercession in the command of the army, on the day of the battle, he would have compelled the enemy to an unconditional submission. On being reinforced a few days after the battle, Pyrrhus pushed the enemy to the gates of Rome—Wellington opened for his successor the gates of Lisbon.

The sheer love of glory—for what but that, and an ardent desire to surpass every competitor, could have induced Pyrrhus to give battle to his opponent, before being joined by at least that portion of the

allies on their way to his encampment? For, though he had been grossly deceived by the Tarentines regarding the numbers of the allies, still, from the number of troops which the little states had on former occasions sent forth to battle, Pyrrhus must have had a well-grounded assurance of being reinforced to an extent which would have enabled him to meet the Consul at the head of a superior army, and therefore should have retired upon his reinforcements, particularly as none of his men had ever measured weapons with their antagonists.

Some will have it that the Duke of Wellington committed a similar error, in giving battle to Victor at Talavera, the discipline of the Spanish troops of Cuesta being so defective that they could not be moved, and that of the Portuguese army so little advanced that none of their battalions could be brought forward. But between the cases there is evidently a very material difference. Pyrrhus not being a principal in the war, and none of the battalions of either of the principals being with him, his character could not have been at all affected by any retrograde movement he might have chosen to make. But not so that of the Duke, had he retired from Talavera without offering battle to his opponents. For though not a principal, one of the principals, having 38,000 men actually present, what would the world have thought, had he with an army of 20,000 British troops, and 38,000 Spaniards on his right,

retired without fighting from before 45,000 Frenchmen? All the effect produced by the Oporto dash would have been thrown to the winds, and on the cause of independence a most enervating effect throughout the Peninsula; it being a fact that, during the greater part of the war, nothing could convince the people of that country but that the French were far less numerous than they were known to be; and, consequently, had the British General not pursued at Talavera the same policy which the extract—

“The object of taking a position so near to the enemy was *to force them to show their army*. This was an object, because the *people of the country, as usual, believed and reported* that the enemy were not so strong as we knew them to be; and, if they had not seen the enemy's strength, they would have entertained a very unfavourable opinion of the British army, which it was desirable to avoid”—

shows he did two years later at El-Bodon, the Field-Marshal's movement to Talavera would have had an effect very different from that which the result of the battle produced; it being a fact to which I was an eye-witness, that, on the next visit of the British troops to Talavera in September, 1812, the worthy Talaverians talked of nothing, during our stay, but the battle, the great Lord Wellington, General Hill—who so nobly defended the key of the position, and of the brave English soldiers. Nor were the latter held

in less estimation by the inhabitants of all the towns, including the city of Toledo, from Talavera to Aranjuez, our march being little short of a triumphal one. "Very well, let us fight. Sparta will not lose much in losing me, but she will lose her honour if I retire in sight of the enemy," was the noble reply of Callicratides, when told by the priest that, on inspecting the entrails of a victim, previous to the battle of Argænuse, that "the fleet should be victorious, but the admiral would fall," a remark which the Duke very possibly had in remembrance, when he resolved to accept of battle offered by an enemy outnumbering him in the proportion of two to one.

At Heraclea the belligerents were nearly equal in point of numbers ; at Talavera the enemy encountered the Duke in the proportion of two to one. Pyrrhus fought to arrest the progress of the Consul Lavinus, not to open a way to the Roman capital ; Wellington to open the road to Madrid. The loss of the Romans was so great that on being joined by a portion of the allies, Pyrrhus was enabled to advance almost to the gates of Rome ; through the misconduct of the general of the Allies, Wellington was forced to retire to the frontiers of Portugal. What Pyrrhus did not anticipate he attained—a view of the Roman metropolis ; of that which the Duke hoped to obtain—a peep of the Spanish capital—he was disappointed. Wonderful, however, are the ways of

PROVIDENCE—a view of Rome was all that Pyrrhus ever obtained ; three years later Wellington entered Madrid in triumph.

“ O ! that Pyrrhus had Romans for soldiers, or the Romans Pyrrhus for their leader, together we should conquer the world ! ” exclaimed the royal warrior, after the battle of Heraclea. Though the Duke entertained a highly favourable opinion of the valour of the French soldiers, he was saved the trouble of exclaiming at any period of his military career, “ O ! that Wellington had Frenchmen for his soldiers ; ” the Field-Marshal having under his command men with whom he always thought he could go anywhere or do anything. Long may British generals be accompanied to the battle-field by men of a similar stamp !

Being joined soon after the battle of Heraclea by a portion of the allies, Pyrrhus entered Campania, attempted the capture of Capua, then of Naples, but failing in both attempts, directed his steps towards Rome, taking Fregellae on his way, and finally investing Praeneste, from the vicinity of which he for the first time obtained a view of that city, the possession of which was to reward him for all his toils and dangers. Praeneste baffling all his attempts to lodge himself within her entrenchments, he returned to Campania, when, being again offered battle by his old friend, Lavinus, he declined the honour of a meeting, and returned to Tarentum.

It is not a little singular, considering the time they were in Italy, that neither Pyrrhus, nor Hannibal sixty years later, succeeded in making themselves master of Naples. The want of men neither of them could plead as an apology; for when Hannibal made his first attempt, he, as already shown, must have had with him little short of 50,000 men, whilst the force of the enemy must have been trifling indeed; and as Pyrrhus was strongly reinforced by the allies after the battle of Heraclea, he must have had with him under the walls of that city an army much superior to any that the Romans could bring against him. Had the Duke of Wellington occupied either of the posts held by Hannibal or Pyrrhus, would the results have been more favourable?—is a query which can best be answered by a reference to what was actually achieved by the Field-Marshal during his various campaigns; and running our eye over the narrative of his proceedings, we find that the Duke did not, like those two commanders, fix his eye on a place of strength, and then, on finding the opposition greater than he expected, turn away from it and engage in some other far less important operation. No! once satisfied that any particular post was necessary to his ulterior operations, from that post the Duke's eye was never removed until he succeeded in his object. Take the case of Ciudad Rodrigo, the possession of which was absolutely necessary

before he could advance into Spain. So early as July, 1811, the Duke writes to Lord Liverpool—

“In the meantime the train will be moved up the Douro, and the preparations will be made for transporting it to Ciudad Rodrigo, and when these are completed I propose to put the army in motion to attempt the siege of that place, if I should find that circumstances offered a chance of success ;”—

and this at a time when, “In a case in which the relative force of the two armies will be so nearly balanced,” the numerical strength of the belligerents *was almost upon an equality*. And although the enemy had, by the month of September, received such additional supplies of men, that their force in the vicinity of Rodrigo and Salamanca was increased to not less than 60,000 men, while that under the British General did not much exceed 40,000, the eye of the latter continued rivetted on the old fortress ; aye, and until he was enabled to say to Lord Liverpool—

“I have now the pleasure to acquaint your Lordship that we took the place by storm yesterday evening after dark.”

Had either Pyrrhus or Hannibal been endowed with but half the persevering spirit of the British General, they must have succeeded not only at Naples, but many other places on which they tried their hands. “Persevere in the contest,”

was the advice of the Duke to the British Government. And why? Because, "If we can only hold out we shall yet see this disgusting tyranny overturned, and the world relieved." And persevere all parties did, and the result is known.

Satisfied that the Romans were not to be so easily beaten as he imagined, Pyrrhus held out to them the olive branch; but the offer being refused, he prepared for another meeting with his haughty enemy. Collecting at Tarentum therefore all his disposable troops, and hearing that the Consular armies were advancing, he moved the whole towards Asculum; and in the vicinity of which, encamped on the banks of a tolerably deep river, which, dividing the plain into two nearly equal parts, the Consuls, on their arrival, occupied the opposite bank, in which positions both parties remained inactive, until roused into action by a couple of rather singular epistles—one from Pyrrhus to the Consul Decius, intimating that if he, in imitation of his father and grandfather, attempted to devote himself to death for his country, that a Greek hand should not be raised against him, but that he should be made prisoner, and put to death immediately after the battle; and the other from the Consuls to Pyrrhus in reply, in the latter part of which they gave him the option of crossing the river to them unmolested, or they would pay him a visit on the same terms, when they would determine which of them, to

secure victory, had the greatest occasion to employ extraordinary means. Accepting the latter proposition, the Romans crossed, when a desperate combat ensued, which ended in a somewhat doubtful victory for the Greeks. I say doubtful, for though the Romans retired, such was the loss of the former that, on the casualties being communicated to Pyrrhus, he emphatically exclaimed — “Such another victory and I am undone!”

Not a little, but as I have always thought, unmerited praise has been bestowed upon the King of Epirus for his conduct at Asculum. True it is that on that, as on many other battle-fields, Pyrrhus exhibited that species of courage which we have accorded to his great model, Alexander. But what is courage without prudence? What matters it whether a commander be a coward or a hero—whether he has under his command a large or a small army—whether his army be composed of a well or ill-disciplined body of men, if, on the day of trial, he, like Pyrrhus, sacrifices numbers, discipline, advantage of position, to a point of *personal honour*, in which neither his army nor his country are at all concerned. Because the Scythians bestowed upon Alexander a few uncourtly epithets, that monarch—conceiving his personal honour affected, crossed the Iaxartes, and gave them battle; and Pyrrhus, taking an equally erroneous view of the term honour, became so impressed on receiving the Consular note, that, personally, he

was bound in honour to accept either the one alternative or the other offered him, that he permitted the enemy to cross the river and attack him—a gross act of folly, and dereliction of his duty, as the generalissimo of the allied army; for, as such, he had no right to allow his personal honour to interfere in any manner with his public duty. When talking over this matter with military friends, I have been reminded that the Duke of Wellington, on receiving Joseph Bonaparte's message that he was prepared, not only replied, "Then he shall have it," but conceiving it a point of honour to make the attack at the earliest possible period, actually gave battle to his royal antagonist on the following morning. That such was the course pursued by the Field-Marshal at Vittoria, is true, though the message was not accompanied with a free passage over the Zadorra; and the reason is obvious: not that he conceived his personal honour at all concerned in the matter, but that the enemy being in position on the left bank of the river, and wishing for nothing so much as an opportunity of bringing the enemy to action, he was compelled to cross the Zadorra in the face of their numerous artillery, it being extremely unlikely that they would give up their position, which had been selected with great care, and cross over to him. Between the two cases of Pyrrhus and the Duke, therefore, there is a very marked difference. Between the army of the

former and the Romans, a river not everywhere fordable, meandered through the plains of Asculum, as the Zadorra did along the valley of the same name between the French and the Allied armies on the day of Vittoria. Across the former Pyrrhus offered the Roman Consuls a free passage; Joseph Bonaparte, without alluding to a free passage, tells his opponent that he is ready to receive a hostile visit: consequently the King of Epirus gave to his opponent an advantage which King Joseph denied the Duke; for, as the belligerents, on both occasions, were of nearly equal strength, and as it was the grand object of the Romans to drive Pyrrhus out of Italy, and of the Duke to force the French over the Spanish frontier, it was of the greatest possible importance to both the Consuls and the Duke to be allowed to pass over such serious obstacles, and place themselves on a footing of something like equality with their opponents, with the smallest possible diminution of their followers; as pass the river they must before they could attain their object, it being evident that their antagonists had no idea of making a retrograde movement without first trying the effects of a general engagement. In terms of this agreement the Romans cross the river unmolested: the Duke, not to disappoint his royal friend, passes to the left bank of the Zadorra. Battles ensue, the issues of which the remark of Pyrrhus—"Such another victory and I

am undone," and that of the Duke, "All their ammunition and baggage, and everything they had were taken close to Vittoria," best tell. By accepting of what may be termed a message of defiance, the Duke of Wellington sacrificed no advantage, incurred no risk, beyond that which he would have had to encounter had no such message been received by him; as, before he could have attacked the enemy, he must have crossed the Zadorra, the whole of the French army being in position on the left bank. Pyrrhus, on the other hand, sacrificed all the advantages which his position and numbers afforded him; and the result was a victory so doubtful in character, that, though claimed by him, yet so fatal to his prospects, that he was forced to retire to Tarentum. Had the Epirot sovereign entertained an opinion similar to that of the Duke, that "a feeling for the honour of his army, and the character of his country for justice," is the only one which a general-in-chief should, on all such occasions, harbour in his breast, the campaign of Asculum might have had a very different termination. With the fate of Pyrrhus therefore before their eyes, let us hope that, in whatever situation they may be placed, British officers will invariably steer clear of all similar false notions of honour, and thereby avoid the rock on which that celebrated commander all but shipwrecked his fortunes.

Unable to raise another army capable of coping

with the Romans, and almost deprived of an honourable apology for backing out of an enterprise in which he had too inconsiderately engaged, the spirit of the royal warrior was on the eve of sinking below zero, when ambassadors opportunely arrived at his head-quarters from Sicily, requesting his assistance against the Carthaginians. This being precisely what he so much wished for, Milo, with a strong garrison, was left in charge of Tarentum, while Pyrrhus, with the remainder, 2,500 cavalry and 30,000 infantry, proceeded to the new theatre of action.

The Carthaginians being deprived of all their strongholds in Sicily, save one, Pyrrhus prepared to pay that people a visit on their own soil; but, disapproving of his trip, the Sicilians refused to comply with some of his requisitions, which rendered him so irritable, cruel, and tyrannical, and consequently so obnoxious to all classes, that many of his former friends joined the Carthaginians to force him to leave the island. Here, however, the good genius of that monarch again befriended him; for at the very time that insurrectionary movements were multiplying around him, he received a most urgent request to return to Tarentum, on which he re-embarked his troops, and on leaving the Sicilian shore remarked to Cineas, "What a splendid battle-field we leave behind us for the Romans and Carthaginians!" How prophetic!

Returning with a greatly decreased body of infantry, Pyrrhus, after recruiting his numbers, and giving his old hands a little repose, once more assumed the offensive ; detaching a portion of his army against the Consul Lentullus, in Lucania, proceeding personally with the other portion against Curtius Dentatus, in position at Beneventum.

Intending to surprise the Roman Consul, Pyrrhus, with some of his best troops and elephants, proceeded so rapidly, but yet so cautiously, that he arrived close to the Roman entrenchments without detection. Discovered, however, when moving to the attack on the following morning, his advanced guard, before it could be supported, was roughly handled, and forced to retire with loss of men and elephants. Seeing that this little affair had acted favourably on the spirits of his men, Dentatus offered his opponent battle, which, though the ground was favourable to the Romans, but the reverse to himself, Pyrrhus accepted. Animated by the presence of these two most celebrated leaders of their day, the onset was furious, almost every man in the front ranks of both armies being numbered with the slain. With various success the tide of battle rolled along, the shout of triumph proceeding one moment from the Grecian and the next from the Roman lines ; until victory, showing something more than a desire to perch on the standards of the latter, the allied chief recalled her back to his

own by driving the wing of the enemy opposed to him out of the field; an advantage, however, which was soon after more than balanced by Dentatus paying the Grecian wing opposed to him a similar compliment. The battle being thus in some degree restored to its original state, and seeing that Pyrrhus was principally indebted to his elephants for his previous success, Dentatus pushed forward a select body of troops, each having a torch in one hand and a sword in the other, to attack them; but this charge was so gallantly and judiciously met by the former, that victory appeared on the eve of declaring for him, when a young elephant, smarting under a severe wound, broke away from its conductor, and making a piteous noise, the mother of the animal became so infuriated on hearing the well-known voice of her offspring, that she hastened to the spot whence the sound proceeded, and being followed by all the others, they attacked their own people so furiously that the latter were thrown into such irretrievable confusion that, despite the heroic efforts of their leader, the whole fled, leaving the field covered with from 20,000 to 30,000 of their comrades. Thus ended the celebrated battle of Beneventum, which rendered the Romans undisputed masters of Italy, and paved the way for those vast conquests which, at a later period, gave them dominion over the greater portion of the then known world.

Returning to Tarentum with the shattered re-

mains of his once splendid army, and failing in his attempts to obtain fresh reinforcements from Greece, Pyrrhus returned to his native land, but with a third only of the number of troops which he carried with him to the Italian shore six years before.

Pyrrhus has very justly been compared to a lucky gamester, who, so far from knowing how to make a good use of fortune, squanders without the least consideration all the fruits of his play ; for, on completing the conquest of any kingdom or province, he never on any one occasion adopted measures the least calculated to secure the quiet possession of the newly acquired territory ; but the moment his enemy—or victim—lay prostrate at his feet, he cast his eye towards some other country, into which he might carry his arms, as if afraid that his life would not be sufficiently prolonged to allow him to carry out the multifarious plans of conquest which a reference to the conversation between his minister, Cineas, and himself, will show were neither few nor of small extent. Had this sovereign, on landing in Italy, resolved, like the Duke of Wellington on landing in Portugal, to keep his eye rivetted on but one object—and that one the conquest of Rome, and placed himself, like the Field-Marshal, in the leading-strings of Prudence, his success would, in all probability, have been equally complete. But having in early life adopted Alexander for his model, and it being his

unvarying aim through life to surpass the military achievements of that conqueror—

“He pined in dull repose, his heart indignant
Bade the scene change to war, to wounds, and death.”

And certain it is that the personal achievements of no military leader ever assimilated so closely to those of another as the actions of Pyrrhus did to those of Alexander. So admirably, indeed, were the personal achievements of the latter imitated by the former, that a person perusing the narratives of their campaigns, the dates and names of the principal actions being withheld, would, without the least hesitation, arrive at the conclusion that the Macedonians in Asia, and the Epirots in Italy, &c., were led on all occasions by one and the same commander.

That a reverse is always within the grasp of a general, but an advantage seldom, is a fact which seems to have been altogether lost sight of by Pyrrhus, though no one ever had greater cause to bear it in remembrance. Though no commander ever had less cause to bear the fact in mind, the Duke never allowed it to be removed from before his eye, and what were the consequences?—the former was frequently defeated, the latter never!

To banish fear, and rouse the courage of his followers, Pyrrhus, on going into action, caused the trumpets to sound, and the soldiers to strike

their shields with their swords. In the Peninsular combats, at Quatre-Bras, and Waterloo, our friends across the Channel were particularly vociferous on those occasions, the *action* of the officers often bordering on the ludicrous. That this was done to frighten us there cannot be a doubt; but it would have saved them no little unnecessary trouble had some good-natured imp whispered in their ears that their hideous yells excited in our breasts nothing but ridicule. In some armies this kind of tomfoolery is extensively practised, but with us it has almost invariably been limited to that portion of an engagement in which the men are called upon to present their antagonists with a bit of the steel. And so it ought, for a continuance of sounds so loud and discordant not only prevents the orders of the superior officers from being heard, but the sounds being often misinterpreted, unusual excitement, ending in hopeless confusion, is but too often its fruits, instead of proving an able auxiliary as intended.

When omens were adduced to dissuade Pyrrhus from prosecuting any hazardous enterprise, he occasionally remarked, "The best of omens is the cause of Pyrrhus." Had such a course been pursued by the friends of the Field-Marshal, with how much greater truth might he have replied, "The best of omens is the cause of Wellington!" his being the cause of truth, of liberty, of justice, and humanity; that of Pyrrhus the cause of ambition, conquest, and oppression.

It is a singular fact that, when about to give or receive battle, Pyrrhus formed his infantry in the same manner that the infantry of the left wing of the Allied army were drawn up by the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, the most experienced of his allies being placed in the first line, his native troops in the second, and the least experienced of the allies in the third. At Waterloo the Belgians, most of whom had seen service, occupied the first line, the British the second, and the Hanoverians, the least acquainted with field duties, the third; and the propriety of making such a distribution was signally proved before the close of that eventful contest, during which, on the flight of the troops in the first line, those of the second stepped forward and saved the day.

In contrasting the military qualities of Pyrrhus with those of the Duke of Wellington, we must bear in mind that, the former being a despotic sovereign, could at any time command the whole military resources of his country; while the latter, as we have already shown, could on no emergency, however great, command the services of one man, one piece of cannon, or one shilling, but such as were granted to him by the authorities at home. We must not lose sight of the fact that Pyrrhus could reward on the spot, either with promotion or honorary decorations, all who distinguished themselves in battle: but that the Duke had not the power of rewarding even a corporal,

however meritorious the conduct of the individual might be. The soldiers of Pyrrhus were stimulated to the performance of heroic actions, by their knowing that, should they fall in action, every honour would be paid to their remains, and provision made for their families: no such stimulus had the warriors of Wellington, for, though he might recommend, he could assure them of nothing beyond a decent interment, should they unfortunately be struck down by the missiles of the enemy. Pyrrhus was assisted throughout the far greater portion of his campaigns by an officer thoroughly versed in all that relates to war and diplomacy, for we have the confession of Pyrrhus himself, that Cineas obtained possession of a greater number of cities by his address, than he had by the sword. And what was the language of Antigonus to Cineas after his sovereign's death. Was it not—"It is to *your counsels* that he is indebted *for all his glory*;" that is, to the fertile brain of his minister Pyrrhus really and truly owed all his glory, while, from the concluding portion of Antigonus's speech—"And he might at this time have passed for the greatest and wisest of kings if he had always followed them:" that to his own personal imprudence Pyrrhus owed all his misfortunes. For, though designated as the minister only of that sovereign, he was not less celebrated for his warlike achievements than his diplomacy; for what said the soldiers on hearing of his death?—

“He was the *best* of all our generals. What courage, what skill did he not exhibit at Heraclea and Asculum? With what prudence has he withdrawn our troops from Sicily? What wisdom has not he shown in our retreat from Italy?”

With such testimony to the efficient services rendered by Cineas to his sovereign and country, there is but one conclusion at which any impartial person can arrive, viz., that, to a moiety of the praise which has been so liberally bestowed upon the Epirot sovereign, his virtuous minister and general is most justly entitled.

But, granting to the King of Epirus all the honour and glory which his admirers can claim for him, will any one of the latter solemnly declare it to be their opinion that, in all that pertains to war, he was superior to the Duke of Wellington? Is it not a fact that, by his imprudence in engaging in battle with the Consul Lavinus before being joined by his allies, he lost nearly the half of his own troops? Is it not a fact that, by indulging an erroneous opinion respecting his personal honour, he sacrificed at Asculum all the advantages which a strong position afforded him? Is it not a fact that, though blessed with vision, and satisfied that the position he occupied was infinitely superior to that of his opponent, Pyrrhus gave battle to Dentatus at Beneventum, and thereby shipwrecked his fame and fortunes in Italy? Is it

not on record that he failed in his expedition to Sparta, by delaying the attack a single day? for that this error was exclusively his own, we learn from the fact that, on hearing of the resolve of his royal master, Cineas, remembering the maxim of his Sovereign, "That there are favourable moments which must be seized, for, if once allowed to escape, they will never return," remarked, "That it was difficult even for the greatest generals to know those moments, and how to profit by them," a remark which could not have been made in a more appropriate quarter; for so little does the Epirot sovereign appear to have known of this military quality, that many of his victories were not only ineffective in their results, but actually recoiled upon himself. "I could fight a battle any day I pleased," was the language of the Duke of Wellington. But, endowed with first-rate perceptive powers, the latter was enabled to discern the favourable moments, to seize upon them, and so far to profit by them, that he never struck until the blow could be given with marked effect. Trying Pyrrhus, therefore, by his own standard, "The important point is so to act as to seize on the favourable moment which will not return again, and on which *depends the prudence of a general*," the prize of merit must be bestowed on the conqueror of all the fields on which he marshalled his British warriors.

Through his restless ambition and inconstancy,

Pyrrhus failed in everything he attempted. By adhering strictly to the business in which he was engaged, and carrying with him prudence and perseverance to the execution of his plans, Wellington succeeded considerably beyond what even his most ardent friends and admirers anticipated. By rashness Pyrrhus gained all his battles, and by the same means lost all the fruits thereof; by caution and prudence Wellington gained all his victories, and by prudence secured their fruits. The ambition and inconstancy of Pyrrhus rendered his great military talents of no other use to him than to make him the more capable of inflicting on his neighbours all the horrors and miseries attendant on war; the Duke being no otherwise ambitious than to serve his country to the best of his ability, his military qualities were employed in rescuing 12,000,000 of people from the horrors of war, and inflicting merited chastisement on the ambitious ruler by whom they had been brought upon their country.

Like all the Alexandrian school, Pyrrhus invariably exposed most imprudently his person in action; taking greater pleasure in engaging in some personal adventure than performing the necessary duties of a commander-in-chief, one of the most important of which is to provide for the safety of all, and not to confound his station and duties with those of a private soldier. What was the sarcastic remark

of Timotheus, on Chares showing the Athenians his wounds, and shield pierced with a spear? was it not—"I, for my part, was much ashamed when, at the siege of Samos, a javelin fell near me, as if I had behaved too like a young man, and not the commander of so large an armament." Beginning everything, Pyrrhus took leave of this world without finishing anything. "O! that Pyrrhus, both for Rome's sake and his own, had placed his happiness in the boasted indolence of Epicurus," said the Roman General to the King of Epirus, a remark which would have been wholly inapplicable had some French General, substituting France for Rome, made a similar one to the Duke of Wellington; for if the latter had been satisfied to repose in the boasted indolence of Epicurus, instead of benefiting, he would most seriously have injured himself; and his remains, instead of being consigned to the tomb amid the regrets of his countrymen, would have been lowered into their earthly resting place by two or three of his Epicurean associates, after heaving over the bier a few hypocritical sighs. And so far were the French people from thinking the presence of the Duke and his army injurious to their interests, that they looked upon him, as we have already shown, as their best protector from the repacity of their own army. With how much more honour, therefore, must the military exploits of the warriors of a Wellington be handed

down to after ages than those of the boasted legions of a Pyrrhus, an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon !

Pyrrhus has been charged, and we think justly, with that which no one has brought against the Duke, viz., hypocrisy ; for is it not a fact that though he was ever declaring that “ War should never be undertaken but on just grounds,” and that “ those who engaged in it from interested or ambitious motives rendered themselves guilty of all the crimes committed, property destroyed, and blood shed during its continuance,” he engaged in many wars from motives at once ambitious and unjust ; permitted his troops to seize upon and divide amongst them whatever goods or gear they could procure, sent the trophies of his triumphs to Epirus, and entertained the people with public games and spectacles—and for what ? That, like Alexander, he might induce the people to believe that to have a conqueror for their monarch was the greatest happiness they could enjoy ! Spoils and trophies in abundance were taken by the Duke of Wellington, but in a just and necessary war ; and disposed of, not to persuade his countrymen that they were fortunate in having the happiness to live under the sway of a sovereign who had a conqueror for his principal military adviser, but to reward his followers in some slight degree for the blood which they had so freely shed for their country.

Though historians assure us that Pyrrhus never undertook the management of any military expedition without providing ample stores of provisions, &c., for his troops and animals to transport them; that he obtained the fullest information before starting, respecting the resources of the country into which he was about to carry the flames of war, the condition and discipline of its troops; that he understood, better than any general of his day, the importance of securing and strengthening particular points of a country, and securing lines of communication between the main body of an army and its rear or detached corps, we do not find that he ever acted upon any preconceived military plan during any of his many campaigns. Pyrrhus being of opinion that any commander should be the custodier of his own secret, it is possible that he may have prepared such for his personal use, and destroyed them when the operations were brought to a close; but, judging from the historical records of that sovereign's reign, as those have been handed down to us, we are inclined to believe that—beyond making a list of the nations and provinces mentioned by him in his conversation with Cineas, any one of which he, no doubt, fancied would make a snug addition to his own little patrimonial kingdom, and arranging for the conveyance of himself and troops to Tarentum—nothing in the form of a plan had found its way into the bureau

of the Epirot monarch, when he crossed over to Tarentum; for what was the remark of Pyrrhus after reconnoitring the Roman army at Heraclea? "These people are not such barbarians, Megacles, as we took them to be:" a sentence which shows, either that Pyrrhus formed such a low estimate of the Roman nation, that he deemed a military plan of operations altogether uncalled for, or that, if plan there was, it must have been drawn up on erroneous data,—so that, in either case, it may be said he acted upon no plan but such as his fancy prompted, day after day; for the plan of to-day was generally as different from the plan of the day following, as day is from night. In his conversation with Cineas, Pyrrhus talked of the conquest of Italy, of Sicily, and of Carthage, as a portion of the work which he had assigned to himself and followers to accomplish. With notes of those countries in his possession, the royal warrior, without giving the chances for and against his undertaking the smallest attention, crossed the Adriatic, and proceeded on his mission; until, coming in contact with two sturdy and rather unexpected opponents—Roman courage and discipline, he received so much damage in the first and second collision that he was unable to keep the field with any prospect of success, and therefore crossed, without a plan, to Sicily, where, succeeding beyond his expectations, his ambition increased; and, as ambition never permits its votaries to enjoy the fruits

of this world in peace, but hurries them onward to one iniquitous action after another, until they arrive at the summit of tyrannical power, falsely styled glory, or their hopes are buried in the tomb, the restless monarch became so cruel and tyrannical that men of all parties uniting against him, he was forced to seek for a place of greater safety, and, consequently, re-crossed to Tarentum ;—not, however, in accordance with any preconceived military plan, but to escape from the effects of the Sicilian storm which his cruel and imprudent conduct had raised. And what was the subsequent conduct of the Epirot sovereign? Did he not, without any sort of plan, proceed to the plains of Beneventum, and, on being defeated, return to the place from whence he had set out; and on being denied farther supplies of men and money, return to Epirus with much less prospect of enjoying ease and happiness, than when he proceeded to Italy six years before? Is it not a fact that, without plans of any sort, he, at a subsequent period, carried his arms into Macedonia, and on obtaining an advantage, hurried in the same unstable manner to the plains of Sparta, and, under the guidance of the “*blind General Chance*,” roamed over that district, at one time engaging in personal combat with some powerful antagonist, and at another running his head against some stone wall or brick-bat?

“But did not *Chance* at length his error mend?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?

No!—

“His fall was destined to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress and a dubious hand;
 He left the name at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.”

Far different is the name which that Com-
 mander—

“——— On whose single mind,
 Heaven staked the lot of Europe and mankind;
 ——— who threw

His sword into the fate of Waterloo;
 Poised up that scale when realm on realm was hurled,
 And evened the wronged balance of the world,”—

has left behind him. Declining, on all occasions,
 the services of *Chance*, and pursuing steadily the
 course chalked out for him by *Prudence*, he finally
 established such powerful claims to the gratitude
 of his countrymen—

“A people, free, united, just, and brave,
 that while *ages run* they—

“Will kneel before the altar of his grave,
 And vow that while the seas shall sweep our strand
 No foe shall tread, no wrong pollute the land,
 Whose boast shall be unto the latest sun,
 It nursed the fame, it holds the *tomb of Wellington*.”

CÆSAR.

WE are told that when in command of farther Spain, Cæsar spent a portion of his time in reading the history of Alexander, which affected him so much on one occasion that he burst into tears, and on being pressed to state the cause of his emotion, replied—"Do you think I have not sufficient cause for regret, seeing that Alexander at my age reigned over so many conquered countries, and I have not one glorious achievement of which I can boast?"—thereby adding one more to the list of admirers and imitators of—

"The headstrong fool that loved to bathe in gore,
Who sacked one world, and wept to ruin more."

Truly has it been said, that—

"One murder makes a villain,
A million a hero."

For in the true meaning of the term, what were Alexander and Cæsar but wholesale murderers? and possessed of infinitely less feeling than many who have expiated their crimes on the gallows—a fact uttered by their respective historians: for is it not a fact that the King of Macedon wept because he knew of no more human victims that he could with anything like an apology immolate at the shrine of his personal ambition—and the Roman Dictator, because a year or two older than Alexander was when he finished his Eastern campaigns, had not sent so many of his fellow creatures to sleep with their fathers? How desperately depraved and wicked! On hearing of a relative or a friend being borne to the narrow house—people endued with the common feelings of our nature, generally permit a few salt drops to trickle over their sorrowing cheeks; but history attests that the rulers of two of the most powerful nations of the ancient world, who should have been examples to their people of everything great and good, actually wept because they had not or could not supply the tomb with so many tenants as they could wish, though millions had fallen under their conquering swords.

That praise is due to Cæsar for many of his exploits we admit; but between well-merited praise and fulsome adulation, in which many have indulged, there is a wide difference. That he possessed great military qualities the world are

agreed, but that he does not stand number one on the list of those celebrated men, who at various periods have made the ears of this world's inhabitants tingle with the sounds of their military achievements, we shall endeavour to show.

That Cæsar acquired no little military reputation previous to being nominated to the command in Gaul is true, but as the limits of this work will not permit us to follow him through his earlier campaigns, we will at once proceed to the Consul's head-quarters in Gaul, to which we have to request our friends to accompany us.

Scarcely had Cæsar been appointed to this important command, when intelligence was received at Rome that the Helvetians with the view of settling in Italy had burnt down their towns and villages, and were on their march southward. Hurrying to his post, Cæsar, in a few days after his arrival, completed a wall extending from the lake of Geneva to mount Jura, nineteen miles in length, sixteen feet in height, with a deep ditch in front, and places of arms at various parts along the whole line. Rapidly as the work was proceeded with, the Helvetians appeared before it was completed, and demanded a free passage into the Roman territory—an answer to which was however withheld until the whole line was in a state to resist their assaults; for so formidable did they appear, that Cæsar, leaving Labienus in command, hastened back to Rome in order to

procure such reinforcements as would enable him to give the enemy a Roman welcome. Why Cæsar personally proceeded on this mission, when a person of junior rank would have done equally well, does not appear; but with so powerful an enemy in his front, it certainly looks somewhat singular that at such a crisis, when his little army was apparently about being overwhelmed by numbers, he should have quitted the post of honour. His conduct, to say the least of it, was extremely open to censure. What would Cæsar have said or done, had one of his commandants absented himself in the heat of an action, under the pretence of procuring reinforcements? We know what the Duke of Wellington did. In the battle of the 13th Dec., 1813, near Bayonne, the commanding officer of one of the regiments engaged having, in the heat of the action, walked his horse quietly to the rear, was met by Lord Hill, who, astonished to see him so far from his corps, inquired the cause; and on the Colonel telling him that he was looking for ammunition, the gallant General replied—"That is a corporal's duty, sir," pushed on to the scene of action, where Major M——, the second in command, had just been struck down leading his brave light bobs to the charge. The Colonel's fate was sealed. His Majesty had no farther occasion for his services. Was he not well served?

What the Helvetians were about during Cæsar's absence does not appear. Scaling the wall had

never entered their head, for had they made even one attempt they must have succeeded—the Romans having but one man for the defence of six feet of wall, while their opponents had from thirty to forty for the assault of the same space. Had there been even one officer in the Helvetic hordes who knew anything at all of the royal game of war, would he not have drawn the attention of those in command to the weakness of the enemy, and pointed out with what ease a passage into Italy might be effected. From the rapid manner in which the wall was raised, the Helvetians may have fancied the Romans much more numerous than they really were; but even allowing such to have been the fact, still their numbers were so great that had they known anything at all of their business, the armed portion of that body (190,000) would have endeavoured by force or stratagem to accomplish their grand object—an unobstructed entrance into the Italian plains; and not having done so, 130,000 of them, on Cæsar's return, paid with their lives the forfeit of the consummate folly of their leaders.

To follow Cæsar through all his Gaulish campaigns, and tell how he fought and conquered the Helvetians, the Nervii, the Belgians, the Usipetes, would be a waste of time; for to designate the affairs between him and the various nations—*battles*, would be a downright burlesque. The Helvetians are stated to have been 300,000 in

number; 190,000 of them armed. But that a considerable portion of the 300,000 were women and children, and consequently non-combatants, history attests. And as regards the armed portion, they must be placed in the same category with boys who, strolling in some procession, with wooden swords, fancy themselves soldiers of no mean reputation; for that 190,000 British boys so armed would not only have defended themselves more successfully, but have inflicted upon the Romans a more severe punishment than did the 190,000 Helvetian *soldiers*, of whom 130,000 bit the dust in one day, who can doubt? Cæsar losing in the fray but a few men only.

That the general who achieved the greatest advantage with the least loss in men was in ancient times looked upon as the most finished master of his art, is no doubt true; if therefore the advantages gained by a general are to be estimated by the numbers killed, Cæsar would unquestionably carry off the palm, for compared with the numbers which fell under the hands of his troops, his own loss was altogether insignificant. But as the numbers killed can only be admitted as an advantage gained, when the belligerents are in all respects on an equality in point of numbers, discipline, &c., and not when the inequality is so great that an army of 20,000 or 30,000 men can kill in one day some 130,000, 150,000, or 400,000, and with the loss of one or two hundred men only,—the

abilities of Cæsar must be tested by some other standard; for against such troops, led by such commanders, what honour or glory could he possibly acquire? for call the victories of Cæsar in Gaul by whatever term the masses may, we will ever maintain that the term massacre is a much more appropriate one for them than that of battle.

To contrast the campaigns of Cæsar in Gaul with those of the Duke of Wellington in Europe, we conceive to be altogether unnecessary; those of the latter in India being more than sufficient to prove to the world, that for conducting war on the same system as that pursued by Cæsar in Gaul, he was in every respect the Roman Commander's equal, and in many respects his superior. Cæsar defeated the Helvetians with the loss of 130,000 men, the Usipetes with the loss of 400,000 men—sounds well; but when we come to contrast the campaigns of Wellington with those of Cæsar, and analyze the qualities of the troops over whom they triumphed, we find that the antagonists of the Roman general were soldiers but in name, and with one or two exceptions, their leaders had no claim whatever to the honourable appellation of General; while those with whom Wellington had to contend were the best native troops in India, having been disciplined, and many of their battalions being then commanded, by French officers. Cæsar made some extraordinary marches, fought some extraordinary battles, stormed many

towns, and killed an enormous number of men. That Wellington made the same description of marches, we learn from—

“Marches such as I have made in this war *were never known or thought of before*.....It was an extraordinary and fortunate circumstance that after Colonel Stevenson and I had been separated above two months, at a distance of *nearly 300 miles*, I should have found him on the very morning of this engagement—Argaum.”

That he fought notable battles in India, Assye and Argaum testify; and stormed strong and important fortresses, the following:—

“On the 8th August I attacked and carried by storm the pettah of Dowlut Rao Scindiah, fort of Ahmednugger. On the 9th I broke ground before the fort, and on the 12th got possession of it by capitulation. This is a place of great note, had been frequently attacked, *but never taken.*”

For that it was an important acquisition, we learn from the same despatch:—

“It is in fact the *strongest* fort I have ever seen, excepting Vellore in the Carnatic; has an excellent ditch, and *cannot be surprised*; it covers Poonah and the Nizam’s western frontier south of the Godavery. The possession of it gives us an excellent depot, cuts Scindiah off from all connexion with the southern chiefs, *and has given us all his territories south of the Godavery.*”

And that many men necessarily fell during his operations, yet not one thousand for every hundred thousand killed by Cæsar, though the

Mahratta wars brought to a successful issue by the Duke added to the possessions of the East India Company a more extensive territory than that of France, and reduced under its sovereign influence a larger tract of country than the whole of Germany.

The conduct of the Duke of Wellington in India and Cæsar in Gaul, show how very different are the feelings of men about to carry into effect measures having for their object their personal aggrandizement, and those having solely in view the honour and glory of their country, and good of their fellow-men.

Aware that some of the most powerful native princes, instigated by French intrigue, were plotting a desperate attack upon our possessions in their vicinity, Wellington, on being nominated to the command of a force destined to oppose their attempt, writes—"How my fingers itch to begin!"—afraid that all his plans for the frustration of their object might be rendered abortive by delay. But so far were the fingers of Cæsar from itching when he arrived on the banks of the Rubicon, on his way to Rome, to contend with Pompey for the uppermost seat in the Roman Senate, that before taking the final leap he said to his suite, "If I do not cross this river I am undone; and if I do cross it how many calamities will I bring upon Rome!" a remark which

shows that the workings in the breast of the Roman Dictator and that of the Duke on the occasions alluded to were widely different; the latter being confident that his plans, if carried out, would redound to his own, and the honour of his country; and the former, that his plans must eventually either bring odium on himself, or sufferings and death on tens of thousands of his countrymen. How much more pleasure, therefore, must the Duke have felt at the close of the Mahratta campaigns, than Cæsar when he arrived at the summit of his ambition.

Having forced his rival to leave Rome, Cæsar, after providing himself with the sinews of war by seizing upon the public treasure, and making arrangements for carrying on the affairs of the country in his absence, proceeded to Spain, and on bringing the whole of that region under the Roman yoke, returned to the capital; and on being nominated Dictator, and having detached a few of Pompey's most influential friends from his interests, gave orders for twelve legions to assemble at Brundisium, with the view of pursuing his opponent across the Adriatic, who with a large body of senators, had assembled an army of 50,000 men in the vicinity of Dyrrachium. Not having transports for the whole of his troops, Cæsar proceeded with a portion of them, leaving Antony in charge of the rest, with orders to follow him as soon as the vessels returned from the

opposite coast. Pompey having secured Dyrrachium against any attack from Cæsar; the latter finding he had been anticipated, encamped on the banks of the Apsus, entrenched his position, and Antony being still absent, he despatched courier after courier urging him not to lose a moment in joining him, otherwise his little army would be overwhelmed by the far more numerous legions of his rival.

This recalls to my recollection a circumstance of a similar kind that occurred in the Peninsula. So great was the impression which the splendid little affair, the surprise of General Girard, at Arroyo-Molinos, on the 28th of October, 1811, made upon the French troops under the Count d'Erlon and Marshal Soult, that they never afterward fancied themselves perfectly safe even when we were a considerable distance from them. To withdraw the attention of the enemy from the point of attack, the fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo, Sir Rowland Hill, by order of the Duke, moved from Portalegre upon Merida on the 26th of December, 1811. So great was the sensation which this movement caused at D'Erlon's head-quarters on hearing of Sir Rowland's arrival on the bank of the Guadiana, that the former on retiring from Almendralejo, despatched to Soult every two or three hours, letter after letter supplicating in the strongest language he could use immediate assistance, otherwise he would be eventually devoured

by the “ARROYO-MOLINOS DEVILS,” (*the precise words*) who were in pursuit of him. Being not a little in the dark as to the number of the “*devils*” that were in chase of his friend, Soult, to be prepared for the worst, ordered General Laval, commanding the besieging force before Tarifa, to raise the siege and fly with all possible celerity to the Count’s relief; and so implicitly was the order obeyed, that the besieging general left all his battering train, &c., behind him.

The patience of Cæsar being worn to the stump, and having imbibed some unpleasant notions respecting the fidelity of his lieutenant, he attempted to cross the Adriatic in a small boat, dressed in the garb of a Slave; but a storm arising, and the boatmen showing an unwillingness to proceed, he in order to encourage them to persevere, made himself known to the master, remarking, at the same time, “Go on, my friend, and fear nothing—you carry Cæsar and his fortunes.” But neither Cæsar nor his fortunes having any effect on the salt-sea waves, he was forced to return, and exercise his patience a little longer.

Antony having at length found his way to Apollonia, Pompey endeavoured to prevent his junction with Cæsar, but was disappointed in his object by the timely arrival of the latter. Foiled, Pompey took up a position near Dyrrachium, on which Cæsar offered him battle; but the offer

being declined, and Pompey having secured the possession of a hill, which, by commanding the entrance to the harbour, ensured him a ready supply of provisions by sea, while his opponent was compelled to procure his supplies from Epirus, at much risk and expense. Cæsar adopted a rather novel system of tactics—that of shutting up his opponent within his own encampment, by running a deep ditch and parapet from sea to sea—his own army being greatly inferior to that of Pompey. The consequence was that many of Pompey's men died of fever, and horses from want of food, the besiegers at the same time living principally on roots, which by some process they converted into bread. True it is that Pompey made various attempts to break through Cæsar's entrenchments; but so clumsily, and with so little military skill, that they all proved unsuccessful, until by the advice of two deserters (brothers) commanding the Allobrogian auxiliaries, he was induced to embark a portion of his light armed troops, and send them round to a point in rear of the left of Cæsar's lines, to attack the 9th Legion, stationed there for their defence. The consequence was a terrific conflict, in which Cæsar was defeated with so much loss, that on retiring, he remarked to his staff, "Victory would have declared for the enemy, if they had had a general who knew how to conquer," a remark anything

but flattering to his personal prudence, or the talents of his rival; for, knowing the extent of water conveyance at the command of Pompey, it says but little for the prudence of Cæsar—to place the 9th legion in a position liable to be assailed with advantage from the sea, and not to take measures to secure its safety, in case of being so attacked;—or the talents of Pompey, that he did not at once detect the gross error committed by his opponent. Had Massena run a similar work from the Tagus to the sea to prevent the Duke of Wellington's escape from the lines of Torres-Vedras, the act—though the Duke, like Pompey, had command of both sea and river—would not have been nearly so absurd, Massena being superior in numbers to his antagonist. So extremely rash and imprudent does the conduct of the Dictator appear to have been, that but for what has been called the rigid prudence—but which we would style culpable timidity—of Pompey, the destruction of his army and extinction of all his hopes would in all probability have been the consequence. As it was, he was compelled to quit the shores of the Adriatic for more friendly quarters.

In one of those engagements the centurion Cassius Scæva distinguished himself in an extraordinary manner: for though deprived of an eye, wounded in the head, and pierced through the body, he maintained, almost single-handed, the

possession of a castle, until relieved—receiving in the struggle no fewer than 230 arrows on his shield. But we have had a Scæva of our own. At a public dinner in 1816, a gallant Marquis—seeing an old acquaintance present, to the puncturing of whose rather portly person the French at Quatre-Bras had bestowed more than usual attention—proposed in a bumper the health of Major ——, who had received “*Fifteen wounds in the battle of Quatre-Bras.*” On which the hero rose, and with considerable emphasis, said “SIXTEEN, if you please, my lord;” an announcement which called forth a fresh burst of applause, and no little merriment, from the very serious manner in which it was made. Though the Major’s frame, like that of the brave Scæva, was dreadfully shattered, he survived that memorable day many years, enjoying—not double pay, and double rations, like the gallant Roman—but a something in the form of a double pension, and all the sweets of a happy home.

The loss of so many men, and thirty-two standards, affected the spirits of Cæsar so much, that he spent the following night in devising plans for rectifying the errors which he had so unaccountably committed; and the result being a resolve to bring Scipio, Pompey’s father-in-law, to action before he could be joined by the latter, he moved to Apollonica, from whence, after providing for the safety of the sick and

wounded, he pursued his way towards Macedon, followed by Pompey ; but with so little energy that, with the exception of Larissa, the Dictator obtained possession of the greater portion of Thessaly—a circumstance which caused the officers of the former to reproach him openly, not only with a want of energy, but of an intention to protract the war that he might secure an extension of his office, and the attendance of kings near his person—so confident were they of victory. This little ebullition of ill-feeling, however, he might have succeeded in allaying ; but on seeing that the soldiers were equally loud in their complaints, Pompey resolved, contrary to his personal opinion, to put all to the hazard of a general engagement ; and for that purpose drew up his army in the plain of Pharsalia—the two legions which Cæsar had returned him at the beginning of the war forming the left ; the troops brought from Asia by Scipio the centre ; and the Cilician legion and some cohorts which had served in Spain formed the right under the command of Afranius. The right wing rested on the river Enipeus, and the left wing was covered by corps of slingers and archers, and 7,000 Roman cavalry, on whom the hopes of the warlike portion of Pompey's host founded their hopes of victory. The whole were drawn up in three lines with small intervals between each.

To the 10th legion, which had on all occasions dis-

tinguished itself above the rest, Cæsar assigned the post of honour on the right, and to the 9th legion the left—which having been much reduced by the combat at Dyrrachium, the 8th legion was posted so as to afford it succour, should such it require—and the rest of the forces were distributed in the interval between the 9th and 10th legions. Marc Antony commanded the left wing, Sylla the right, and C. D. Calvenus the centre. The whole, like those of Pompey were formed in three lines, but with much larger intervals between them.

Pompey being with the left wing, Cæsar, in order to have him constantly in his eye, took post immediately opposite to him. Pompey's army consisted of 7,000 cavalry and 45,000 infantry; Cæsar's of 1,000 of the former and 22,000 of the latter—Pompey's cavalry being on the left of his line, and outnumbering Cæsar's in the proportion of seven to one. Cæsar who invariably fought at the head of the 10th legion, selected two or three thousand good men and true from the ranks of the third line, formed them into six cohorts, and posting them in rear of the 10th legion, instructed them to advance the moment the enemy's cavalry charged, and with the legionaries to return the compliment; but to depart so far from the usual practice as not to discharge their javelins at a distance, but to wait until they came close to their opponents, and then to strike at their faces; for as the far greater portion of them belonged to the patrician orders,

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Cæsar was induced to think that the majority would be much more inclined to preserve their beauty than their honour.

Anxious to bring their quarrel to the issue of a general engagement, all were for battle, save Pompey himself; who, while admiring the steadiness of the soldiers of Cæsar, could not help ruminating, with no very pleasurable feelings, on the unsteady and impatient conduct of his own. As if the leaders were not over sanguine as to the result of the pending action, both armies, though almost in the presence of each other, remained for a considerable time silent and inactive; but the war trump having at length sounded the note of preparation, the old war-horse pricked up his ears and longed for the advance. Caius Crastinus, a centurion, having, in reply to the question, "What is your opinion touching the event of the battle?" put to him by Cæsar, on the former passing his tent, said, "Thine is the victory, Cæsar; thou shalt conquer gloriously; and I myself this day will be the subject of thy praise either dead or alive!"—no sooner heard the charge sounded, than, in pursuance of his promise, he threw himself on the enemy, and began the conflict with incredible fury; and his example being followed by the rest of the infantry, a few moments only served to bring the belligerents into deadly collision. What a melancholy sight!—fathers, armed to the

teeth, marching with deadly intent against their sons—sons against fathers—and brothers against brothers. Similar scenes have been witnessed in our own snug little isle, but not by our late Commander-in-Chief; who, on more occasions than one, sacrificed his opinions and feelings to deprive the restless portion of the masses of all excuse for proceeding to extremities. Had the Roman Chiefs entertained opinions respecting civil war similar to those held by the Duke, Pharsalia would not have witnessed two Roman armies marshalled against each other in deadly strife; for what was the Field-Marshal's opinion?—

“I am one of those who have probably passed a longer period of my life engaged in war than most men, and principally *in civil war*; and I must say this, that if I could avoid, by any sacrifice whatever, even one month of civil war in the country to which I was attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it.”

But unfortunately for Rome, and for themselves, neither Cæsar nor Pompey, though each of them might most truly have said with the British General—“I have gained all that the sword can give—the Crown only excepted”—were not disposed to add, “And it is my duty to serve the Crown”—(Republic);—their grand object being the possession of a crown; in pursuit of which both died by the hands of

assassins. What a lesson for restless and ambitious men !

On the centre columns becoming warmly engaged, Pompey's cavalry, supported by a strong body of infantry, advanced, and opening their ranks, endeavoured to crush the right wing of Cæsar ; but just as they fancied they were to have everything their own way, forward rushed the six cohorts, and supporting their mounted friends who had been forced to retire, attacked the enemy with such fury, striking at their faces as desired, that not much relishing this new mode of fighting, the latter covered their faces with their hands, then wheeled to the right-about, and fled as fast as their steeds could carry them. Instead of pursuing the gilded nothings, Cæsar, seeing the enemy's left exposed, wheeled up his right columns to the left ; and then, attacking them in front and flank, drove them from the field with great slaughter.

Cowardice being somewhat infectious on occasions of the kind, Pompey, on seeing his principal stay—his cavalry—flying from danger, most unaccountably followed them, instead of doing all in his power to bring them back, and prevent others from imitating their example. On arriving at his tent, Pompey threw himself down, and remained perfectly silent until aroused from his reverie by the unwelcome announcement that the enemy was close to the camp, when, starting as if awaking from a dream, he cried, “What ! into my camp too ?” then—

like Bonaparte, after repeating, "Let us save ourselves," on the evening of Waterloo—fled to a place of greater safety in the rear.

The loss of Pompey was 15,000 killed, and 24,000 prisoners, 8 eagles and 130 standards; and that of Cæsar but 200 men, and 30 centurions only. On entering Pompey's camp Cæsar found the tents of the officers standing, their sideboards covered with plate, and their tables with glasses and wines of all descriptions—a clear proof that the vanquished had a much greater relish for good cheer than a good fight.

"What! is all this train of new, unheard-of crimes
Only to decide which of the two shall rule
A distracted kingdom? To exclude them both
Were scarce worth half this blood and discord."

Cæsar has been bedaubed with praise for his conduct in the Pharsalian campaign; but why, I have never yet been able to discover. For what, for instance, could be more worthy of censure than his rash and self-convicted conduct at Dyrrachium; and although the result of the battle of Pharsalia may have been such as to entitle it to be denominated one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world, Cæsar—instead of manœuvring like the Duke of Wellington at Busaco, Salamanca, &c., to draw his opponent into the commission of some false move—was actually preparing to march with his troops to Scotusa—when Pompey drew up his army to give him battle, and, consequently,

the only praise to which he is entitled is for the bare fact of having, with an army of 23,000, defeated Pompey at the head of 52,000 men ; killing 15,000, and taking 24,000 of them prisoners, with the loss of 200 men and 30 centurions only ; and that is not much, for what praise can be due to a commander for triumphing over such soldiers as those of Pompey, and commanded by such a general ? Had the troops to whom the Duke was opposed been endowed with no greater military qualities than those of Pompey, and their leaders with no greater talents for command than those which the Roman Chief exhibited at Pharsalia, short would have been the wars in which the British Field-Marshal was engaged ; for is it not a fact, that even on those very few occasions on which the British soldiers were forced for the moment to retire, they invariably inflicted on the enemy a much severer punishment than they received ?

On the day of Pharsalia, Caius Cornelius, one of the ancient race of soothsayers, and personal friend of Livy, who attests the fact when observing the flight of birds at Padua, remarked to those around him, “ The great affair now draws to a decision—the two generals are engaged.” And after making a second observation, cried most enthusiastically, “ Cæsar, thou art victorious !” and on perceiving the people somewhat astounded at the announcement, he removed the sacred fillet

from his head, and swore he would not replace it till the event had put his art beyond question.

Now, though no prognosticator had any hand in the matter to which I am about to allude, yet, true it is, that a worthy inhabitant of Montreuil determined as correctly the commencement and termination of the battle of Waterloo as Cornelius did that of Pharsalia.

Having, in December, 1815, been detached with two companies to a small village about three miles from Montreuil, I and a brother officer were assigned by a nobleman of the old school, quarters in his own chateau a little distance from the village. The battle of Waterloo having been alluded to after dinner, my kind host remarked that the result of it was known as soon at Montreuil as at Brussels. Not a little puzzled to know how this could possibly be, I begged my friend to favour us with an explanation, and received from his own lips the following interesting solution:—

A report being current at Montreuil, on the morning of the 18th of June, that a great battle had been fought two days before, and that the French had been victorious, my informant drove into Montreuil to ascertain the particulars. Seeing the ramparts crowded with people with their eyes riveted on some northern object, he proceeded thither, and learned that a respectable inhabitant of

the place who then (3 o'clock) lay stretched on the ground and listening with as much anxiety as if he heard the report of every cannon and musket, had declared that another engagement had commenced a little before noon, and was then going on. Having put a few questions to the person himself, my noble host felt so much interested in the matter that he returned to Montreuil after dinner and remained until a little before nine o'clock in the evening, when the person rose, and after remarking, "All is lost—the sound of the artillery is going towards Paris,"—walked away, leaving the people in a state of almost indescribable excitement.

Following Cæsar into Egypt we there see in his conduct much to condemn, nothing to admire—rashness, intrigue, and voluptuousness being its distinguishing characteristics. Some apology may be admitted for his proceeding thither in pursuit of Pompey, but none whatever for remaining in that country after being assured of that unfortunate person's death; for what were the consequences of his disreputable conduct, protracted stay in Egypt, and absence from Rome—the alienation of many ardent friends, and the formation of large armies in Africa and Spain hostile to his views, which he affirmed were identical with the interests of his country, being composed not only of Pompey's friends, but commanded by the sons of Pompey, and those generals who, as his

lieutenants, directed the movements of his troops on the fatal field of Pharsalia, circumstances which might have been prevented, and new operations rendered unnecessary by his return to the seat of his government on the death of his rival. Compelled, at length, however, by the reproaches of the officers of his personal establishment, the Roman General broke away from the society of a notorious woman, and proceeded into Asia, where his campaign was so short and successful that he was enabled to write to his friends at Rome—"I came—I saw—I conquered!" But who did he conquer? Who was Pharnaces? The unnatural son who preserved the inanimate trunk of his father in brine as an offering to Pompey. And who were the soldiers under his command? Were they not the relations of those 260,000, who allowed 14,000 Romans to cover the plains of Tigranocerta with the inanimate forms of 100,000 of their number, causing the enemy the enormous loss of 5 men killed, and 100 wounded only?

When summing up the character of Cæsar, historians and others appear to have lost sight of a variety of circumstances, which they would scarcely have done had their object been to present the world with an impartial history of that celebrated individual. Though Napoleon gave the first place as a warrior to Alexander, he "admired the fine campaign of Cæsar in Africa." Let us, therefore, follow the Roman

Chief to that country, and see what there is to admire in his military operations in that region.

It must be borne in mind that on his return to Rome, at the close of his Asiatic campaign, the people conferred upon Cæsar the power of making war wherever he might think proper, and calling for whatever number of men or military stores he might require to ensure success. But, notwithstanding all this, we see Cæsar proceeding to Africa with but *one legion*, there being then in that country ready to receive him three distinct armies, each from twenty to thirty thousand strong, under Scipio, Juba, and his former lieutenant, Labienus. We see him with this insignificant force summon Considius, at the head of near 10,000 men, to surrender Adrumetum; and on the latter not only refusing to surrender, but offering him battle, proceed to a town where there were no provisions for his troops; we see him with a greatly inferior force leave his fortified camp to give battle to Labienus—to be defeated in which was ruin—and in which he would have been defeated, but for the death of his rival's charger, which inducing many of the men to suppose that their general was killed, they prematurely gave way, and thereby permitted Cæsar to withdraw to his encampment, but with serious loss, and so convinced of the inferiority of his own army, that he despatched courier after courier into Italy and Sicily, soliciting immediate succour, or he would

be obliged to abandon Africa, and return with shame and disgrace to Rome. We see him proceeding to sea to look out for his reinforcements, when the offices of a very junior officer would have been equally effective, and thereby causing his men to believe that he had deserted them. Would any general endowed with prudence, have acted thus? True it is that he ultimately succeeded in defeating his powerful antagonists; but equally so that he did not accomplish his object until he had received strong reinforcements from Italy and Sicily—months after his arrival in Africa; and even then it is somewhat questionable whether he would have succeeded, had not a division occurred in the councils of his opponents—for that such had taken place is evident from their occupying three distinct encampments. To this, and consequent want of concert in their operations, Cæsar is infinitely more indebted for the success of his African campaigns than to his prudence or personal talents. For had the three commanders been acting upon purely patriotic principles, and not to secure their personal aggrandizement, they would have encamped so that whatever portion of their forces were attacked, the rest could instantly move to their assistance. By acting as they did, they lessened the security of the whole, and the confidence of their troops; for that soldiers seeing a division amongst the senior ranks, have not the

same confidence in their leaders in going into action, that soldiers have, whose leader can say with the Duke of Wellington, "We are an united army," history attests; and no part of history more satisfactorily than that part of it containing the narrative of the decisive battle in which 50,000 men bit the dust, the victor losing but fifty men only.

Cæsar being of consular dignity when he entered upon his principal campaigns, possessed an almost unlimited command of men, money, and stores. The Duke of Wellington, on proceeding to the Peninsula in 1809, was not at all connected with the Government, and consequently had no command over any portion of the military resources of the country. The arms of the Romans being of a rude construction, and as iron and wood were to be had in abundance in every country into which he carried his legions, Cæsar had no difficulty in keeping the arms of the men complete, and their kitts being at all times but slenderly supplied with necessaries, he had as little in keeping his legions in a state of efficiency for active service.

Not so the Field-Marshal, who—from the inattention of the home authorities, the state of the weather, the enemy's cruisers, and the distance which the stores after their arrival at a Portuguese port had to be transported from the latter to the army, partly by water and partly by land, in

cars drawn by bullocks, or on the backs of mules — suffered occasionally no little inconvenience when engaged in important operations, so much time being necessarily occupied in their removal. What says the duke?—

“It is not easy, however, to take a strong place well garrisoned when one has not a sufficient quantity of cannon—when one is obliged to save ammunition on account of the distance of one’s magazines.”

And, hear this, ye men who delight in blood and slaughter—

“*When one is desirous of saving the lives of soldiers.*”

For that it was not the want of cannon in the country, but of animals to drag them to Burgos, the Duke assures us—

“In regard to means, there were ample means, both at Madrid and Santander for the siege of the strongest fortress. That which was wanting at both places was the means of transporting ordnance and military stores to the place where it is desirable to use them. The people of England will not readily believe that important results have frequently depended upon fifty or sixty mules, more or less, or a few bundles of straw to feed them. But the fact is, notwithstanding their incredulity, I could not find means of moving even one gun from Madrid. As for the two guns which ——— endeavoured to send our own cattle to draw them—and we felt *great inconvenience* from the want of those cattle in the subsequent movements of the army.”

In almost all his battles Cæsar had the good

fortune to be opposed to troops without discipline, often without courage, and led by commanders, many of them mere tyros in the art of war. Not so the Duke of Wellington, who, in all his European engagements had to contend for victory with soldiers led by commanders of a very different stamp. Believing their Emperor and General to be invincible, the French troops fought like lions to convince the world that he really was so. Such was the adoration of the French soldiery for that person, that when their spirit was about to take leave of their body, "Vive l'Empereur" was far oftener heard to escape the lips of the dying, than "Into thy hands, O God, I commend my spirit." And this was not confined to the junior ranks, for even those of rank next to the Emperor himself fancied him more than mortal, it being an attested fact that when Marshal Lannes, the Duke of Montebello, had both his legs shattered to pieces at Asperne by a cannon shot, he actually refused to die, and insisted that the surgeons should be hanged who were unable to cure a Marshal and Duke of Montebello. And not only so, but

"While thus clinging to life, he called on Napoleon with instinctive hope that he at least could defer the dreaded hour, and repeated his name to the last with the wild interest with which an Indian prays to the object of his superstition."

So much for infidelity; for what says Bourrienne?

“LANNES and AUGEREAU wanted to alight from the carriage as soon as they saw that they were being *driven to mass*, and it required an order from the First Consul to prevent their doing so. They went therefore to *Notre Dame*; and the next day Buonaparte asked Augereau what he thought of the ceremony. “*Oh! it was all very fine,*” replied the General, “*there was nothing wanting except the million of men who have perished in the pulling down of what you are setting up.*”

Cæsar when retiring from the field of Munda, the last of his important engagements, remarked—“I have often fought for victory, but this is the first time I have fought for my life.” And, “Never was I in a harder fought battle, never was I obliged to exert myself so much, and never was I so near being beaten,” was the language of the Duke of Wellington at the close of Waterloo, the last of his martial achievements—from which we learn that each of those celebrated commanders encountered in their last battles more personal danger, and ran greater risks of being defeated than in any of their previous actions.

But what were the previous battles of these commanders? Is it not a fact that in all his engagements, though he boasts of killing upwards of a million of men, Cæsar’s total loss did not exceed in number that of the British army at Waterloo the last of the Duke’s numerous fields? Except therefore, when he placed himself in an antagonistic position among the soldiers, we do not see that

he could have been exposed to much greater danger in the battle of Munda than in any of his former actions—his loss being but a thirtieth part of that of his opponents. That Cæsar must have considered the battle as going against him is evident from the fact, that in the heat of it he meditated suicide; a circumstance which furnishes a tolerably fair key to the character of his battles in Gaul, Asia, and Africa; for if in a battle such as Munda—where the enemy though superior in number, were led to the charge by a general who had never before commanded on such an occasion, and in which they lost 30,000 for his 1,000—Cæsar should have had such misgivings as to the issue of the conflict, is it not obvious that in his previous battles, in all which (save in that with his countrymen at Dyrrachium, and one or two more) he never lost more than from fifty to two hundred men, he could have had little else to do than to cut down and make bridges of his poor unarmed or half-armed opponents? For what were the 300,000 Helvetians? Not all men as is supposed by many, and 190,000 of them regularly trained soldiers, but a whole people seeking for a new country. And were not the Usipetes a whole people driven from their own country to seek refuge in some other? and consequently, as but few of them escaped the sword of Cæsar, one half at least of the 400,000 killed by him must have been defenceless women and helpless children, better proof of which we

cannot require, than the fact that on the people of Rome ordering a public thanksgiving and processions to celebrate this butchery. Cato proposed—

“That CÆSAR should be delivered up to the barbarians to expiate his breach of faith, and make the DIVINE VENGEANCE fall upon *its author*, rather than upon Rome.”

And what were the Asiatic legions against whom he led his Roman warriors? Cæsar’s address to his men at Pharsalia—

“*Take no concern about the Asiatics, their own fears will disperse them,*”—

can best tell.

Under the head of “Philip of Macedon” we have shown that the operations of Wellington were frequently greatly retarded from a want of the sinews of war, a disadvantage under which Cæsar did not labour. True it is that when nominated to a command in Spain for the first time, his private debts were so large, that before he could leave Rome Crassus had to pay, or become bound to pay for him, 830 talents—£168,812. But then, so well did he feather his nest in that country, that he was enabled to repay Crassus on his return to Rome. A few years later, we find him taking from the public treasury no less a sum than £17,400,000, British currency. And later still, exhibiting at one of his triumphs gold and silver articles to the value of £12,000,000, and

1,814 crowns of gold, valued at £3,000,000 more; and after all but like a drop of water in a bucket, to the enormous sums which he extracted by force, from the pockets of the unfortunate people whom he reduced under Roman rule.

We are assured with all gravity, that Cæsar did not apply the plunder thus acquired to his personal pleasures or purposes; than which, no assertion could be more unfounded: for is it not a fact, that to induce the Consul Emilius Paulus to desert the cause of Pompey, he presented him with £310,625? Is it not a fact, that for a similar purpose he paid the debts of the Tribune Curio, amounting to millions? Is it not a fact, that to attach them to his interest, Cæsar, on one occasion, gave to each soldier, in addition to his arrears of pay, £150; to each centurion, £350; and to each tribune, £450? and that to secure the suffrages of the people, he entertained them at 23,000 tables; gave to each poor citizen ten bushels of corn, and ten measures of oil; adding 100 dinarii, by way of interest, to the 300 which he had promised them previous to proceeding on his African expedition? and that the effects intended to be produced by the distribution of such large sums of money, were fully realized, the readiness with which the soldiers followed him, and the people granted him all that he required, bear truthful testimony. But no such bribes had the Duke of Wellington to offer for the acceptance

of either soldier or civilian, and why? Because he was so far from following the conduct of the Roman Chief, that he looked upon all army plunderers as fit food for the musket or the scaffold. When the Tribune Metellus objected to the £17,400,000 being taken by Cæsar, the latter remarked — “Arms and laws do not flourish together.” And that he acted upon this opinion his commentaries furnish revolting evidence. This opinion, however, was proved by the Duke of Wellington to be altogether groundless, for what says the latter?—

“The notion is too common among the officers and soldiers of the army, that they are not obliged to obey the laws of the country in which they are acting; or, in other words, that they may act as they please, and may commit such outrages as they think proper, provided they do not offend against the Mutiny Act, and Articles of War. I cannot, however, admit of such a doctrine, and *will be an instance that the laws of the country must be obeyed.*”

I would rather be the first man here than the second man in Rome,” said Cæsar to his suite, in passing through an Alpine village, on his way to Spain; a remark which shows that at that early period of his career, he aspired to the supreme command at Rome. And to enable him to attain this elevated point of the political ladder, Cæsar, without any apparent compunctious feelings, committed all sorts of crimes and

cruelties; sent thousands of innocent people to the scaffold, even after reposing in his honour, they had submitted to his rule; stormed and burned many cities; laid waste every country into which he carried his arms; seizing, in fact, wherever he could lay his hands on it, the property of one portion of this world's inhabitants, to satisfy the cupidity of those whose services he required; until, step by step, he soared aloft to the highest point to which his ambition aspired. That he gained his point is true; but not until, by his murders, and robberies, and his extortions, and his cruelties, he had caused himself to be viewed by the whole population, not only of Gaul, but a great part of Germany, more in the light of a demon of darkness than a human being.

Without resorting to any of the devious courses pursued by the Roman General, Wellington arrives at the very summit of military glory, and to the highest rank, and honours, and power, to which a subject of this realm can attain. Cæsar fought against Gaul when it was divided into far more tribes or kingdoms than there are departments at present; and, consequently, when, by the disunion of the various rulers of those tribes, that country, as a whole, could not offer any formidable opposition to an invader. When Wellington combated the legions of Gaul, it was a united country, under one ruler, able to send to battle one million of soldiers, inured to victory,

under the command of that ruler, then reckoned the first of his class in the world, and almost satiated with success.

Cæsar, by means often cruel and inhuman, succeeded in bringing the whole of Gaul under the power of Rome. Wellington, by means at once humane and honourable, succeeded in driving Napoleon from the throne of that country, and placing thereon the legitimate owner. In the course of his campaigns, Cæsar made war on the Belgians, and on the Germans inhabiting those portions of that region now known as Prussia, Saxony, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Wurtemberg, &c.; all of whom he attacked, killed, wounded, or plundered, without mercy. After delivering Spain and Portugal from a yoke not at all dissimilar to that which Cæsar imposed on those countries, the Duke marshalled the troops of Belgium, Hanover, Hesse, &c., on the plains of Waterloo, to prevent a second Cæsar from crossing the Rhine, overrunning Germany, robbing and plundering its people, burning their houses, and murdering or ill-treating the inmates thereof. For his atrocious conduct, Cæsar was, as he himself expresses it, "carried to his residence on the shoulders of all Rome." And such was the unmingled dread which the people entertained of him, that, on hearing of the defeat and death of Pompey, they, conceiving him absolute master of their liberties, lives, and fortunes, unanimously

proclaimed him Consul for five years; nominated him Dictator, not for six months, the usual period, but for a whole year; Tribune of the people, and head of that college for life; gave him power to make peace or war with whom he pleased, and to levy whatever forces he might deem necessary; and, to crown all, they placed his statue in the Capitol, next to Jupiter, with the inscription, "To Cæsar, a demigod," on the pedestal; conduct which affords some little apology for the latter ascending the steps of the temple on *his knees*, to set them an example of religion. At the close of the late war, honours were showered upon the head of the British Commander, by the rulers of those very countries, from the lips of whose inhabitants, curses, both loud and deep, were poured upon that of the Roman Dictator. And on his arrival in England, the gallant Field-Marshal received fresh proofs of his Sovereign's approbation, and, amid grateful acclamations, was greeted by his admiring countrymen with

"Victor of Assye's eastern plain,
Victor of all the fields of Spain,
Victor of France's despot reign,—

Thy task of glory done;
WELCOME from dangers greatly dared,
From triumphs with the vanquished shared,
From nations saved and nations spared—

UNCONQUERED WELLINGTON!

NAPOLEON.

It is somewhat surprising, considering the many little incidents connected with the battle of Marengo unfavourable to his claim, that Napoleon should have pertinaciously arrogated to himself, up to his dying hour, all the praise due to the conqueror in that memorable engagement,—for if the versions of the affair given by others be entitled to credit, his claim to the honours of Marengo is altogether spurious. Who, then, gained the battle of Marengo? True it is that on the anniversary of that engagement in 1807, Napoleon, at Friedland, reminded his followers on going into action of the deeds of their brethren on that occasion,—and again, on the anniversary of the same battle, in 1815, he called upon his men to

remember Marengo and Friedland. But had some real friend been so kind as to have whispered into his ear a few home truths, he would have been convinced that the less he said about the part he acted at Marengo the better.

By his own showing, Bonaparte, for two days immediately preceding the battle, manœuvred his battalions like a man in the dark; the numbers, position, and distribution of the Austrian forces, being altogether unknown to him. For what says Napoleon in his narrative of that day's events?—

“On the afternoon of the 12th, the First Consul, surprised at the inaction of General Melas, became uneasy, and began to fear that the Austrian army had moved—on Genoa, or upon the Ticino; or had marched against Suchet to crush him, with the intention of afterwards returning against the first Consul.”

Now, in this blessed state of ignorance as to the enemy's movements, what course does the First Consul pursue? Why, “he determined to quit Stradella and advance upon Scrivia in order to be able to act according to the course adopted by the enemy.” If this is not a move in the dark I know not what is—the French Chief, not knowing whether the enemy was in his front, his flanks, or his rear. A prudent general would have waited until he had had some intelligence of the Austrian General's intentions. Well, but

Napoleon thought differently—and advance he did to the Scrivia ; but—

“ No intelligence of the enemy was obtained, only some few cavalry scouts were perceived ;”

but as—

“ They did not indicate the presence of an army on the plains of Marengo, the First Consul no longer doubted that the Austrian army had escaped him.”

Being still in ignorance of the movements of his opponent,—

“ Napoleon, at daybreak on the 13th, passed the Scrivia, and moved to St. Julianò in the midst of the immense plain of Marengo ;”

but—

“ Finding no enemy, and it appearing probable that the Austrians were marching on Genoa, the First Consul under this impression, despatched Desaix's corps with all expedition upon his extreme left, with orders to observe the high road leading from Novi to Alexandria, and Victor's division to enter the village of Marengo, and to send scouts to the Bormida to ascertain whether the enemy had any bridge there ;”

though still without any information regarding his antagonist's movements. Victor, however, finds a rear-guard of 4,000 men at Marengo, which he attacks and drives out of the village—and what then ? He sends

“ Scouts to the Bormida at nightfall ; who, on their return, report that the Austrians had no bridge over

that river ; and they could get no intelligence of the army of Melas."

From these facts it is evident that, down to late on the evening of the 13th, Bonaparte was in complete ignorance as to the numbers or distribution of the Austrian army ; and yet he, with all imaginable coolness, assures us that—

"The chances of victory were wholly in favour of the Austrian army, *for it was very numerous.*"

A most gratuitous assertion, as proved by—

"*The strength of the French army was not exactly known.*"

For if he knew not the strength of his own army, how could he calculate the chances for and against his succeeding in an encounter with his opponent. Such a paragraph would not have been penned by the Duke of Wellington, had he occupied the place of Napoleon. For what says the former on the subject of "Plans of Military Operations" ?—

"The foundation of all military plans is compounded of the situations of one's own troops, of the allies, and of those of the enemy ; but, if I cannot be certain even of my own, it is impossible for me to form—much less to execute—any military plan."

No wonder that Napoleon got well thrashed at Waterloo, seeing that he was in the habit of calculating the chances of success in battle, without knowing the strength either of his own, or the

army of his antagonist. For we are assured by himself that he did not know the strength of his own army on the Bormida; and that he knew not where the Austrian army was on the evening of the 13th of June; and, consequently, could know nothing of its strength.

That Napoleon lacked, in 1800, those qualities with the want of which the Duke charged him in 1814—viz., “a little common sense” and “prudence,” the assertion, “The chances of victory were wholly in favour of the Austrian army,” bears truthful testimony; for who but a person deficient in these qualities would, with such an impression on his mind, have staked the fate of his army and the campaign on the issue of a general engagement, to be defeated in which was ruin? We never find the Duke, when about to give or receive battle, writing that “the chances of victory are wholly in favour of the French;” but

“I am of opinion, also, that I shall have the advantage in the action;” or, “I have invariably been of opinion that, unless forced to fight a battle, it is better that one should not be fought by the Allied army, *unless under such favourable circumstances as that there would be reason to hope* that the Allied army would be able to maintain the field when those of the enemy should not.”

How very singular! The remark of Napoleon was made when narrating the particulars of the operations on the banks of the Bormida, on the day *preceding* the battle of Marengo, and those of

the Duke were penned on the banks of the Tormes, the day *preceding* the battle of Salamanca. And, more singular still, that the results of those hard-fought engagements corresponded with the common sense and prudence displayed by the respective commanders; for although victory ultimately declared for the French arms, it is clear as the sun at noon-day, that, from the commencement of the battle until it was fairly decided in favour of the Austrians about two o'clock, the French had never a chance; for that the victory was decisively in their favour, though lost through the age and infirmities of their general, which compelled him to leave the field and commit the pursuit of the enemy to General Zach, we have the partial acknowledgment of Napoleon himself:—

“The enemy had at length carried Marengo; and the division under Victor having been forced to give way after a firm resistance, *was thrown into the utmost disorder. The plain on the left was covered with our fugitives*, who spread alarm wherever they went, *and many were even exclaiming, ‘ALL IS LOST!’*”

And well they might, for what says Bourrienne, who was present?—

“They,” (the division of Desaix,) “looked upon the battle as lost; *and so, in fact, it was*, for the First Consul, having inquired of Desaix what he thought of it, this brave general answered him bluntly, ‘The battle *is completely lost*: but it is only two o'clock, there is still time enough to gain another.’”

And *lost* by Bonaparte, but *not by him regained*, as Bourrienne informs us :—

“ It cannot be dissembled that it was the *instantaneous inspiration of Kellermann* which changed a defeat into a victory, and gained the battle of Marengo.”

This from a person who “ truly admired Napoleon ” renders further comment unnecessary. And yet we would remark, that had the tide of victory been as much in favour of the French, as it evidently was against them at two o'clock, Bonaparte could not have claimed any portion of the laurels won, and for the reasons to be found in the following :—

“ The First Consul slept on the 13th at Torre-di-Galifolo. In the evening he ordered a staff-officer to ascertain whether the Austrians had a bridge over the Bormida. It was reported to him late at night that there was none. This tranquillized his mind, and he went to bed satisfied ; but early next morning the sound of cannon was heard, and he learned that the Austrians had debouched in the plain, and that an engagement had taken place ; he testified the greatest dissatisfaction at the conduct of the officer, whom he accused of cowardice, and said he had not advanced far enough. He then mounted his horse and hastened to the scene of action.”

For, as he knew of no enemy in his immediate vicinity late on the evening of the 13th, he could have formed no plan on that evening either for attacking the Austrians, or receiving an attack

from them ; and, consequently, to whatever praise that may be due for the arrangements during the first five hours of the engagement, Bonaparte had no claim whatever ; for he himself assures us that the Austrians attacked *at break of day*, and that he arrived at the scene of action at *ten o'clock*.

But much of the subsequent conduct of Napoleon might have been palliated, if not altogether excused, had he shown anything like a grateful feeling towards those three Generals—Lannes, Desaix, and Kellermann, by whose gallantry and judgment he was enabled to encircle his brow with the wreaths of Marengo ; for is it not a fact, that but for the admirable retreat of Lannes, and the manner in which he kept his division in hand—the opportune arrival and charge of Desaix—and the brilliant charge of Kellermann—the day of Marengo would to Napoleon have been one of disgrace ; and yet what was their reward ? Bourrienne, who was present, shall tell.

“ On returning at seven in the evening the First Consul said to me, ‘ Little Kellermann made a fine charge ; *he did it just at the right time ; we owe him much. See what trifles decide these affairs.*’ ”

A sentence which *testifies* to the *decisive* nature of the charge ; yet on Kellermann approaching the table at which Bonaparte was seated surrounded by a number of generals and other officers, the Consul said to him coldly, “ You made a pretty good charge ; ” and then, as a set-off to this coldness,

turning to Bessieres, who commanded the Horse Grenadiers of the Guards, he remarked, in an audible voice, "Bessieres, the Guard has covered itself with glory." Stung to the quick at these remarks, the object of it being to give the honour to one not entitled to it—for *the Guard had taken no part in the charge*—Kellermann retorted, "I have placed the crown on your head." And what was the language of Lannes two years later, when smarting under some ill-treatment? was it not—

"*Without me you would have lost the battle of Marengo. I alone! yes, I alone! passed the Po at Montebello with my whole division, though you wished to give the honour to Berthier who was not present, and this is the reward for my humiliation.*"

And as to poor Desaix, it is a fact, notwithstanding the remark of Bourrienne—

"The onset in which he fell was so short, the disorder so instantaneous, the change of fortune so sudden, that it is not surprising, that in the midst of so much confusion *the circumstances attendant on his death could not be exactly known.*"

It was the universal opinion in the French army at the peace, that he fell by the hand of a military assassin, though Bourrienne endeavours to throw a doubt on the subject; for such must be deemed his object in penning the following:—

"He fell without a word, at a short distance from Lefebvre Desnouettes. A battalion serjeant-major of the 9th Brigade of Light Infantry, observing him stretched

upon the ground, asked permission to take his cloak ; it was *perforated behind* : and this circumstance occasioned a doubt whether Desaix was killed at the head of the troops through the awkwardness of some of his own men, or whether, in turning round to encourage them, he had been shot by the enemy.”

The conduct of Napoleon to these officers is a painful subject to touch upon, but one not to be avoided when his conduct at Marengo is under consideration : for it must not be lost sight of, that four years before that engagement, the Directory wished to place the half of the army of Italy under the command of Kellermann ; that Lannes was a *senior colonel* to Napoleon, and that the gallant Desaix—whose military talents were so conspicuous that Bonaparte remarked to Bourrienne, two days before he was killed, “He shall always be my lieutenant ; I would make him a prince if I could !”—stood so high in the estimation of all classes, civil and military, being, according to Bourrienne, a person of mild and unassuming manners—and to whose breast every sentiment of ambition and political power was a stranger—that he was deemed by no small portion of his countrymen, as the fittest of all those generals to be entrusted with the command of the armies of the Republic. Whether these facts had or had not any hand in producing the death of Desaix, we do not pretend to know ; but this we do know, that although the crime was never attributed to

Napoleon himself, it was laid to the charge of one, who, aware that the conduct of the latter both before and during the battle was open to severe censure—and afraid that Desaix would obtain all the merit of the victory, and thereby transplant Napoleon in the affections of the masses, and as a natural consequence, ruin his own prospects—resolved to prevent the arrival of such a crisis, by the removal of the young chief from this earthly scene; and therefore, proceeding stealthily and traitorously behind his intended victim—

“Laid the gallant General low,
With his back to the field, and his face to the foe.”

In the former volume we have shown, when contrasting Napoleon's campaign of 1805 with that of the Duke of Wellington in 1813, that though Prussia, then holding in her hand the balance of power in Europe, and had raised the sword to throw it into the scale against the French Ruler, was, nevertheless, induced by something worse than pusillanimous councillors, to delay the act until the fate of the House of Hapsburgh was sealed on the field of Austerlitz. Then, but not till then, did the unworthy statesmen to whom she had entrusted the conduct of her public affairs, perceive that their feeble and versatile conduct had incurred the displeasure of their powerful French neighbour, and their rapacity, the hatred not only of England but of the rest of Europe—conduct so disrepu-

table that it never received the sanction of their sovereign.

Months rolled past, and some treaties were entered into between the two countries ; but a few rather ominous specks appearing in the political horizon—Prussia taking the alarm increased her armies, and prepared to repel any attack that might be made to deprive her of her independence.

Until this astounding epoch, Napoleon had never, but in Egypt and Austerlitz, been opposed to any but Austrian troops, led by old, infirm, or worse than incapable commanders. He was now, however, to confront in actual combat men whose ancestors half a century before had caused their military prowess to be lisped with admiration in every corner of the civilized world ; but though some of Frederick's veterans were still in the Prussian ranks, many of them had arrived at by far too advanced a period of life to be of much service. To one of those, however—the Duke of Brunswick, then in the 72nd year of his age—the command of the army was committed. To other failings which naturally attend it, the Duke added the obstinacy of old age ; and being wedded to the antiquated system of tactics, he was most unwilling to listen to opinions having for their object a change for the better. The consequence was that, as with but one officer of rank, the Marshal Mollendorf, he was willing to communicate confidentially on military matters, a

disunion of councils, arising partly from the state of parties in the country, and which, as a natural consequence, led to a plan of operations no less injudicious than that adopted by the Austrians in the preceding year; for, instead of prolonging the negotiations with France, and thereby affording the Prussians time to arrive before a blow could be struck, they were brought rather prematurely to a close, and the Prussian army hurried towards the Saale, to sustain single-handed the onslaught of a greatly superior and equally brave and well-disciplined army, led by the hero of Austerlitz in person. And as if this error was not enough, strong corps of Prussians were poured into Saxony to compel the Elector, who wished to remain neutral, to join in the war against Napoleon, thereby committing an error every way similar to that of which the Austrians were guilty in the cases of Baden and Bavaria the preceding year.

On war appearing inevitable, the King of Prussia issued an address to his people, the latter part of which—"The fate of armies and of nations is in the hands of the *Almighty*, but *constant victory and durable prosperity are never granted save to the cause of justice*"—was somewhat prophetic, and contrasts most pleasingly with the bombast of his opponent: "Let the Prussian army expect the same fate which they encountered 14 years ago. Since experience has not taught them that while it is easy to acquire additional dominions and in-

crease of power by the friendship of France, her enmity, on the contrary, which will only be provoked by those who are totally destitute of sense and reason, is more terrible than the tempests of the ocean." But as he learned by dear-bought experience a few years later, not more terrible than the tempests of the land—tempests which proved, had proof been wanting, that conquerors are not permitted to extend their views into futurity further than their fellow men.

It is astonishing with what pertinacity people will occasionally cling to systems, though they have no one thing to recommend them but their antiquity. The Duke of Brunswick, for instance—though no one more highly censured the conduct of the Austrian generals of 1796 and 1805, than he did,—was yet so wedded to old systems that he copied them in almost everything, and with similar effect. Commanders are at times compelled by circumstances to post their various corps in positions between which there is no communication. That the Duke of Wellington was placed in this disagreeable dilemma after the Battle of Vittoria, we have already shown. The Duke adopted this measure as the least of the two evils offered for his acceptance. The want of a line of communication between the wings of the Prussian army was the fruit of a gross military error on the part of its chief—to which the unfortunate issue of the campaign of Jena must be

attributed—for what more egregious error could any general have committed than establishing his depôt of spare ammunition and stores of various kinds on the extreme left of his army at Nauemburg, instead of at some secure place in rear of the centre of his own host; as but for such a notoriously bad arrangement, the movement upon Nauemburg would not have been necessary. For his numerous acts of omission and commission, the Prussian Commander was highly censurable, but for nothing more than placing his stores in Nauemburg; for what was that but inviting the enemy to pay it an early visit?—a too good invitation to be refused: so, advancing in three columns, the right under Soult and Ney upon Hof, the centre under Bernadotte and Davoust, with the guard under Murat, upon Saalburg and Schleitz, and the left under Angereau upon Coburg and Saalfeld, Napoleon intended by a combined movement of all the three columns, first to overpower the right wing of the Prussians, which was much farther advanced than prudence warranted, and then by turning the whole position of the enemy, seize upon their magazines. As was usual with him on similar occasions, he engaged in a few, small, partial actions at various points, in almost all of which he was successful, a result which tended, as was expected, to contract the position of the Prussians—to interrupt their communications—cut them off from their supplies,

and to force them to fight a decisive battle from necessity, not choice; and that he succeeded in forcing them to a general engagement, and with spirits greatly depressed, the fruits of having overthrown incapable and outwitted generals; for that the Duke of Brunswick was out-manœuvred by his rival, the narratives of these stirring events testify. To attempt the recovery of that post, which he ought not to have lost, the Austrian General, accompanied by the King of Prussia, proceeded with 70,000 men—a movement which brought on the battle of Auerstadt, which, owing to the Duke being mortally wounded, and no other General knowing anything as to the plan he intended to pursue, in the event of the operations proving unsuccessful, ended in the complete rout of the Prussian legions, who retired upon Weimar; and Napoleon and Mollendorf having on the same morning come in collision, when manœuvring in a fog, to bring each other to action; and the result being altogether in favour of the former, the latter likewise fell back upon the same city; and being hotly pursued, the scene of confusion that ensued was indescribable.

Deprive an animal of its head, and it becomes a lump of inanimate clay—an army of its head, and it becomes a mere rabble. From the moment that the Duke of Brunswick and his second in command were removed from the field of Auerstadt,

their successors appear to have lost sight of the saying of the celebrated Sertorius, that, "Many things which cannot be overcome when united, are easily subdued when they are separated;" nothing like unity appearing in any of their operations until incapacity, cowardice, or treachery had thrown the far greater portion of their followers into the hands of the enemy. That the battle of Jena was a severe, but not a decisive defeat like that of Waterloo, history attests. The loss of the Prussians was no doubt great; but having taken the field with 150,000 men, they must have had from 120,000 to 130,000 remaining when forced to retire upon Weimar; to which must be added, the garrisons of the various fortresses. That the Prussian generals had men enough to oppose a stout resistance to the tide of invasion, is therefore evident; what was wanted was a commander equal to the task of organizing the army, and devising a plan of operations suitable to the altered position in which the reverses at Auerstadt and Jena had placed the Prussian host. But though many of them were well-intentioned men, not one of them save the indomitable Blucher—who, Bonaparte at a later period asserted, "Never knew when he was beat"—exhibited anything like talent or determination. Did the Spaniards, after the battle of Medina-del-Rio-Secco, in 1808, or Medellin and Orcana, in 1809, pursue the despicable example set them by

the Prussians? Not a bit of them, but—knowing that perseverance is at times infinitely more efficacious than force, and that assiduity properly applied will overthrow the greatest despotic power that ever was established on earth—set their shoulders to the work they had undertaken; and entertaining the confident hope of receiving from the British shores assistance similar to that which Prussia was promised by Russia in 1806—they manfully struggled against greatly superior numbers till that succour arrived: and the issue of the contest is known.

True it is that Napoleon had from 160,000 to 200,000 men in Prussia; but had he not a much more numerous army in the Peninsula in 1808? If the Spaniards, therefore, held the French troops in check, surely Prussia, with a large and well-disciplined army, and a population not only of similar amount, but animated by a similar patriotic spirit, might have made head against the hordes of Napoleon, till, with the aid of Russia and Britain, she had been enabled so far to arrest the tide of victory, as to induce other powers to follow her example in their resistance to his tyrannical rule. For is it not a fact, that almost single-handed the Russians, in the latter part of the same year, and beginning of 1807, gave battle to Napoleon, and though considerably inferior to them in numerical strength, actually drove his marshals from Pultusk, and greeted the army

under his personal command with so warm a reception at Preuss-Eylau, that he was for some days in doubt whether to proceed farther north, fearful that he might find the *welcome* of the sons of the Russian highlands somewhat different from “the *farrer-ben*—the ‘welcomer!’”—the greeting universally given to strangers by the sons of the heath-covered mountains of Scotland.

And our opinion as regards the capabilities of the Prussians to resist the arms of Napoleon after the unfortunate day of Jena, is not a little strengthened by—

“It was I who recommended to the king to enter France at present; because I was aware of the extent of our success in the battle of the 18th”—

written five days after the battle of Waterloo; and the following:—

“The French people submitted to Bonaparte; but it would be ridiculous to suppose, that the Allies would have been in possession of Paris in a fortnight, after one battle fought, if the French people in general had not been favourably disposed to the cause which the Allies were disposed to favour.”

For though the first extract proves the battle of Waterloo to have been *a decisive one*, yet in the second the Duke as clearly states that the Allied armies would not have been able to penetrate to Paris in the rapid manner they did, had the people not been favourable to the Bourbon cause—a most

important admission ; for if after the decisive day of Waterloo, Wellington and Blucher would not, but for the feeling of the people in their favour, have accomplished their advance to Paris in a fortnight,—how much less rapid ought the advance of Napoleon to Berlin have been, the Prussian army being in a high state of discipline, still numerous, and the whole Prussian population hostile to him and his legions ! And yet we find that the French and British commanders traversed the space between the battle-fields of Jena and Waterloo, and Berlin and Paris, in eleven days respectively.

Three things aided Bonaparte very much on this occasion—the incapacity of some generals, the cowardice of others, and the treachery of a third class. For is it not a fact that Magdeburg, though held by a garrison of 22,000 men, surrendered on the first shells being thrown into it?—and Hameln, with a garrison of 6,000 men, to a body of 2,000 French troops, the gates having been opened by golden keys ! The military chest with treasure for the regular payment of the soldiery being left by the enemy at the disposal of the governor, whose accommodating disposition had saved them the time and trouble of a siege !

Well might Napoleon have said of the Prussians as he did of the Austrian generals the previous year—

“ There are no generals among them, in contending against whom I can acquire any glory ! ” —

For well has it been remarked, that the army of the great Frederick was carried into action with as little reflection or military science, as a herd of schoolboys might have displayed in a mutiny !

The strategy employed by Napoleon in 1806 assimilates closely to that which he brought to his aid on the 16th of June, 1815. At Jena, Bonaparte's aim was to overwhelm the Prussian right wing, then turn their position, drive back the left wing, seize upon their magazine and lines of communication, and, if possible, prevent the reunion of the two wings. And what was the object of the French Commander in 1815 ? was it not to drive the British, forming the right of the Allied line from Quatre Bras, and thereby operating on the right of the Prussians, forming the left wing, to force them back upon the Maas, and thereby cut off all communication between Wellington and Blucher ?

On the 16th of June, 1815, Napoleon proceeded against the left wing instead of the right, as at Jena, detaching Ney against the right under Wellington. From the success which attended his operations in 1806, Napoleon no doubt fancied that the same success would attend his operations in 1815 ; but though fewer in number than the legions of his opponent, the Allies by their indomitable bravery enabled the Duke of Wellington not only to maintain his ground, but even to gain a little of that held by the enemy at the commencement of the engagement. The left

wing of the Prussians at Auerstadt, though superior to the enemy, were defeated; the right wing of the Allied army at Quatre Bras, though inferior in numbers, were victorious, and preserved the left wing from destruction.

Had the Duke of Brunswick agreed in opinion with the Duke of Wellington "that in military operations *time* is everything," he would have succeeded in his object at Auerstadt; for it was by losing sight of this, and halting on the evening of the 12th, on the heights of Auerstadt, and thereby affording Davoust an opportunity not only of reinforcing the troops with which he had occupied the strong pass of Kaesen, but of attacking him on the following day under far greater advantages than he otherwise could have done. And singular it is, that he who said to one of his subordinates one day, "Ask me for anything but *time*," fell into the same error in 1815; for by delaying his attack of the post of Quatre Bras to so late an hour, on the 16th of June—viz., three o'clock p.m., by which time the post had been reinforced by the 5th British Division, the Brunswickers, &c., the opportunity of occupying that position was lost, and by delaying his movements against Wellington, on the 17th, until the latter had quitted his position for the memorable field of Waterloo—Napoleon lost the opportunity of attacking the British General at a time when he could not have been supported by the Prussians;

threw away all the advantages he had reaped on the plains of Ligny, and ultimately drew defeat upon himself.

Much indignation was expressed by the Parisians when Blucher prepared to blow up the bridge of Jena, in 1815; but why, disinterested people were at a loss to guess: it being a fact, that Napoleon, nine years before, had caused the monument of victory (erected by Frederick the Great to commemorate the defeat of the French at Rosbach) to be removed. Tit for tat was nothing more than fair play, thought Blucher. His evil genius, however, the Duke, interfered, and so powerfully that the beautiful structure was preserved, on condition that it should no longer bear the name of Jena, a word which, while Prussia retains her station among the nations of the earth, will ever be grating to the ears of her inhabitants.

But a much greater blot on the conqueror's escutcheon than the removal of this monument from Berlin to Paris, was his ungenerous treatment of the Duke of Brunswick. Instead of bestowing on the venerable hero a few words of sympathy to soothe his feelings in the last hours of his earthly pilgrimage, Napoleon, forgetting on what casual circumstances the fate of battle often depends, first heaped reproaches on his head, and then roughly assured him, that though he might treat his people generously, it was his intention to deprive him and his family of their heredi-

tary dominions. On receiving this assurance, the Duke requested to be conveyed to the neutral town of Altona, where he breathed his latest sigh, a few days after his arrival. The Duke's decease, however, did not satisfy the cravings of revenge; for, on the son of the hero requesting permission to consign the mortal remains of his parent to the tomb of his ancestors, the request was most ungenerously refused. And what were the consequences?—an oath, like that of Hannibal, of eternal enmity to the Ruler and people of France, on the part of the young Duke and his gallant followers, and a resolve to wear mourning until they had revenged the death of, and insults offered to, their late venerable chief; and never was oath or resolve more completely kept. Throughout the Peninsular War, the whole of the Brunswickers were dressed in black, and in the same uniform, cavalry and infantry, appeared on the plains of Quatre-Bras. There being no British cavalry present, those of the Duke of Brunswick were ordered to charge a column of the enemy, which they did with great spirit; but the Duke, having been struck down by a musket-ball, and the enemy proving more numerous than was anticipated, they were broken, and forced back upon Quatre-Bras, behind which they rallied, the pursuers having been stopped in front of the houses by a rattling fire from a body of infantry. On the retreat to Waterloo, on the following day,

the fatal wound in the breast was exposed by his people; who, pointing to the inanimate figure of their prince, as it lay extended on a waggon, vowed the most dreadful revenge. The scene was affecting, and produced a very visible effect on the minds of all classes, British and Germans.

PROVIDENCE frequently sees it meet to punish individuals in precisely the same way in which they have treated their fellow-men; and never was this more visibly displayed than in the case of Napoleon, who was not only deprived of his throne and dominions, of the society of his wife and child, and every other member of his family, but his dying request, that his body might be transported to France, was refused. And is it not a fact, that, in defiance of a general amnesty, Murat, in 1808, caused bands of Spanish patriots to be seized, and in parties of forty and fifty at a time, shot by French soldiers?—and that, in the same manner in which he caused these patriotic individuals to be put to death, he was sent to sleep with his fathers, by the patriotic peasantry of the King of Naples, a near relation of the Spanish sovereign?

Hitherto we have only seen Napoleon leading his legions against generals either in the last stage of decrepitude, or acting under the influence of incapacity, cowardice, or treachery. Let us see how the children of the Czar dealt with his combinations in Poland.

General Kaminskoy, a person about eighty years of age, being appointed Generalissimo of the Russian army, with Generals Bennigsen and Barclay de Tolly as his lieutenants, was in the vicinity of Warsaw when the fatal intelligence of the almost entire annihilation of the Prussian forces reached him. Though anxious to come to blows with his opponent, but doubting the prudence of bringing on a general engagement till reinforced by troops from the rear, he retired as Napoleon advanced; until that portion of the army under the command of Bennigsen and Barclay de Tolly, arrived behind the Narew, where, taking up a position with their left resting on the town of Pultusk, and their right on a thick wood, and the principal portion of the cavalry being posted between the two wings, with a strong advanced guard, and powerful reserve, they prepared for battle; the bridge over the river being protected by a considerable body of infantry.

Being attacked in this position by the corps of Lannes and Davoust, and a strong corps of the guards, the battle was extremely hot. Making no impression on the centre, the French generals attacked the Russian right, and with such an overwhelming force that they ultimately compelled Barclay de Tolly to retire from the wood. In order to induce the French to follow De Tolly, Bennigsen caused the latter to throw

back his right and retire upon his reserve, covered by his cavalry. On arriving at a given point, the cavalry made a rapid movement to the rear, when, as if by magic, 120 pieces of cannon opened on the enemy, and with such effect, that in a short time the whole of the Russian line was enabled to assume the offensive, when the ground previously yielded was soon regained. Night only put an end to the action, in which 8,000 of the French, and 5,000 of the Russians were killed or wounded. And as a proof that the French had by much the worst of the combat, not a man of them, save the dead or wounded, were to be seen in the vicinity of Pultusk, the following day.

In his bulletins, detailing the particulars of the military operations at Pultusk, Bonaparte represented the Russian army as completely disorganized, wandering to and fro without any visible object. Aware that he was about to engage in a conflict of a different kind from those which he had waged with Austria, and more recently with Prussia, these statements were manufactured for the meridian of Paris; for the *Moniteur* being the sole guide of public opinion, Napoleon relied as much on its influence to direct the general mind of the people of France, as he did upon the power of his great military reputation and extensive resources to overawe the other nations of Europe. For what was the character of the troops against

whom he was leading his legions? What said Frederick the Great?—that he could kill, but could not defeat them:—a remark somewhat similar to that made by Soult at Waterloo, respecting the British—viz., “You may cut them in pieces, sire, but you will never make them run.” “When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.” It being now but too probable that the soldiers of those two powers will ere long, unfortunately, be afforded an opportunity of trying each other’s mettle, the struggle, unless our gallant fellows are overpowered by numbers, may be expected to be of the most exciting character. As a great many of the regiments proceeding to Turkey served with marked distinction in the Peninsula, the present members of these corps have only to recall to their remembrance the heroic deeds of their predecessors, to insure their return from the battle-field crowned with glory and honours.

And if we follow the belligerents to Preuss Eylau, we will there find Bonaparte with 90,000 men contending with Bennigsen at the head of 60,000, not for victory only, but for his very existence; in proof of which we have only to refer to the following facts—viz., that his loss amounted to 30,000 killed and wounded, while that of the Russians was but 20,000; that he not only remained inactive after the battle, but on the fourth

day proposed to the King of Prussia an armistice, accompanied with an intimation that if he agreed to a separate peace he might obtain the restoration of the whole of his dominions; and that on this proposal being rejected he retired behind the Vistula, pursued by his antagonists. These severe checks must have convinced Napoleon that the Russian generals and their followers were men of a different mould from those against whom he had hitherto marshalled his legions; for although he ultimately advanced to, and defeated the Russians at, Friedland, it was not till he had 280,000 soldiers distributed between the Vistula and Memel that he deemed it safe to make this offensive movement, though by some strange fatality the Russian Government had not increased the effective strength of their operating army beyond the number of 90,000. But even with this small force in his front, a more prudent general, with the strong symptoms of discontent in his rear, would have hesitated long before he had undertaken an enterprise which, had the other powers acted with common spirit and union, must have been attended with infinite danger, if not with signal defeat.

But "my power will fall if I do not base it on fresh glories and new victories; a newly-born government must dazzle and astonish: when it ceases to do that it must fall," being a favourite remark of Napoleon, and, consequently, ever

uppermost in his mind, became at length so much his ruling principle of action, that to maintain it he engaged in many unjust wars, in which he sacrificed the lives of tens of thousands of Frenchmen without the least remorse. And what war was ever more unjust than that which he brought upon himself by his usurpation of the crown of Spain in 1808? a key to which may be found in—"I will set the crown of Spain on my own head, and I shall know how to make it respected; for *God* has given me the *power* and the *will* to surmount all difficulties." But how often do we deceive ourselves in regard to the power with which the *Great Author* of our being has invested us! And no man ever erred more in this respect than Napoleon. Little did he think that, at the very time that the words just uttered fell from his lips, a British general was busily employed in maturing a plan of military operations, the issue of which was to prove, that power to surmount all difficulties had not been delegated to him; and that he was not, what he wished the world to believe him to be, "invincible,"—to convince him that, though "the court allowed it, and the law did give the conscription contingent," and "two millions more were ready to cross the frontier and drive the English from the Peninsula;" that, contrary to the declaration of his servile senate—viz., "Policy demands a great measure from your Majesty—justice authorizes it

—the troubles of Spain render it indispensably necessary”—the war with Spain was neither politic, just, nor necessary.

“I will march against Moore in person ; he is now the only General left able to contend with me,” said Napoleon to his staff on leaving Madrid to direct the movements of his troops against the British General. But though he could urge his troops to go and plant the French standard on the columns of Hercules, and as an inducement for them to proceed on this ticklish mission, write, “The hideous leopard that defiles the Peninsula with its presence will disgracefully take flight at *our* appearance,” the French Emperor took good care not to make the attempt in person, but to delegate the important trust to Soult and Ney. And why did he do so ? For the same reason that he never thereafter revisited the Peninsula, the dread of being defeated, and his character as a military leader lowered in the eyes of Europe. But whatever Bonaparte personally might think, the world was not slow in attributing his halt at Astorga, and not leading his legions into Portugal in 1810, to the true causes ; and there cannot be a doubt but that the errors which he committed on those occasions had a great moral effect over every country into which a British newspaper was allowed to enter. For not proceeding in person against Sir John Moore some apology may be offered, but none whatever for not proceeding to

the Peninsula on bringing the war with Austria to a close in 1809, and attempting by main force to drive the British to their ships, which it is very generally admitted he might have done, by carrying with him across the Pyrenees a reinforcement of eighty or a hundred thousand men, which he could very well have accomplished, without withdrawing any portion of the contingents stationed in the conquered countries. He might have experienced some little difficulty in finding provisions for so many additional mouths, but none in procuring cash to pay the troops, &c., Napoleon having at the time many millions of pounds British currency of his own in the cellars of the Tuileries, with the view of meeting some such pressing emergency. Had the attempt been made any time between September, 1809, and March, 1810, the probability is that it would have succeeded; for what was the strength of the Allied army, and state of discipline of the Portuguese, at those periods? At the former period the British contingent consisted of 19,500, and at the latter 22,000 men only. And such was the state of discipline of our allies that in September, 1809, they were totally unfit for service, and but ten or twelve regiments at all fit to take the field in March, 1810—a fact attested by the Duke himself. With 22,000 men only, what opposition therefore could the Duke have offered even with

the lines of Torres-Vedras, had they been finished, to an army of 100,000, led by Napoleon? Had the latter and Wellington occupied reverse positions, would the British General have permitted his rival to remain in Portugal without making even one personal effort to drive him out of it? Decidedly not; for the Field-Marshal having, when at the head of a European army, watched his opponents, as the lord of the forest does his prey, and never failed to pounce upon them when a favourable opportunity offered—can it for a moment be supposed, that in command of a greatly superior force, he would have allowed either false pride or a dread of being well thrashed, to prevent him from making the attempt?

When the Duke of Wellington first proceeded to Portugal, not a few of the greatest and best of our citizens and patriots seemed impressed with the belief that the arms of France were so invincible, that our only chance of success was on the ocean. Fortunately, however, there was one man in the crowd of patriots who viewed the affairs of Europe with a very different eye. Little did Bonaparte imagine, when the landing of the British troops was reported to him, that on the very day on which the feet of their commander first touched Lusitanian soil, the 1st of August, 1808, he had forwarded to his Government the ground-plan of that memorable war which was to hurl

him from the eminence to which he had ascended through streams of blood: yet such was the fact, as we learn from the following never-to-be-forgotten document:—

“My opinion is, that Great Britain ought to raise, organize, and pay an army in Portugal, consisting of 30,000 Portuguese troops—which might be easily raised at an early period—and 20,000 British, including four or five thousand cavalry. This army might operate on the frontiers of Portugal, in Spanish Estremadura, and it would serve as a link between the kingdoms of Galicia and Andalusia; it would give Great Britain the preponderance in the conduct of the war in the Peninsula, and whatever might be the result of the Spanish exertions, Portugal would be saved from the French grasp. You know best whether you could bear the expense, or what part of it the Portuguese Government would or could defray. But if you should adopt this plan, you must send everything from England—arms, ammunition, clothing, and accoutrements, ordnance, flour, oats, &c. These articles must find their way to the frontier by the navigation of the Tagus and Douro, and partly by other means.”

And that this plan for the defence of Portugal was acted upon, even to the minutest point, we are furnished with proofs not to be disputed; for is it not a fact that the 30,000 Portuguese were embodied, and 20,000 British sent to Portugal to co-operate with them; that the united arms operated on the frontier, and in Spanish Estremadura, and served as a link between Galicia

in the north, and Andalusia in the south of Spain; that arms, ammunition, &c., were sent from England, and transported to the frontier by the rivers and routes named; and that our friendly interposition gave us a preponderance in the war in Portugal, until the emancipation of that country from foreign thralldom, was—as foreseen by him by whom the plan was drawn and executed—fully and completely accomplished?

Thus we see, from the very commencement of the struggle, Wellington entertained but one opinion respecting the defence of Portugal; and it is equally clear, from—

“The ultimate success of the Spaniards *depends* upon my being able to maintain my ground”—

that in August, 1809, he looked upon the deliverance of the Peninsula as a thing to be accomplished; and from the extract—

“It is obvious that we cannot expect to save the Peninsula by military efforts, unless we can bring forward the Spaniards in some shape or other”—

that the emancipation of the Peninsula, could an efficient body of Spanish troops be brought to a state of discipline fit to act under his personal command, would be effected as a matter of course; and what better proof of the extraordinary foresight of the Field-Marshal can we desire than that furnished by this sentence? For, being enabled to maintain his ground by reinforcements from

England, and having the rank of Generalissimo of the Spanish armies bestowed on him soon after, and thereby enabled to bring forward a portion of the Spanish regular troops, the British Chief bade adieu to Portugal, in May, 1813, and without a halt marched his battalions in triumph to the summits of the Pyrenean heights, and there on the soil of France planted the standard of England.

That Bonaparte was indebted to numbers for his successes in Russia in 1807, we have already shown. That he entered Russia in 1812 with a similar numerical superiority, history attests. But it was not the superiority of the enemy that caused the Russians to retire before the Gallic legions, but to carry out a plan of operations, founded upon that so beautifully drawn and ably executed on the invasion of Portugal by Massena, in 1810. And to convince the world that choice, not necessity, had dictated the retrograde movement, the Russian General turned round upon his pursuer at Smolensko, and again at Boridino, as Wellington did at Busaco, and inflicted on Napoleon so severe a chastisement in the last battle, that on being urged to bring the Young Guard into action, he remarked, "And if there is another battle to-morrow, where is my army?" Had he observed the same prudence at Waterloo, the result might not have been so fatal to him. Now it was that Napoleon began to discover, that it was one thing to engage in mortal combat with an inferior army, and quite

another matter to lead his legions against one equal to his own in numerical strength, in courage, and discipline. For what said Napoleon at Warsaw, when flying from the Sarmatian storms? was it not—

“The Russians have shown they have character—their Emperor is beloved by his people—they have clouds of Cossacks: it is something to have such a kingdom.”

Then it was, unfortunately for him, that the whole world discovered that to numbers, more than his personal military qualities, he had been indebted for his successes; for such was the effect produced on the minds of the European population by the battle of Borodino and subsequent retreat from Russia, that at the very first opportunity that offered, the whole threw off his despotic fetters, and declared themselves independent. Had Napoleon's foresight equalled that of the Duke, the invasion of Russia in 1812 would not this day be matter of history,—for what was his opinion of Napoleon's proceedings against Russia? was it not: “If the Emperor of Russia have any resources, and is prudent, and his Russians will really fight, BONAPARTE WILL NOT SUCCEED.”

To engage in war on equal or unequal terms, is no very difficult task for a commander such as Napoleon, who, being a despotic sovereign, can wield at will the resources of a mighty nation; but to a subject, like the Duke of Wellington, the

task is not only invidious but difficult. When in the zenith of his military glory, Napoleon had at his beck a million of armed men, and could command whatever stores or cash he required ; but at no period of his career could the Duke command the services of a single soldier, &c., but such as were (and but too often grudgingly), sent him. Moreau was wont to remark,—“That Napoleon was a conqueror at the rate of 10,000 men a day.” That the system introduced and acted upon by him was most destructive to human life, there cannot be two opinions; for what was the number of men dragged from their homes by the French Conscription law, from 1799 to the close of the war? Was it not in the year

1799	...	...	360,000
1800	...	...	130,000
1801-1802	...	...	300,000
1803	...	...	520,000
1804	...	...	330,000
1805	...	...	320,000
1806	...	...	80,000
1807	...	...	240,000
1808	...	...	240,000
1809	...	...	200,000
1810	...	...	170,000
1811	...	...	280,000
1812	...	...	250,000
1813	...	...	1,060,000

Poles, Italians, Swiss, Dutch, Spaniards, and Confederation of the Rhine	...	}	1,300,000
Total	...	...	5,580,000

For that the poor unfortunate creatures were actually dragged from their homes, not for a limited, but an unlimited period, and hurried by their *father* (for as if in mockery, Napoleon was wont to designate the soldiers “his children”) into foreign countries, as food for the cannon, the history of that period attests.

“The clergy regard this world as a mere diligence which is to convey us to the next: *it must* be my business to fill the public carriage with good recruits for the army,” was a favourite remark of Bonaparte’s, which, but too truly for France, he *made it* his business to see carried into effect. For is it not a fact, that instead of removing from the eye of youth everything of a warlike tendency—the whole course of education in France, particularly at the Lyceums instituted by Napoleon, was so directed as to turn the thoughts and the hopes of the pupils to a military life—everything being done by beat of drum; by which means their minds were gradually formed like the rest of their countrymen to warlike pursuits, before they were of age to be *pounded* upon by the Conscription; for with such rigour was that law enforced, that thousands of well-educated young

men and of the first respectability were compelled to discharge the duties and die the death of private soldiers? The mayors on whom the duty devolved of seeing the number called for selected by lot, were forced under the most severe penalties to avoid showing the slightest indulgence—the pillory awaiting the magistrate found favouring any one on whom the Conscription law had claims. Succeeding to the power which it gave to the Government among other spoils of the Revolution, and satisfied that it was well calculated to serve his purposes, Napoleon made use of it as often as his necessities required, and to the tremendous extent exhibited in the preceding statement. And what more efficient mode of recruiting an army could a despotic sovereign have resorted to?—a great deal too efficient many may think for the good of the world—for no sooner were they drilled, than formed into *corps-d'armée* of from twenty-five to seventy thousand men each, and each corps composed of a given number of divisions, brigades, regiments, or battalions; they were hurried forward by forced marches into some neighbouring state, without stores or magazines of any kind, and furnished with free billets on the inhabitants. That this course was pursued in the Peninsula, we learn from—

“It is certainly astonishing that the enemy has been able to remain in this country (Portugal) so long, and it is an extraordinary instance of what a French army

can do. It is positively a fact that they brought no provisions with them."

And that a legalized system of plundering was the consequence, the same authority assures us in the sentence—

"Their troops subsist solely upon plunder, whether obtained individually, or more regularly by way of requisition and contribution."

And in the following:—

"With all our money, and having in our favour the good inclinations of the country, I assure you I could not maintain one division in the district in which they have maintained not less than 60,000 men and 20,000 animals for more than two months"—

that the Bonapartean mode of making war gave to the enemy decided advantages over the British Commander; for, being under no restraint, the French compelled the people to give them whatever they wanted. But Wellington, being compelled to observe the strictest regulations in everything connected with the provisioning of his army, was under the necessity of appearing satisfied with whatever supplies, however insufficient, the people might be disposed to part with.

But, notwithstanding its advantages, the system had many drawbacks. It produced retaliation on the part of the people; in thinly inhabited districts, famine and sickness—which, the army being without stores or hospitals, gave to death a rich

harvest. The death of ten thousand, however, gave Napoleon as little concern as that of a single soldier ; for having presented to the eye of some astonished enemy his overwhelming masses, and by their aid obtained a signal victory, and through the columns of the *Moniteur* furnished the people with fresh food for their congratulations, his object was gained : for the dead could not complain, while the living, revelling amidst the spoils, soon forgot their miseries, and the casualties were soon made good by another draught upon the youth of France, in the usual forms of the Conscription.

If, as many suppose, Moreau meant his remark to apply to those periods only during which Napoleon was personally engaged in active military operations, his estimate cannot be considered as much too high ; for that the loss of the French army when in the field was enormous, we have the authority of one well qualified to give an opinion on the subject. For what says the Duke?—

“ The French army is certainly a wonderful machine; but if we are to form such an one, we must form such a government as exists in France, which can with impunity lose *one half of the troops employed in the field every year only, by the privations and hardships* imposed upon them.”

And this without taking into account the number killed, or who died of their wounds, or were thoroughly disabled in the many and terrific combats in which they were engaged.

But let us prove the correctness of the figures by another test—the population of France, which, in

1802	amounted to	27,349,003
1806	„	29,107,425
1820	„	30,461,875

Here we have distinct proof that in the period 1802 to 1806, the increase was 1,758,422, or at the rate of 439,605 annually; while in the period 1806 to 1820 it was but 1,354,450 only, instead of 6,364,470, which, at the rate of increase from 1802 to 1806, it must necessarily have been but for the wars in which the country was engaged, from 1806 to 1815. Now, if we allow for the four years of peace, 1816 to 1820, the same rate of increase as took place from 1802 to 1806, viz., 439,605 each year, and deduct the total for the four years, viz., 1,758,422, from 6,364,470,—the increase which, but for the wars of Napoleon, would have taken place—we shall have 4,606,048 as the loss of life in France during the period 1799 to 1815, a total which, deducting the Poles, Italians, &c., 1,310,000, from the total conscription, 5,580,000, will be found to account most satisfactorily for the Conscription levies from 1799 to 1813.

Had the armies of Napoleon and Wellington been equal in numerical strength, discipline, &c., the operations of the former—based, as they almost invariably were, on France, a perfect citadel, pro-

tected by double and treble lines of fortresses, lofty mountains, inland and open seas—would have given him an extraordinary advantage over his rival, whose operations, carried on at the distance of 800 miles from his native shores, were for the first three years based on an open town, the capital of Portugal. How much greater, therefore, must the advantages have been, when, instead of 800,000 men, the British and Portuguese contingents under the Duke never exceeded sixty to sixty-five thousand men! How much more skilfully laid and executed must the military measures of that commander have been, who, with so small a body of troops, not only successfully defended Portugal against the hostile attacks of 300,000 Frenchmen, but ultimately forced to retire across the Pyrenees,—and that too, not only before France had lost even one of her own strongholds, but while many of those belonging to conquered countries were still in her possession,—than the combinations of him who, with an army of 800,000, manœuvred so badly, that army after army vanished from the scene, until the once grand army of Napoleon dwindled down to a few thousand men, and so worn out with fatigue, &c., as to be no longer equal to make head against even a small corps of the enemy.

But it was not over the Duke only that Napoleon, by having France for the base of his operations, possessed a superiority, but every

other general with whom he came in contact; for the frontiers of the other European states being but slenderly protected by fortifications of any sort, and many of those being then in the keeping of Napoleon, he was enabled, by some of those movements which have dazzled the vision of the world, to pour large masses of troops into foreign countries, at but very trifling risk to himself; the possession of all the fortresses on both sides of the French frontier giving to him, whether on the north, the east, or the south, complete command of all the roads and passes leading from France. True it is, that in 1806, 1807, 1812, and 1813, Bonaparte made war at long distances from France; but equally true that all the countries between France and the seat of war, including their strongest fortresses, were occupied by French troops: a circumstance which enabled him to reinforce his army on the field to any requisite extent; and at a very early period after an engagement, by drawing the supplies of men from the garrisons, or corps in the rear, the nearest to the scene of action, causing them to be replaced by others still farther to the rear, and so on, until the whole of the garrisons or corps from which the draughts for the active portion of the army had been taken had been completed to their original strength; the garrisons or corps nearest to France being supplied by the new levies of conscripts from the mother country. Thus were the casual-

ties of the French army made good in an incredibly short period; and not only so, but instead of being hurried into action without some little knowledge of camp duty, the conscripts were gradually initiated into the mysteries of the warlike art; so that before the period arrived for them to join the operating columns, they were every way fitted to act efficiently with their more veteran brethren, when stern necessity called them to the combat.

Running a non-military eye over the narratives of Napoleon's campaigns, many are apt to exclaim, "How admirably conceived! how masterly executed!" forgetting who the object of their admiration really and truly was. For who was Napoleon Bonaparte?—the despotic sovereign of 30,000,000 of people—wielding unlimited power, with an army at his call little short of one million of men—not of the Gaulish and Asiatic stamp in the days of Alexander and Cæsar, but soldiers, pronounced by their leader—(no better judge of military character)—to be the best in Europe. And who were his opponents?—nations who singly could not bring into the field armies sufficiently numerous to meet his legions in battle with any hope of success, having no generals to lead them "against whom Napoleon could acquire any glory." In all his wars, therefore, from Austerlitz down to 1813, he invariably attacked his opponents with greatly superior numbers. He overwhelmed

the Austrians under Mack ; the Prussians, at Jena ; and though roughly handled at Eylau, his force was one-third more numerous than that of the Russians. And on crossing the Niemen, in 1812, was not his army double in point of numerical strength to that of Alexander ? Keeping, therefore, these facts in view, and that the movements of the *corps-d'armée* were so combined that any two of them could aid each other in case of necessity, until they could be supported by other portions of the operating army—and that the movements of the whole were based on France, and the fortresses in advance of her ancient frontier—can we be surprised at Napoleon pushing forward his legions in a dashing, haphazard sort of style, his operating columns being exposed to but little danger, particularly when directed against such opponents as Mack ;—it being a much less difficult matter to manœuvre in the presence of a brother commander with a craven heart and no very penetrating eye, than one possessed of an eagle eye and heart of lion mould ?

How very differently situated was the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula, as regards men, stores, and position. Pompey boasted that he had but to stamp on the ground, and armies would spring into existence : Napoleon not only boasted, but actually stamped—and up started one or two hundred thousand well-clad, well-disciplined soldiers, ready for any mischievous plot he might

have in store for them to accomplish. If by a similar movement of the foot Wellington could have commanded the attendance of a few additional thousands of his countrymen in the Peninsula, and equally efficient for the duties of the field, would he not have stamped till the soles had dropped from his boots?—his most urgent requisitions for reinforcements having often failed to procure for him more than a few paltry detachments.

The losses of Marmont at Salamanca appear from the following—

“ I had long had reports of the enemy’s intention to advance for the relief of the castle of Burgos, with the army of Portugal, reinforced by troops recently arrived from France”—

to have been filled up in September: but not so those of the Duke; the Government having imprudently allowed the detachments for the Peninsula to wait for a spring breeze, to waft them to their destination!

But it was not in men only that the Government were stingy:—

“ I have never made,” said the Duke, “ any demand upon the Government, but have always considered it my duty to do the best I could with the means at my disposal, being certain that the Government were desirous of making them as large as circumstances would permit. As the same desire still exists in the Ordnance, as well as other departments, I should wait till Government should deem it expedient to increase our means of this description; but, finding that at my dis-

posal, to be very inadequate to the numbers *even of the British army*, and by no means sufficient in a view to the circumstances in which we are placed."

And nothing was ever penned with a greater regard to truth—it being a fact, that in the celebrated battle of Salamanca, the French artillery was not only of larger calibre, but infinitely more numerous than the British.

So little, however, were the people at home aware of the great deficiency of artillery in the Peninsula, that, on a vote of thanks being proposed to the army for the battle of Salamanca, the opposition attributed the failure of the Duke at Burgos, to his incapacity; which drew from his brother the Marquis Wellesley a few pithy sentences, calculated to put the saddle on the right horse—in which he told the ministers, that

"The system which they had adopted having been timid without prudence—narrow without economy—profuse without the benefit of expenditure—and slow without the benefit of caution—all his brother's plans had been cramped by the tardy and scanty supplies that were sent him."

Remarks which, as well as the despatches of the Duke touching the same subject, should be kept in remembrance by all those who wish to arrive at an impartial decision on the military merits of the two Commanders: it being only by carefully contrasting the position of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula—the very limited

means at his disposal—and the difficulty he experienced in procuring from home, supplies of cash, men, and artillery, sufficient to cover the casualties, and keep up his little army to an efficient standard, with the enormous means at the personal disposal of Napoleon, that this can be effected. A general with a small degree of military capacity and experience, may, without incurring much risk of a defeat, manœuvre an army of 100,000 men, backed by a powerful reserve, in the presence of one of 60,000, with a reserve of a few thousand ill-disciplined troops only. But who, save a general thoroughly versed in all that relates to the royal game of war, can, with an army limited to 60,000 men, and a few thousands as a reserve, manœuvre on an extensive scale in an open country in the face of from two to three hundred thousand well-trained soldiers, without exposing his followers to almost certain destruction? It is not very wonderful, therefore, that with armies consisting of from 200,000 to 500,000 men, Napoleon should have made war on neighbouring states, who could oppose to his masses but little more than one-half of their numbers, and triumphed: but it is something more than wonderful, that, with an army of 60,000 men only, Wellington should have grappled with the Goliath himself, and like David of old smitten him to the earth! Comparing France and an inferior state to a giant embracing a dwarf, Napoleon remarked—

“The poor dwarf may possibly be suffocated in the arms of the former; but the giant does not mean it, and cannot help it;”—

little dreaming that a battle of giants was looming in the distance, in which the little dwarfs were, for aye and for ever, to be rescued from the embraces of the would-be giant of the world; and by the conquering sword of that man, to lower whom in the eyes of the French population, he caused the paragraph—

“It is devoutly to be hoped that General Wellesley will always command the English armies. A man of his stamp is sure to encounter great disasters”—

to appear in the *Moniteur*; though, from the following—

“I am prepared for all events; and if I am in a scrape, as appears to be the general belief, although not my own, I will get out of it”—

such a thing as a disaster never entered into his imagination.

The power of rewarding the officers and soldiers for heroic conduct in the field, gave to Napoleon a most decided advantage over his rival, who had not the power to make even a corporal. From an early period of European history, rewards, whether honorary or pecuniary, have at all times exercised a most commanding influence over the minds of men, when engaged in the duties of the field; but, perhaps, at no former

period was the system acted upon on so extensive a scale as in France during the reign of Napoleon: it being a fact, that almost every soldier at the commencement of a campaign, looked forward to a rich harvest of decorations or steps of promotion before its close—the want of education offering no insuperable bar to the promotion of any man distinguishing himself in action. And what were the consequences? Why this: every man being perfectly aware that the decorations and the promotion could only be acquired by an unlimited devotion to his master's service, each, in order to secure the object of his ambition, endeavoured to surpass his right and left hand comrades in deeds of noble daring. And bearing in remembrance the rapid rise of some of the marshals from the rank of private to that of general, is it surprising that the non-commissioned officers and privates of Napoleon, should, on the lines—

“Think not, obscure for ever, you'll remain
A private soldier on the embattled plain;—
A soldier first, you'll learn the soldier's art,
At length a chief, you'll act a chieftain's part;
From *step to step* advancing to the post,
You soon shall lead a firm battalion's host”—

falling softly on their ear, have rushed into the thickest of the mortal combat with more than human courage? No. But it is somewhat surprising, that under such circumstances, the Duke, with the handful of British soldiers, should ever have gained a single advantage.

For what were the inducements then held out to the latter to excel in good conduct and gallantry in the field?—not, as in ancient times, the hope of a crown, or a seat among the senators of the land—of sharing in the spoils of foreign countries—of having monuments raised to their memories—of being raised to noble rank—of receiving even a little bit of riband to shew to their relations and friends the distinguished part they had acted in the grand struggle for Peninsular independence: no! nothing. How much greater, therefore, is the praise due to those who, without the hope of the smallest reward, raised the standard of victory on every field on which they met the redoubtable legions of Napoleon.

That the British General deemed the want of this power on his part, a subject for the serious consideration of the home authorities is evident from—

“As for an incitement to officers to do their duty, there is no such thing. We who command the armies of the country, and who are expected to make exertions greater than those made by the French *armies*; to *march*, to *fight*, and to keep our troops in health and in discipline, have not the power of rewarding or promising a reward for a single officer in the army;”
and—

“I who certainly have upon my hands the most extensive and difficult concern that was ever imposed on any British officer, *have not the power of making even a corporal;*”

and the following:—

“It is impossible this system can last. It will do very well for trifling expeditions; but those who are to superintend the discipline, and *to excite and regulate the exertions of the officers* of the army during long-continued service, must have the power of rewarding them by the only mode in which they can be rewarded, that is, by promotion. It is not known to the army, and to strangers I am almost ashamed of acknowledging the small degree (I ought to say) of power of reward which belongs to my situation; and it is really extraordinary that I have got on so well hitherto without it; but the day must come when this system must be altered.”

But no good resulted from these communications, the same system being persevered in to the close of the war. That the success of the Duke was, therefore, as expressed by himself, “really extraordinary”—all impartial people must admit: for what were the actual circumstances under which the belligerents entered a field of strife at that period?—“If you beat your enemy, my lads, promotion, honorary rewards, and plunder shall be yours,” was the language of Napoleon.

“If you give the enemy a good pummeling, the thanks of your countrymen shall be yours; but remember, that promotion or honorary rewards I have none to bestow; and should you soil your fingers with plunder, the Provost-Marshal will settle accounts with you.”

was that of Wellington, so different were the systems on which the belligerents conducted the war in the Peninsula.

Raising the covers of their military chests, we discover another decided advantage which Napoleon possessed over Wellington. While the latter was writing—"If there was money I should entertain no doubt of the result of the next campaign," and—"There is not in the military chest a shilling." The former had £20,000,000 British currency, altogether distinct from the public revenue, snugly stored in the cellars of the Tuileries, to meet extraordinary war contingencies, such as those of 1812 and 1813, a sum fully equal to *four years' war expenses* in the Peninsula, beyond what the same number of men, &c., would have cost had the whole of them been in England. What the Duke accomplished with an empty chest, is matter of history; how much sooner he would have finished his mission had his chest been as well lined as that of his antagonist, we can now but guess. But seeing from the following—

"If I could put 20,000 Spaniards into the field—which I could do if I had money, and was properly supported by the fleet—I must have the only fortress there is on this frontier, and that in a very short space of time. If I could put 40,000 Spaniards into the field, I should most possibly have my posts on the Garonne"—

what a very small portion of the £20,000,000 would have enabled the Field-Marshal to achieve, surely with pecuniary means similar to those at the disposal of Napoleon, he would have had it in his power to bring forward such an overwhelming

number of Spanish and Portuguese troops, as would have enabled him to push his posts, not to the Garonne only, but to the Loire, or to welcome his northern friends on the banks of the Seine.

But besides enabling Napoleon to equip his new levies with extraordinary expedition, his piles of gold procured for him an entrance into places of great strength, without being put to the trouble or expense of a siege. What said Caffarelli to Napoleon, after the surrender of Malta in 1798? was it not?—

“It is well, General, that there was some one within to open the gates to us; for we should have had more trouble in entering them if the place had been altogether empty.”

And to what but to means similar to those employed at Malta, can the surrender of Ulm, and the neutrality of Prussia in 1805, be ascribed? And is it not a fact, that, in the following year, the Prussian fortresses of Magdeburg and Hemelen were surrendered to Napoleon after the battle of Jena, for suitable compensations? And, coming nearer our own times, were not the gates of Badajoz, of Tortosa, and Lerida, in Spain, opened by golden keys? What says the Duke respecting the former?—

“As the garrison at last surrendered before the enemy had attacked the place, and without being distressed for provisions, it is believed the place *was sold*.”

And the two latter?—

“Tortosa was surrendered by treachery on the 2nd of January, as Lerida had been but a short time before.”

But into what fortress did the Duke of Wellington ever obtain an entrance with the aid of a golden picklock? Not Ciudad-Rodrigo, nor Badajoz, nor St. Sebastian—all of which were carried by storm; nor the still stronger one of Pampluna, the garrison of which did not surrender until their provisions were exhausted: nor was the Duke at any time indebted to the temporizing policy of a Haugwitz for the successful issue of a campaign.

By acting the part of a charlatan at the head of his army, Napoleon acquired a most astonishing influence over the minds of his soldiers. “The soldiers are my children,” was a favourite phrase of his; but what paternal regard could that man have for any of his followers, who could, at a review, say to one of his staff,—

“Ascertain from the colonel of such a regiment whether he has a man who was in the campaigns of Italy or Egypt; ascertain his name, where he was born, the particulars of his family, and what he has done. Learn his number in the ranks, and to what company he belongs, and furnish me with the information.”

And then, on receiving the particulars, go up to the man, and as if he knew everything relating to his family and services, say,—

“Oh! so you are here; you are a brave fellow; I saw

you at Aboukir. How is your old father? What! have you not got the cross? Stay I will give it you.'

And for what? to make the men believe that he witnessed their every act in the field, and under that impression, to rush with headlong bravery into the thickest of the fight, and raise him an additional step on the ladder of ambition? Sooner than have descended to make use of an artifice of this kind to induce his men to fight with greater spirit, though for the public interests, the Duke of Wellington would have commanded his eyes to be bandaged, and the little member which no man can tame, to be chained during his natural life; for what was the opinion of the Duke respecting conduct of this description?—

“In proportion, however, as I gain experience of the Mahratta chiefs, I have more reason to be astonished at the low and unaccountable tricks which even the highest classes of them practice, with a view, however remote, *to forward their own interests.*”

And is it not a fact that trickery was held in the same detestation by the Field-Marshal until his eyes closed on this world and its trickery for ever?

Aware that the road to universal empire lay over slaughtered millions, and that his route would produce groans from widowed mothers, and cries for bread from the lips of hungry orphans, Napoleon established in the vicinity of Paris an asylum for the daughters of officers who had fallen

or who might fall in aiding him to ascend the slippery ladder. Provision having been made by the English Government for the widows and children of the officers who fell combating for that liberty which the French Ruler was endeavouring to banish from the earth, the Duke was not called upon to promote the endowing of any similar establishment. Entertaining, however, a very high opinion of the many and great services rendered to his country by the gallant Field-Marshal, and the humane and praiseworthy manner in which he had on all occasions, when practicable, husbanded the lives of their ancestors, a subscription was entered into at the Duke's decease, by his countrymen, to build and endow an asylum for the children of such officers as might hereafter fall in defence of their country, to be denominated, "The Wellington Testimonial." How different the objects of the founders! that of Napoleon being to afford a sop to the French people, for immolating so many of their relatives at the shrine of his ambition; the other to commemorate to after ages the name and great public services of the British General. How widely different the character of the institutions! one being erected for the children of officers killed, combating to enslave the world—the other to receive the children of officers who may hereafter fall, combating to insure to the world the liberty which it at present enjoys.

“The stake I play for is immense ; I must make one nation out of all the European states, and Paris must be the capital of the world,”

said Napoleon.

“We shall yet see the world relieved,”

was the language of Wellington. When these words fell from the lips of Napoleon, two-thirds of Europe owned him as their sovereign lord, and nearly a million of armed men as their leader ; but no portion of Europe acknowledged Wellington as their superior ; and the only portion of the human family over whom he exercised any authority, was the gallant band under his command. For the great stakes both played. Though wielding unlimited power, and at the head of 800,000 men, Napoleon, by risking much, lost all : Wellington, though his power was extremely limited, and, compared with that of his great rival, his army little better than a drop of water in a bucket—by risking little, gained all for which he played. Napoleon made an erroneous estimate of his military resources, and thereby dissipated all his hopes of earthly grandeur and glory : by estimating his with the eye of prudence, Wellington raised himself to the very highest rank to which, as a subject, he could aspire.

“I have, it must be allowed, been spoiled by success,”—

was the remark of Napoleon, as some trifling apology for his many imprudences and follies. Success could not possibly spoil that commander who ascribed all his victories to HIM who giveth not the battle to the strong! Napoleon almost invariably gained his object by the mere force of numbers, regardless of loss of life: the Duke of Wellington, on the contrary, by exercising a prudent caution, husbanded his resources till a favourable opportunity offered of striking a blow with the greatest effect and the least possible loss of men. The French soldiers followed Napoleon to the cannon's mouth, in expectation of receiving from him rewards honorary and pecuniary: the only honour which the British soldier expected, when proceeding on a similar mission, was the honour of giving their opponents a hearty drubbing! To enrich themselves, the French soldiers roamed over Europe, at the beck of their leader: the British soldiers accompanied their chief, not to rob some house of prayer of its chalice, or to cause the salt drop to trickle over the widow's cheek—but from the most self-denying of all motives. And what have been the consequences? In every country out of France, the soldiers of Napoleon are still spoken of in terms of bitter reproach—in the Peninsula and in the Netherlands, the soldiers of Wellington with marked respect.

The golden rule, “Do unto others as you would

that they should do unto you," had no place in the breast of Napoleon, but was a constant resident in that of Wellington.

"From the instant I gained a superiority, I have recognised neither masters nor laws" —

was the confession of Napoleon.

"I am the Prince Regent's servant; and will do whatever he and his Government pleases" —

was the language of Wellington. Acting, therefore, as the sole arbiter of the lives of this world's inhabitants, Napoleon was restrained by no considerations whatever: throughout his long life, Wellington never ceased to act in strict obedience with the orders of his royal masters and the laws of his country. The policy of Bonaparte, therefore, was throughout deceptive — that of Wellington straightforward and honourable.

The principal victories of Napoleon were obtained over generals of but slender military abilities; those of Wellington over the marshals of France, and the great master spirit himself. The victories of Napoleon were gained over armies numerically inferior to his own. In all his battles, save Vimiera and Oporto, the Duke—according to the mode of estimating the strength of European armies adopted by Napoleon—was, as regards physical force, considerably inferior to those to whom he was opposed. After twenty years' experience, the latter, from the rock of St. Helena, as-

sured the world, that one Englishman was equal to one Frenchman on the field of battle ; but that one Frenchman was equal to two soldiers of all other European nations—consequently, as the Duke's operating army was composed of British and Portuguese, in nearly equal proportions, and as on one or two occasions the Duke is supposed to have been a thousand or two more numerous than his rival, it is obvious, that as 30,000 Portuguese or Spaniards, according to Napoleon's estimate, were equal to but 15,000 French troops—the former must in every case have been inferior to his antagonists, and in not a few, outnumbered in the proportion of fully two to one !

Both Napoleon and Wellington exposed themselves fearlessly in action when necessity rendered such a step necessary. The former having imprudently exposed his person to the bullets of the enemy at Ratisbon, said, on his staff remonstrating with him on the folly of so doing,—“What can I do ? I must needs see how matters go on.” And what was the reply of the Duke on being taken to task by his staff for a similar act at Waterloo ? Was it not, “I know I am, but I must *die*, or see what they are doing.”

“All I wish, all I desire—the object of all my labours, is that my name shall be for ever connected with that of France,” was the language of Napoleon. “I came here to perform my duty, and I neither do nor can enjoy any satisfaction in any-

thing except the performance of my duty to my own country," was that of Wellington. So fearfully were the wishes and desires of the former realized, that while France remains a nation, his name will be associated with hers; not as a patriotic, but a despotic sovereign, who in a dozen of years despoiled her of millions of her sons: but so patriotic were all the actions of the latter, that until the name of Britain shall cease to appear on the map of Europe, the name of Wellington will remain associated with hers—as her most patriotic statesman and consummate commander.

That all the wars of Napoleon were entered into, and all his battles fought to secure his personal aggrandizement, we require no better proof than that afforded the world by the exclamation, "All is now over with Joseph; send to countermand the order for the watch," which proceeded from his lips on hearing of the rout of Vittoria; his brother Joseph, for whom the watch had been ordered to be manufactured, being no longer in a position to assist him in his views of personal ambition. Wellington entered upon all his campaigns, and fought all his battles with but one object, the patriotic one of serving his country to the utmost of his ability.

"With my complete guard of forty or fifty thousand men, I would have pledged myself to march through Europe," said Napoleon. "I always thought that I could have gone anywhere,

and done anything with the Peninsular army," remarked Wellington. The language of the former was sadly misplaced, seeing that with 500,000 men, in addition to his guard, he was not only unable to find his way to the capital of Russia, but compelled to fly from the country with the loss of his whole army, guards and all;—that of the latter was correct, having borne away the laurel from every field on which he fought, and at the close of the tremendous struggle, restored to his country the gallant legions which she had placed under his command, crowned with victory and covered with glory.

"If war break out all is lost," said Napoleon, when for the first time he sent his troops into Spain. "How my fingers itch to begin," was, as already noticed, that of the Duke when preparing to engage in an Indian war: so different were their views of the wars in which they were about to be engaged. War broke out in Spain, and proved the ruin of Napoleon; war likewise took place in India, and gave the conqueror a claim to a few additional niches in the temple of Fame.

So long as Napoleon could oppose a superior to an inferior force, he was invariably successful; but when forced to "march to the battle-field," with numbers inferior to his antagonists, his victories were fewer and much farther between. In every variety of situation in which the Duke of

Wellington was placed, whether advancing or retreating—or at the head of a superior or inferior or an equal force, his military talents were equally conspicuous, and in all his encounters equally successful. By pressing time—the potent enemy of those who are hurrying forward to the object which they have in view—with unreasonable haste, Napoleon brought defeat on his arms in Russia, in 1812: but, aware that time is the most powerful friend and assistant of those who have the patience and the prudence to wait for the opportunities it affords, Wellington, by patiently waiting the arrival of the favourable opportunity, succeeded by his deeds and his example in establishing liberty on the ruins of despotism. True it is that Napoleon attributed his failure in Russia to Sarmatian storms. It may be that some of his plans were deranged by Sarmatian storms; but who had he to blame for that?—not the storms;—for had he not, contrary to every prudential military maxim, assaulted and carried the region of storms, the latter would not have visited him with their wrath. But for “conquest has made me what I am, and conquest alone can enable me to maintain my position,” the conduct of Napoleon in the Russian campaign of 1812, would be altogether inexplicable.

All the world knows that Napoleon and Wellington were born in the year 1769, and that at the age of eighteen each of them obtained the

object of their youthful ambition, a military commission ; but as all the world may not bear in remembrance two little incidents in the lives of those two extraordinary men, which have induced many to believe that Bonaparte's mission was to carry out, Wellington's to put down, the French Revolution, we trust we shall be excused from noticing them here. Barras, on being nominated to the command of the troops of the Convention, perceiving a good deal of anxiety to prevail in certain quarters relative to the appointment of a general of ability and decision to act as his lieutenant, remarked to his colleagues, "I have the man whom you want, a little Corsican officer, who will not stand upon ceremony,"—a remark which not only procured the appointment of Napoleon, but decided the fate of Europe for the greater part of twenty years. And is it not a fact that it was the rather prophetic letter—

"You seem to be at a loss for generals in England. There is one now returning from India, who—if you can overcome the objections of precedence and length of service, and place him at once at the head of the British army—is capable of saving England at least, if not Europe, from the dangers which seem thickening around you"—

written by a gentleman in India, a celebrated judge of human character, on the Duke of Wellington taking leave of India in 1805—that drew attention to him in 1808, as the person most

capable of coping with the legions of Napoleon, and procured for him the command of that army at the head of which he laid the chief of the Revolution prostrate at his feet? How trifling the incidents which occasionally give an important turn to the affairs of the world!

It would be worth thousands to know all that passed in the hearts of Wellington and Napoleon, when the former first set foot on the Lusitanian shore, and the latter received the first intelligence of the Duke's arrival in that country. That a feeling of entire confidence in the success of their respective missions existed in the breast of each, the letter of the Field-Marshal, dated the day of landing, the 1st of August, enclosing a plan for the defence of Portugal, &c., and the exciting remark—

“Bessieres has just put the crown on Joseph's head. The Spaniards have now perhaps 15,000 men left with some old blockhead at their head. The resistance of the Peninsula has ended”—

made by Bonaparte about the same date, on receiving intelligence of the defeat of the Spaniards at Medina-del-Rio-Secco, on the 14th of the month immediately preceding—bear testimony. How very strikingly is the great foresight of Wellington, and the deficiency of it on the part of the French Commander here forced upon our attention! Though the real resistance to his usurpation had not actually commenced, Napoleon in self-

congratulatory strains, proclaimed all opposition at an end: Wellington, on the contrary, saw an opposition arising which would hurl the former from his throne. Napoleon lived to lament, in self-condemnatory accents—

“Oh! that wretched war! it has been my ruin. It divided my forces, multiplied the necessity of my efforts, and injured my character for morality”—

his own want of foresight. Wellington lived to see his foresight thoroughly established in the accomplishment of all that he had foreshadowed. Discovering his error when too late, the Peninsula proved the grave of Napoleon's glory: but detecting the error of his rival as soon as it was committed, a nursery to the glories of Wellington.

Napoleon gave the French people public festivals, victories, and enlarged territories; claiming in return, however, the right of hurrying their children, in enormous masses, into foreign lands, to acquire still more extended conquests. Wellington gave the British people a succession of brilliant victories, and added to the territorial boundaries of the country; but so far was he from claiming the right of dragging their children from under the paternal roof, to accompany him to new victories and conquests, that his army was from first to last composed of men who had made their country a voluntary tender of their services. How

different, therefore, the composition of the two armies! the services of the soldiers of the one being compulsory—Napoleon led armies of slaves; the services of the soldiers of the other being voluntary—Wellington was accompanied to the battle-field by legions of armed men free as the air they breathed.

“I may safely affirm that the French troops are of all others those which could most easily be rendered the best, and preserved so. It is perhaps possible to produce troops as good as those that composed my army of Italy and Austerlitz, but certainly nothing ever surpassed them”—

was the language of Napoleon at St. Helena. And what was that of Wellington after the battle of Waterloo?

“The best troops we have, perhaps the best in the world, are the British infantry, particularly the old infantry that has served in Spain.

Now those celebrated warriors having claimed for the soldiers of their respective countries the superiority in the field of battle, and as both of them have quitted this earthly scene never to return, a referee nominated by them to settle the knotty point there cannot be. What, then, is to be done? True it is that Napoleon, when at St. Helena, placed the soldiers of France and England on an equal footing by admitting that one soldier of the latter country was equal to one of the former; but equally true, that to this apparently can-

did admission stubborn historical facts compelled him ; for, in the annals of the late war, there is not recorded one instance where the British troops were worsted by an inferior body of French, while there are many instances of the latter being completely routed by inferior bodies of the former—witness Talavera and Fuentes d'Onoro, and other battles ! With Napoleon's admission many think we ought to be satisfied ; but why should we, seeing that, though dead, he—in the sentence “The best soldiers are those who gain battles,”—yet speaketh, and so much in our favour ? For as the French troops, not only under the marshals, but the Emperor himself, were often defeated, but the British under the Duke of Wellington never—the palm, according to Napoleon's own mode of determining the quality of troops, must rest with those who never experienced defeat.

And this leads us to the consideration of another important matter—the merits of the commanders by whom the troops were led to battle. We have never entertained but one opinion on the subject ; but to show our impartiality on the occasion, we propose to delegate to the same party the duty of deciding in this case also. Bonaparte and Wellington met but once, on the memorable 18th of June, 1815, at Waterloo. Until that day it is evident, from the remark, “I go to measure myself with Wellington,” which the former made on throwing himself into his carriage preparatory to leaving

Paris to join the army, that as a commander he fancied he had no superior, but equally evident that, after he had performed the operation of measuring himself with his rival, he saw occasion to change his opinion; for what said the ex-Emperor to his friend Bertrand, a few days after the battle? was it not—

“The Duke of Wellington, in the management of a large army, is fully equal to myself, with the advantage of possessing more prudence.”

A remark in which every impartial person must most heartily concur. For, as it has been truly observed—

“Fiercely on Gallia’s desolating lord
He wreaked full vengeance for the outraged laws
Of God and man, and blessed peace restored.”

MARLBOROUGH.

THAT the characters of our two greatest warriors, the Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington, assimilate in many material points, the histories of their respective lives bear ample evidence. Both of them, for instance, entered the British service when but mere youths; both served on the Continent in subordinate capacities, the former with a body of English troops sent to aid France against Holland, the latter with an army of British troops to protect Holland from the rapacity of the French. Both were entrusted with distinct commands, and the management of important operations,—the Duke of Marlborough in Ireland, the Duke of Wellington in India—before being nominated to the command of those

armies at the head of which they respectively acquired never-dying fame. Both were called upon to assume the command of armies,—that of Marlborough to stem the torrent of French ambition, directed by Louis XIV.; that of Wellington the mad ambition of the same nation, let loose upon Europe by Napoleon Bonaparte, the Continental states having previously, at each of the periods, failed in their attempts to set limits to the boundaries of their powerful neighbours. But widely different were the military resources of France in 1702 and 1809. True it is that at the former period, Spain, the Netherlands, the Milanese, and other small states, were under the power of Louis; Bavaria was his humble servant, and the whole of Southern Germany lay most invitingly open to attack; but equally true that at the latter period the whole of Europe, save the little island of Sicily, was either in actual possession of the legions of Napoleon, or so much in dread of them that they dared not move an arm. Though large, the armies, therefore, sent forth to battle by Louis, were not only small compared with those at the command of Bonaparte; but the royal warriors possessed much less of that *esprit de corps* for which the imperial legions were so long celebrated,—a fact to which the records of France for the periods named, bear truthful testimony. True it is that in 1702, as in 1809, the nations of the Continent believed in the invincibility of the

French ; but that the belief of the French troops at those periods in their own invincibility was equally strong, facts disprove ; for what writes Marlborough after the battle of Blenheim?—

“ If they had not been the *most frightened people* in the world, they would never have quitted these posts.”

And that they had not got over their fright six years after that memorable event, is evident from—

“ The Duke of Vendôme’s army *is so frightened*, that I am very confident if we could get them *out of their entrenchments*, and from behind the canal of Ghent and Bruges, we should beat them *with half their numbers*, especially their foot : this is one of their reasons for staying where they are.”

Baseless, therefore, must have been the belief of those men—if belief they had—in their own invincibility. The soldiers of Napoleon had good grounds for their belief, having from 1796 to 1812, when led by Napoleon in person, been almost invariably victorious—a belief which even the disastrous campaign of 1812, and the several beatings which they had received in the Peninsula, did not deprive them ; for what was the language of Soult on assuming the command of the French army after the battle of Vittoria ?

“ Fortresses were abandoned and blown up ; hasty and disorderly marches gave confidence to the enemy ;

and a veteran army, small indeed in numbers, but great in all that constituted the military character; which had fought, bled, and triumphed in every province of Spain—beheld with indignation its laurels tarnished, and itself compelled to abandon all its acquisitions; the trophies of many a well-fought and bloody day. . . . His instructions are to drive the enemy from those lofty heights, which enable him proudly to survey our fertile valleys, *and chase them across the Ebro.*”

And in what more powerful language could any officer express his belief in the invincibility of the arms of his country? From these paragraphs, and the following—

“Then he (Napoleon) could have it in his power to turn against the Allied armies the 200,000 men; of which 100,000 men are such troops as those armies have not yet had to deal with”—

penned by the Duke of Wellington in December, 1813, it will be seen, that the troops of Louis XIV. were of an inferior stamp to those of Napoleon I.

But though the objects which Marlborough and Wellington had in view were identically the same, they proceeded on their missions under very different circumstances. The former had powerful friends, both at Court and in the Cabinet; all the avenues leading to royal favour being in the keeping of the Duchess of Marlborough; but few, either at Court, or in the Cabinet, were

the friends of the latter, when he proceeded to the Peninsula: the consequence was, that on assuming the command of the Allied army in the Netherlands, Marlborough found himself at the head of 60,000 well-trained soldiers, many of them possessing considerable experience in the warlike art—Wellington, on arriving in the Peninsula, about 20,000 men only. With his 60,000 men, Marlborough operated against a body of French troops of about the same number as his own; Wellington against 300,000 of the best troops in Europe. Nor was his little army increased beyond two or three thousand men for nearly a year after he landed in Portugal; the members of the Cabinet being divided in sentiment as to the mode in which the operations should be conducted, as we learn from—

“I acknowledge, that it has appeared to me till very lately, that the Government themselves felt no confidence in the measures which they were adopting in this country.”

While Marlborough, therefore, was enabled to confront his antagonist in the field on equal terms, as regards numerical force, Wellington had to work his way with his handful of warriors in the face of the overwhelming masses of Napoleon in the Peninsula. In August, 1809, the Field-Marshal had no fewer than 90 to 100,000 men, under the command of (as we learn from himself) a

whole host of marshals—viz., Soult, Ney, Mortier, Victor, Kellermann, and Sebastiani—ready to pounce upon him ; the river Tagus being the only barrier between him and them, the very names of whom had struck terror into the breasts of millions, but—

“ Having gained a great and glorious victory but a few days before, over double his numbers, and thereby proved to Napoleon, that he did not govern the first military nation in the world ;”

and aware that the Marshals could not keep so large a force concentrated at one point, unless considerably reinforced—their proximity to his position gave him but very little uneasiness ; though, as until he had placed the river between his antagonists and himself, he evidently fancied that his obstinate and incapable Spanish colleague had brought him into “ a bad scrape,” he would unquestionably have felt himself infinitely more at ease, had 10 or 15,000 of the fine fellows who were sent to perish in the pestilential marshes of Holland in the previous month, been within hail.

But favourable as was the position of Marlborough in the first year of his command, compared with that of Wellington in 1809, that of the former, as appears from—

“ The strength of the French army is 118 squadrons and 61 battalions ; ours consists of 125 squadrons and

59 battalions; but our battalions are stronger than theirs, so that I think we have a good deal the superiority, which is very plainly the opinion of the French, since they always decamp when we come near them,"—

was considerably bettered in the year succeeding: for, in addition to his superiority in numerical force, he was backed by the reserves of the Continental nations in alliance with England. Not so, however, that of Wellington; who, from the 1st of May, 1809, to the end of March, 1810, the largest force he ever had with him in the field was 22,000 British, and a few battalions of very inefficient Portuguese. Nor was his position much improved in the latter part of 1810; for though the British contingent had been increased to 25,000 men, and the Portuguese to 19,200, none of the latter had ever been in action; and the French army had been so extensively reinforced, that Massena was enabled, according to his own proclamation, to enter Portugal with 110,000 men, after amply providing for the protection of the frontier Spanish provinces; to oppose which, the Duke mustered, on the day of Busaco, 49,200 men only.

But the great superiority of the enemy, did not prevent a considerable portion of the people of this country from complaining, in terms of bitterness, of the inactivity of the Allied army, and attributing it to the conduct of its Commander; on which subject—after odium in unmeasured quan-

tity, had been poured upon his head—the Duke writes—

“ It is very obvious, that a continuance of the same cautious system would lose me the little reputation I had acquired, and the good opinion of the people of this country. Nothing, therefore, could be more desirable to me personally, than that either the contest should be given up at once, or that it should be continued with a force so sufficient as to render all opposition hopeless.”

And thus, by throwing the entire responsibility of the war on the Government, put the latter so far on their mettle, that not daring, for the credit of the country, to withdraw from the contest, they reinforced the Duke to an extent which raised his British contingent to fully 41,000 men; but, deducting men sick, absent on duty, detached, and prisoners of war, not more than 30,000 of them were in the field. But small as the reinforcements were, they enabled him to assume the offensive in the latter part of 1811, and to continue so to act until his mission was brought to a close in April, 1814.

Without giving themselves the trouble of contrasting the positions of the two generals at the head of their respective armies, many give the first place as a commander to Marlborough, on the grounds that he had to discharge the duties of his office with his hands and feet fast bound by fetters, constructed of Dutch obstinacy, inactivity, and cowardice. True it is that Marlborough writes of his Dutch friends—

“ You will see by the enclosed, that after four days’ march I found the enemy encamped as I expected ; so that I thought we should have had a very glorious day. But as the deputies would not consent without consulting the generals, who were all against it except Overkirk, we have been obliged to retire from the enemy, notwithstanding that we were at least one-third stronger than they : which I take to be very prejudicial to the common cause, and scandalous to the army.”

“ How was it,” said a friend to Marlborough one day, “ that Alexander, and other heroes of antiquity, made such rapid progress ; and that now, all that the greatest generals can do is to take two or three towns in a campaign ?” “ The reason is sufficiently obvious—Alexander had never any Dutch deputies in his camp,” was the Duke’s reply : and had the Duke of Wellington been asked the same question, as truly might he have retorted, that the Macedonian Monarch had no Portuguese bishops, or Spanish deputies, or disobedient generals in his camp ; for what was the language of the Field-Marshal respecting the Portuguese Government, in September, 1810 ?

“ They have, in imitation of the Central Junta, interfered in the military operations—have deliberated upon the propriety of adopting offensive measures, and of moving the army into Spain ; then they have cast reflection and suspicion on every Portuguese employed by Marshal Beresford and me ; likewise in imitation of the Central Junta : and in many important instances, some relating

exclusively to the army, they have recently disobeyed the order of the Prince Regent, to adopt no measure without consulting my opinion."

And, eight months later—

"It must be indifferent to me who are the governors of the kingdom, only that things are growing to such a state, as to threaten the existence of the country, if the French should be able again to invade it. We can get the Government to do nothing; all the departments of the army are worse than useless."

And of Spain, in August, 1812—

"What can be done for this lost nation? As for raising men or supplies, or taking any one measure to enable them to carry on the war—that is out of the question. Indeed, there is nobody to excite them to exertion—nobody looks forward to the exertions to be made, whether to improve, or to secure our advantage."—(Victory of Salamanca.) "I shudder when I reflect upon the enormity of the task which I have undertaken, with inadequate powers myself to do anything, and without assistance of any kind from the Spaniards; or, I may say, from any individual of the Spanish nation."

And in a despatch three months later—

"There is no diversion which would answer at present to effect an alteration in our relative numbers—even if I could depend upon the Spaniards to do anything. But I am quite in despair about them. The only man among them who ever did anything (Balles-

teros*) is gone, and I am apprehensive that it will be quite impossible to employ him again."

That both were greatly cramped in their operations, and their lives not a little embittered by the selfish and annoying conduct of those people, their despatches testify,—for that self governed the conduct of the Dutch deputies and Peninsular juntas, there cannot be two opinions. True it is that the Dutch deputies held the arm of Marlborough when he wished to strike; and the Portuguese ministers used every effort to raise the arm of Wellington to the striking point—when he wished it to remain by his side; but their conduct, nevertheless, proceeded from the same selfish object—a fact of which any one may be convinced who will dip a little into the narratives of the operations conducted by the British Chiefs at those interesting periods.

True it may be that the Dutchmen fancied Marlborough too fond of fighting desperate battles,—for, in the fourth year of the war, the Duke writes—

"On the whole, I find they would be glad to content me; but I am afraid would be glad also to have it still

* Ballesteros was dismissed for disobeying an order of the Duke of Wellington, as Generalissimo of the Spanish army, in October, 1812; by which Soult was enabled to move against Wellington with a much larger force than he otherwise could have done; and to compel the latter to retire into Portugal in the month following.

in their power *to hinder a battle*, for they do seem to *apprehend very much the consequences of such a venture.*"

And no wonder—for it must be conceded, we conceive, even by the Duke of Marlborough's warmest admirers, that like little Strenuwitz, aide-de-camp to Sir William Erskine, he was so "fond of de fight"—so anxious, indeed, to engage in desperate battles, that with the Duke of Wellington's army—and no better means of recruiting it—he would soon have been compelled to say with Napoleon,—“If I have to fight a battle to-morrow, where is my army?” And then where would have been Peninsular independence?

But notwithstanding the many uneasy moments which the conduct of the deputies and juntas gave the two commanders, we find Marlborough writing, in the fourth year of the war—

“All these misfortunes make one very uneasy; but we must struggle on as we can. We must do the best we can.”

And Wellington—

“They may do what they please, I shall not give up the game here as long as it can be played. . . . I shall continue to do my best in this country.”

And two years later—

“I have always considered it *my duty* to do the best I could with the means placed at my disposal.”

And both persevered: and the issue of such

perseverance was a succession of victories. In 1708, the sixth year of the war, Marlborough writes—

“This campaign is now ended to my own heart’s desire. As soon as they knew I had possession of the gate of Ghent, the French took the resolution of abandoning Bruges. . . . I cannot express to you the importance of these two towns, for without them I could neither be quiet in our winter quarters, nor open with advantage the next campaign.”

Now, allowing the Duke of Marlborough all the merit due to him for his conquests during those six years, they appear unimportant compared with those obtained by Wellington, in the Peninsula, in the year 1812 alone. For what were those conquests? The extract—

“I am much afraid that the public will be disappointed with the result of the last campaign, notwithstanding that it is, in fact, the most successful campaign in all its circumstances ; and has produced for the cause more important results than any campaign in which a British army has been engaged for the last century. We have taken by siege, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca ; and the Retiro surrendered. Since January this army has sent to England little short of 20,000 prisoners ; and the Allies have taken Astorga, Guadaluaxara, and Consuegra ; and have taken or destroyed, or have themselves the use of, the enemy’s arsenals in Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Valladolid, Madrid, Astorga, Seville, the lines before Cadiz, &c. ; and upon the whole we have taken and destroyed, or we

now possess, little short of 3,000 pieces of cannon. 'The siege of Cadiz has been raised, and *all* the countries south of the Tagus have been cleared of the enemy,'—and a glance at the map of the Netherlands, &c., will show.

Allusion has already been made to the bad state of discipline of the Spanish troops during the early portion of the Peninsular struggle. That it did not much improve as the contest proceeded, may be inferred from—"In your life you never saw anything so bad as the Galicians,—penned in January, 1813. Now, as Marlborough had under his personal command a body of brave and well-disciplined soldiers, equal in numbers to any corps that the enemy could send against him, and could have his army recruited at any time to any reasonable extent, it is obvious that he must have possessed infinite advantages over Wellington in this respect, who had no other troops, save the Spaniards and his 25,000 Portuguese, to render him efficient support in his struggle for Peninsular emancipation; with the enemy numbering not less than 300,000 men, a large portion of them strangers to defeat.

What an inconsistent being is man! So convinced were the French authorities in the days of Louis XIV., that if they could get Marlborough removed into the interior, away from the shipping, they could do as they liked with him, that not a stone was left unturned to induce him to

change the scene of operations to the banks of the Danube, until the splendid victory of Blenheim satisfied them, that, whether on the banks of the Dyle, the Meuse, or the Scheldt, Marlborough would be found the same indomitable man. To raise the character of the latter at the expense of Wellington, a recent French military writer asserts that, *unlike* Marlborough, Wellington never fought a battle but when near to his transports; forgetting that, with one exception—that of Blenheim—all the victories of the former were gained at points nearer to his shipping than Wellington was when he fought the greater portion of his.

The remark of Marlborough—"Our misfortune is, that we want everything for besieging towns, otherwise this letter would have been dated from Munich"—shows that in the second year of his Continental war he was but ill-supported with besieging apparatus. And what was the language of Wellington in the third year of his struggle in the Peninsula—

"It is not easy, however, to take a strong place well garrisoned, when one has not a sufficient quantity of cannon;" and—

"I trust, however, that future armies will be equipped for sieges with the people necessary to carry them on as they ought to be;"

—but that employed by his great predecessor one hundred years before? But however ill-supplied with large ordnance he may have been

in his Blenheim campaign, Marlborough had no cause latterly to complain of deficiency either of materials or the means of transport; 16,000 horses having been employed in dragging the battering train alone to Lille; the convoy, when in march, extending *fifteen miles*. What a contrast to the means of transport at the disposal of the Duke after his glorious victory of Salamanca!—

“ I could not find means of moving even one gun from Madrid.”

That the movement of Marlborough from the Scheldt to the Danube was a daring one, is admitted; but not that it had the sanction of prudence.

“ No officer will enter upon an operation *against the French*,” says the Duke of Wellington, “ without calculating the means most anxiously.”

Now, was this calculation made by Marlborough before he set out on his expedition? Documents there are none to show whether he did or did not; but however this may be, from the remark—

“ This would only answer the purpose of bringing here (Netherlands) into the same bad condition as they are there”—

made by Marlborough, on receiving in the previous year, 1703, a pressing application from the Confederates on the Upper Rhine for reinforcements—and from a similar opinion openly promulgated by the Duke of Marlborough two or three

years subsequent to the date of Blenheim, that it was on the side of Belgium that the Allied thunder could with greatest effect be hurled against the enemy—it is evident that the movement to the Danube was not undertaken for the benefit of those who had entrusted him with the command of their forces; for if his sole object had been to advance their interests, he would have remained on the banks of the Meuse or the Scheldt, ready to strike when the favourable moment arrived—Belgium being, according to his own showing, the point from which the greatest injury could be inflicted upon the enemy. That the operations were successful to the extent of beating the enemy is true; but success does not always bestow upon military operations the imprint of prudence. Had a Condé or a Turenne been then at the head of the French army, Marlborough would never have attempted it; or if he had, he would have been made to pay dearly for his temerity. As it was, is it not a fact that Marshal Villeroi, taking advantage of the Duke's absence, advanced with a large force, early in the year 1705, captured Huy and the city of Liege, and besieged the citadel of the latter; the force left to protect that district being too weak to offer efficient opposition to the assailants; and the consequences were such as might have been expected—a universal panic throughout the Netherlands, which brought Marlborough back from the place to which he should

never have proceeded, and at a much quicker pace than that by which he advanced. Under these circumstances, the movement to Blenheim must be placed in the same category with Talavera; a battle from which, in the language of the Duke, "the glory of the action was the only benefit derived from it:" a benefit, however, so far solid, that, as at Talavera so at Blenheim, it was proved to the entire satisfaction of the French, that they were not the first military nation in the world.

That the battle of Blenheim reflects credit on the Duke of Marlborough no one will deny, though many agree with us in thinking that the incapacity of the enemy's commander, and other matters, had no small share in producing the final result; for that the disposition of Marshal Tallard was extremely faulty we learn from Voltaire, who says:—

"I have often heard from the mouth of Marshal Villars that this disposition of the army was inexcusable:"

a remark which, coupled with—

"*I know the danger, but a battle is absolutely necessary; and I rely on the bravery and discipline of the troops, which will make amends for our disadvantages,*"

made by Marlborough on the superiority of the enemy's forces and position being pointed out to him, proving as it does that he was under the

necessity of giving battle, lessens in no small degree the praise which otherwise would be his due.

Most justly has the Duke of Marlborough been lauded for conducting the siege of Lille to a successful issue in the presence of an army of Frenchmen equal in numbers to his own ; but is not the same praise due to the Duke of Wellington? For what says the latter?—

“ The operations against the forts of Salamanca were carried on in sight of Marshal Marmont’s army, which remained in its position, with the right at Cabeza Velloso, and the left at Huerta, till the night of the 27th, inst., when they broke up :”

that is, until the forts were taken by storm on the afternoon of that day.

When all was despondency in the ranks of the confederates, after the battle of Almanza in Spain, the Duke of Marlborough, full of hope, counselled measures which, had they been acted upon, would have made good the loss to the cause occasioned by that unfortunate event. When the Austrian eagle was struck to the ground by Napoleon, and the armies of Spain defeated and dispersed by his legions in 1809, Wellington alone never despaired, his language in that year being—

“ As it is, however, *I do not despair.*” And, in 1810—“ Still *I do not despair.*” And in December, 1811—“ *I do not despair of the result of the contest.*”

On being pressed to return to England, Marlborough replied—

“I must tell you the truth, and beg that you will not think it vanity, that if I should leave the army, it would not be in anybody’s power to keep them in the field.”

And what was the language of Wellington?

“I alone keep things in their present state.”

“See the great advantage the King of France has over the Allies, since we depend upon the humours of several persons, and he upon nothing but his own will and pleasure—”

said Marlborough. Greater and far more numerous were the advantages which Napoleon had over the Duke of Wellington, France being then in a position to command the services of three-fourths of Europe. So powerful, indeed, and so despotic was that power, that it seemed as if the destinies of the world were hereafter to be disposed of according to the laws of military force alone, the odds marshalled against England being then so tremendous as almost to “deprive the wise of the head to counsel—the brave, of the heart to resist.”

Marlborough was so thoroughly the life and soul of the coalition, that Europe looked up to him as the only commander fitted to conduct the war against Louis XIV. Wellington being the life and soul of the coalition against Napoleon, Europe fixed her eye on him, in 1815, as the only general

capable of conducting the war against him to a successful issue. Marlborough but partially succeeded in curbing the ambition of Louis: Wellington hurled Napoleon from his throne. Marlborough was denominated by his sovereign, William the Third, the only thorough commander and statesman of his day: Wellington, by all classes of his countrymen, and the principal inhabitants of all other countries, as the first general and most sterling statesman of his age.

Marlborough disliked ostentation; so did the Duke of Wellington. The former was a staunch supporter of the constitution and religion of the country; so was Wellington down to the day of his death. When Marlborough assumed the command of the army on the Continent, all the States whose troops he commanded believed the French to be invincible; so did the nations of the Peninsula when Wellington first set foot in that country. For his movement to the Danube, Marlborough was threatened with impeachment by the ultra-Tories: Wellington by the Whigs, for his campaigns of 1809 and 1810. The Tories represented the battle of Blenheim as a useless waste of blood; so did the Whigs the battles of Talavera and Busaco. After the battle of Blenheim the French abandoned such strong defensive positions in their retreat, that Marlborough, astonished at their conduct, remarked that, "If the French had not been the most frightened people

in the world, they would never have quitted those posts." With equal propriety might Wellington have made the same remark on proceeding to the Pyrenean heights after the battle of Vittoria ; for seldom has an army of the same strength abandoned so many strong positions without almost firing a shot.

"Had we been so happy as to have had two more hours of daylight I believe we should have made an end of the war," writes Marlborough at the close of the battle of Oudenarde. How similar, barring the words "end of the war," was the language of Wellington after the battle of Salamanca!—"If we had had another hour or two of daylight, not a man would have passed the Tormes." As neither of the illustrious warriors could say with authority to the glorious luminary, "Stand thou still," as regards light, therefore, they were on a footing of equality. But though gall-ing it must have been to Marlborough to see the enemy escaping under the cloud of night, it must have been doubly so to Wellington ; as but for the conduct of the person alluded to in the despatch—"As it was, they would all have been taken if —— had left the garrison in Alba-de-Tormes as I wished and desired," the whole of the French host would have fallen into his hands. To have seen nearly 40,000 prisoners on their route to Lisbon, preparatory to their being shipped for England, would have been a splendid sight indeed ; but though the cause

of failure was much to be regretted, it was, as well remarked by the Duke,—

“A little misfortune which did not diminish the honour acquired by the troops in the action,”

nor of their unconquered Commander.

But it was not at Salamanca only that the Field-Marshal was deprived of the fruits of his victories by untoward circumstances.

“At Talavera the enemy would have been destroyed if we could have moved the Spanish army,”

says the Duke ; and again—

“I went yesterday to Albuera and saw the field of battle. We had a very good position, and I think should have gained a complete victory in it without any material loss, if the Spaniards could have been manœuvred ; but unfortunately they cannot.”

So excellent, indeed, was the position, that French staff officers present in that battle, but taken subsequently at Arroyo-Molinos, declared, with all imaginable frankness, that had Lord Hill commanded, not a Frenchman would have recrossed the Albuera. And it is a fact, that but for two or three soldiers straggling from their corps, during a combined movement to surround a few thousands of the enemy on the 1st of August, 1813, not a man of them could have escaped.

The results of the battles of Blenheim and Waterloo afford a few rather important facts for our military friends. At Blenheim, for instance,

the army of Marshal Tallard outnumbered that of Marlborough by several thousand men; the superiority of Napoleon over the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo was to even a greater extent. The army of Tallard was composed principally—that of Napoleon wholly—of Frenchmen. At Blenheim, Marlborough attacked Tallard; at Waterloo, Napoleon paid Wellington a similar compliment. Marlborough, by one day, anticipated the attack of Tallard; by one day, Napoleon anticipated that of Wellington. At Blenheim, the assailed, though the strongest, were defeated; at Waterloo, the assailants, though greatly superior, were completely routed: facts which prove that, whether the assailants or the assailed, British troops, when led by a general endowed with military skill and perseverance, will, if not overwhelmingly outnumbered, invariably return from the battle-field, their standards surmounted with the emblems of victory.

The lines—

“ If glorious actions, in a glorious cause,—
If valour, negligent of praise,
Deserving, yet retiring from applause,—
In generous minds can great ideas raise;
If Europe saved, and liberty restored
By steady conduct and a prosperous sword,
Can claim in free-born souls a great esteem,—
Britain's victorious chief shall be
Rever'd by late posterity—
The hero's pattern, and the poet's theme ;”

have been applied to Marlborough, but are infinitely more applicable to Wellington—the former having but partially succeeded in crushing the ambition of Louis, whereas the latter hurled Napoleon from his throne, and gave liberty and peace to every Continental state.

But, notwithstanding the unparalleled success of the Duke of Wellington, some men, conceiving their bumps of knowledge superior to those of others, have in their wisdom bestowed upon the British General the cognomen of “The General of Chance.” Fervently do we pray that HE who putteth down one nation and setteth up another, may, in HIS goodness, grant to this country a succession of commanders equally capable of leading her armies to battle. And what more patriotic prayer could any one prefer?—for is it not a fact that in all kinds of warfare, and against all kinds of enemies—whether advancing or retreating, or in defence of some admirably selected position—he was uniformly successful? The world knows not indeed which most to admire, the defensive tactics of the Field-Marshal in Portugal, or his offensive ones in Spain. So highly was the the strategy of the Duke at Salamanca, in 1812, admired by the Northern Powers, that at a review of the British army, at Paris, in September, 1815, the manœuvres performed by him on the glorious 22nd of July, were repeated at the particular request of the Allied Sovereigns.

Though some may think a repetition of various portions of the Duke of Wellington's military exploits unnecessary, yet, as a late celebrated political character openly asserted—and the assertion was received by millions of his countrymen as something equally worthy of belief as Gospel truths—that the Duke never gained a battle but by sheer blundering; and it being the opinion of the gallant historian of the Peninsular War—

“That in the art of following up his point, and making the most of victory, the English General was far behind Napoleon”—

a short analysis of the Field-Marshal's campaigns may not be unacceptable.

True it is that at Vimeiro the Duke of Wellington was superior to Junot in numerical force; but equally true that the victory was not followed up, owing to the conqueror having been superseded in the command of the army on the field of battle, and his successor, contrary to the advice tendered by the Duke, having positively refused his consent to everything like a movement in pursuit of the vanquished.

The Field-Marshal's admirable attempt to destroy the corps of Soult, at Oporto, in May, 1809, and the reasons why it was not attended with greater loss of men to the fugitives, have been already noticed; and are not those reasons suffi-

cient to exonerate the Duke from the charge of not knowing how to make the most of a victory?

Proceeding another step in the glorious Peninsular War, we come to Talavera; and where, in the military records of this or any other nation, is there to be found a more ably concocted plan than that of Wellington for the destruction of the army under Victor, in July, 1809—though, owing to the Spaniards being unable to manœuvre in the face of the enemy, it failed to realize all the advantages anticipated? But though victorious, would it have been prudent for the Duke, under such circumstances, to have pursued the vanquished, still outnumbering his little British army in the proportion of two to one?

It is well known that from the 28th of July, 1809, till the 27th of September in the following year, no battle took place between the Duke and the enemy. As honest John Bull was never very willing to part with his cash without receiving something like an equivalent in return, the British General was severely censured for his inactivity, though, in point of fact, no part of his conduct during that momentous struggle is more deserving of a world's applause. Want of provisions compelling him to retire from the position of Mirabete, in August, 1809, the Duke, on leaving, committed the post—the importance of which may be inferred from—

“ If this position is held, the enemy cannot cross the

Tagus to any efficient purpose, between the Bridge of Toledo and Villa-Velha in Portugal"—

to the keeping of a Spanish force. Trusting that the latter would be able to retain possession of it, Wellington took up the position of Badajoz, than which

"There never was one better calculated for the purposes of defending Spain and Portugal. The advantage of the position was, that the British army was centrally posted in reference to all the objects which the enemy might have in view; and at any time, by a junction with a Spanish on its right, or a Portuguese or a Spanish corps on its left, it could prevent the enemy from undertaking anything, excepting with a much larger force than they could allot to any one object."

And what can more thoroughly evidence the military capacities of the Field-Marshal, than the advantages to the common cause resulting from this measure, which we find stated in the following?—

"The French had, from the end of August, not less than from 70,000 to 90,000 men disposable. They have since destroyed two Spanish armies, and yet they have not been able to advance or to gain any solid advantage beyond that of destroying the Spaniards. The fact is, that the British army has saved Spain and Portugal during this year. The Spaniards have no army now that is complete, excepting 13,000 men under the Duke of Albuquerque, in Estremadura; and yet nothing can be done by the French, after all their victories."—
(19th Dec., 1809.)

And this, notwithstanding the withdrawal of the troops from the post of Mirabete by the imbecile members of the Spanish Junta.

The French troops in Castile having been largely reinforced, and considerable bodies of fresh levies being expected from France, the Duke deemed it prudent to carry the greater portion of his followers to a position north of the Tagus.

“The object in occupying this proposed position is to be at the point of defence of Portugal, to divert the attention of the French from the south of Spain when they shall receive their reinforcements, and thus give time to the Spanish Government to repair their losses. The filling of the rivers and the destruction of the roads will, with a very few troops, be a sufficient defence in the winter for the south of Spain. The same events which might impede the march of the British army to the north of Portugal, if longer delayed, would be fatal to Portugal, and might be so to the British army, if the enemy were to be able to invade that kingdom during the winter. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, to cross the Tagus immediately; and it may be depended upon, that the enemy's first efforts upon receiving his reinforcements, will be upon the troops north of the Tagus. The contents of this memorandum (of operations for 1809) must show the great use the British army has been to Spain and Portugal. Since the British arrived in April, the French have destroyed three Spanish armies, and yet they can do nothing!”

But though the object of this march, and the Field-Marshal's *apparent* unwillingness to bring

the enemy to action, drew upon him many a contemptible epithet, the conduct of the masses at home and in the Peninsula tended not to make the Duke deviate one point from the course he had resolved to pursue, as we learn from—

“I should forget my duty to my sovereign, to the Prince Regent, and to the cause in general, if I should permit public clamour or panic to induce me to change in the smallest degree the system and plan of operations which I have adopted after mature consideration, and which daily experience shows to be the only one likely to produce a good end.”

Nothing can afford more powerful testimony to the foresight of the Duke of Wellington than his conduct during this singularly eventful period, it being evident, that he foresaw, not only the movements which the enemy would undertake to drive him from the Peninsula, but the place where and the time when such an operation would be attempted; and through so clear a medium, that so early as October, 1809, he addressed his celebrated memorandum (No. 327, “Selections”) to Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, commanding the royal engineers, pointing out how the far-famed lines of Torres Vedras were to be constructed; lines which, while Portugal remains on the map of Europe, will testify to the foresight and great military talents of that general by whom they were originally chalked out—by whom they were occupied as originally intended—and by

whom they, and the liberties of Europe—condensed into the small space between them and the sea on one hand, and the river Tagus on the other—were so successfully defended, that the legions of the would-be sovereign of the world recoiled from before their brows bristling with cannon, and retraced their steps into Spain somewhat more rapidly than they had advanced.

But what would the Duke's foresight have availed had he not had the firmness and the prudence to act upon his own well-considered opinion, and, notwithstanding the public clamour, to remain in a strictly defensive position?

“The French threaten us on all points,” writes the Duke, “and are most anxious to get rid of us. But they threaten upon too many points at a time to give me much uneasiness respecting any one in particular, and they shall not induce me to disconnect my army. I am in a situation in which no mischief can be done to the army, or to any part of it. I am prepared for all events; and if I am in a scrape, as appears to be the general belief in England, although certainly not my own, I'll get out of it.”

And out of it he got; and to convince his opponent that his movement from the frontier to the rear was one of choice, not of constraint, the Duke faced about on the heights of Busaco—gave him a pummeling—and then quietly con-

tinued his journey; for such an imprudent step as that of attempting to act offensively against Massena at the close of the engagement never occurred to him, the French Commander being at the head of 72,000 veteran soldiers, Wellington but 49,200, more than one-half of whom had never fired a shot in wrath. In December following, the French army received a reinforcement of 10,000 to 15,000 good troops, the far greater portion of them being natives of France. The army under Wellington was then numerically larger; but being composed of the troops of various nations, and the far greater portion of them young and inexperienced—it was, for all the purposes of the field, infinitely inferior to that under Massena, when the latter retired from the position of Santarem; and yet, with his raw levies, the Duke not only pursued his rival, but drove him from numerous positions, and in a style he had never until then experienced. Surely it will be acknowledged that the Field-Marshal followed up his point during this retreat with all the spirit and ability characteristic of a consummate commander! And what battle reflects greater honour on the Duke than that of Fuentes-d'Onoro? where, though outnumbered by his opponents in the proportion of five to one of cavalry, and two to one of infantry, he repelled his assaults, and ultimately forced him to fly from the field with considerable

loss?—a glorious close to the defensive tactics of the British General! who, on the evening of that memorable day, laid down the defensive and assumed the offensive weapon.

That this is deemed one of those battles, the advantages gained in which were not followed up by the Duke with sufficient energy, is extremely probable; but though decidedly successful in repelling all the assaults of the enemy, it would have been an extremely imprudent act on the part of the Duke, under all the circumstances in which he was placed, to have attempted to acquire additional advantages over his opponent, as his superiority, particularly in cavalry, rendered such an attempt by any other means than a general engagement—which would have allowed the enemy an opportunity of reinforcing the garrison of Almeida—almost impossible; for what writes the British General, three days after the battle?—

“Their superiority in cavalry is very great, owing to the weak state of our horses. The result of a general action, brought on by an attack upon the enemy by us, might, under those circumstances, have been doubtful; and if the enemy had chosen to avoid it, or if they had met it, they would have taken advantage of the collection of our troops, to fight this action and throw relief into Almeida.”

It has been asserted, we know, times without

number, that had the Duke followed up his point after the battle, the garrison of Almeida would not have escaped. But to all who feel inclined to cast blame on the Duke of Wellington for the escape of this garrison, we say, read the following:—

“Having employed two divisions and a brigade to prevent the escape of 1,400 men, who I did not think it likely would attempt to escape, the necessity of my attending personally to this operation, *after I had been the whole day on the Azava*, did not occur to me.”

From which they will see that more active measures against Massena, to prevent the escape of the garrison, were not at all necessary; ample provision for their security having been made by the Duke, had the means been kept well in hand.

“Everything having been done that could be done in the way of order and instruction,”

what more could the Duke do? To expect that he could personally superintend the minor details of every separate corps, would be unreasonable; and yet, from the following—

“I am obliged to be everywhere, and if absent from any operation, something goes wrong”—

something of the kind seems to have been expected; for, if not, would not the generals of divisions and brigades have acted oftener on their own responsibility?

Though from the 5th of May, 1811, to the memorable day of Salamanca, July, 1812, no general action was fought by the army under the immediate command of the Duke of Wellington, various important operations were undertaken, and successfully executed. Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo being in the hands of the enemy, and the possession of both of those strongholds being absolutely necessary before the Allied army could make any movement in advance, the Field-Marshal blockaded the former, in the first week in August, 1811—

“That by threatening that fortress, he might relieve Galicia and General Abadia’s army from the attack with which both were threatened by the army of the North; and by compelling the enemy to keep a large force concentrated in that quarter, prevent them from undertaking any operation elsewhere.”

But the foresight of the French marshals partaking of a much less prescient character, Marmont, conceiving, no doubt, that his opponent had no real intention of attacking Ciudad Rodrigo, was induced to move a considerable portion of his forces towards the eastern part of the country to support Suchet in his operations against Valencia. And what were the consequences?—the immediate investment and capture of Rodrigo, and in a period so incredibly short, that the French marshal in his despatch characterized it as an event “altogether unaccountable!”

Many would have been content with this important conquest, and remained inactive until roused by the approach of some new danger, the fruits of fresh combinations on the part of the French marshals: but not so the Duke, who lost not a moment in making arrangements for the siege of Badajoz, which fell after twelve days' open trenches, and, in Soult's eyes, in as "unaccountable" a manner as her sister in the north;—for having, in July following, been quartered in the house temporarily occupied by the Marshal when he received the unexpected and unwelcome intelligence, we were assured by the owner, that he raised his foot, and sent table, breakfast equipage and all to the farthest corner of the apartment!—a singular mode, it will be allowed, of paying homage to the superior tactics of a military antagonist.

The principal entrances into Spain being now open to him, and the important line of communication between the armies of Marmont and Soult having been broken by the capture of the enemy's works at Almaraz on the 19th of May, the Duke advanced towards Salamanca in the middle of June—captured the strong works of the enemy there in sight of Marmont's whole army—then pursued the latter across the Douro—and, on the enemy being reinforced, retired in the most beautiful manner imaginable to the position of the Arapiles, where his superior strategy gained for him a splendid victory over "full

40,000 men in 40 minutes." And that he followed up his victory with becoming spirit, the fact that three complete battalions were taken on the following morning—the rest driven in less than twenty-four hours more than thirty miles from the scene of action—Madrid occupied a few days later—and the whole of the south of Spain cleared of the enemy—bear unquestionable testimony.

Proceeding onward on our important journey, we arrive at Vittoria, the scene of the most magnificent of all Wellington's battles, particularly when viewed from that part of the position on which our brigade was posted—the heights of Puebla. Let a man fancy himself on the summit of a high hill, looking down upon a plain some miles in extent, covered with nearly 150,000 soldiers of the first nations in Europe, and 300 pieces of artillery vomiting fire and death in every direction, and thousands of the infantry pointing their deadly weapons at each other—the space between the belligerents barely permitting their doing so without crossing the muzzles of their pieces:—and he will have some faint idea of what passed on the plains of Vittoria, and be able to paint in imagination a few of the extraordinary and exciting scenes to which we were witnesses—scenes which to the latest moment of my existence will never be obliterated from my memory.

From the commencement of the battle (ten o'clock) till half-past twelve, the French in our

immediate front on the heights made three several attempts to wrest them from us, but seeing, at the latter hour, that the grand struggle for supremacy was about to take place in the centre, they desisted from all offensive operations, save to tickle our ears occasionally with a rifle-ball or two when any of our heads became visible to them. For, being on higher ground than our opponents, my own commanding officer, who had succeeded to the command of the troops on the heights, ordered all officers and men to lie down, and keep their persons out of the view of the French in their front, that no unnecessary casualties might occur. This order none of us relished, the grand attack in the centre being about to be made. Taking advantage of the colonel walking a few paces to the rear, I made a similar movement to the front; but had scarcely squatted, before my kind French friends favoured me with a few of their pellets, which, passing over me, their music roused the ire of my chief to such a pitch, that he angrily exclaimed, "Who is it that is again drawing the enemy's fire on us?" Half tempted to leave my hiding-place and confess my error, and yet anxious to witness the result of the grand *melee* in the centre, I remained, in hopes that the French would, as far as regarded myself, "cease their funning," and that our brigadier would forget the matter — watching with unbounded delight the progress of the struggle, not altogether

unmixed with some degree of anxiety, it being evident, from the close and desperate nature of the attack and defence, that the conflict could not be of long duration. But my anxiety was soon relieved, by seeing the enemy, in little more than a quarter of an hour, turning to the right-about, and walking off towards Vittoria. Being the only person in the regiment who could then see how matters were proceeding, I started up, and, at the full extent of my voice, cried, "They run! the victory is ours!" and the glorious news being received with the reiterated cheers of the whole, the colonel thinking the enemy were about to renew their attack, came hurriedly towards us; but, on being undeceived as to the true cause of the cheers, he favoured me with a severe reprimand—first for disobedience of orders, and then for exposing myself unnecessarily to the fire of the enemy. But who, under similar circumstances, would not have run all risks of reprimands and bullets to have witnessed so splendid a sight?

From the immense number of cannon, and quantities of stores, baggage, &c., which fell into the hands of the conquerors, many have been of opinion that the Duke did not make the most of his victory, forgetting that—

"If an army throw away all its cannon, equipment, or baggage, and everything which can strengthen it, and can enable it to act together as a body, and aban-

don all those who are entitled to its protection, but who add to its weight and impede its progress—(or, what is the same thing, lose its cannon, &c., in action)—it must be able to march by roads through which it cannot be followed with any prospect of being overtaken by an enemy which has not made the same sacrifices.”

For that such was the state of the French army on leaving the plains of Vittoria, we learn from—

“The troops have lost all their baggage, all their cannon, all their military chest, all their ammunition, and all their papers ; to such an extent are they stripped that no one can account for what he has, or what is due to him. Several of the generals and officers have nothing in the world but the coat on their back, and most of them are obliged to walk about barefoot”—

penned by the French General, Gazan, to pursue whom, by rough roads over which our artillery could not be carried, fell to the lot of the division to which my corps was attached.

But though the victory of Vittoria may with great truth be characterized as a second Waterloo, yet from the remark, “The last battles (Pyrenees) are more important,” it would appear that, in a strategic point of view, they did him more honour than the other. But, be this as it may, one thing is certain—that not a few of the Field-Marshal’s combined movements on that interesting occasion, during which the troops were seriously engaged no fewer than ten times, have been very highly eulogized ; though from various

circumstances he was not prepared to take advantage of his victories to the extent he wished, his force not being sufficiently numerous to undertake the reduction of Pampluna and St. Sebastian, and the invasion of the French territory at the same time.

Of all the battles of the Duke, however, that of the Nivelle was perhaps the most interesting. And why? Because it was the first fought on French ground, and opened a highway for the Allied army into France. Few generals would have had the patience or the prudence to wait so long for an opportunity of attacking the enemy in this position. Marlborough, if we are to judge from his conduct at Malplaquet, most certainly would not; for, from the day on which he assumed the command of the Allied army in Flanders, he could never say, in the language of Wellington—

“Depend upon it, whatever people may tell you, I am not so desirous as they imagine of fighting desperate battles.”

For is it not a fact that he was constantly poking the elbows of his antagonists with the view of making them turn round upon him?—and that this conduct brought on various actions that should never have taken place, and among others that of Malplaquet—the lines of the French at that place having been assailed without any attempt being made to turn them, though the superiority rested with the enemy, the latter being 100,000

in number, the former 98,000 only? Contrasting the conduct of Marlborough on this occasion with that of the Duke of Wellington at the Nivelle, we are led to conclude that the demon of rashness guided the counsels of the former at Malplaquet, and Dame Prudence those of the latter at the Nivelle, the proof being indisputable that Marlborough might have found his way into France by another road, and thereby turned the position of his opponent with a loss trifling to that which he actually incurred. Badly, therefore, does the prudence of Marlborough contrast with that of Wellington; for, losing sight of these facts, the former, unreasonably alarmed lest the enemy might render his position too strong to be successfully assaulted, flew at his opponent like a tiger, apparently reckless of the consequences. Although so early as 7th August, 1813, Wellington, satisfied that he could enter France and establish his army on the Adour, prudently delays his attack on the lines of the Nivelle until he could follow up the blow with the necessary effect; for though he could proceed to the Adour, he candidly adds, "I could go no farther, certainly,"—a sentence which proves that it would have been worse than folly to have incurred a great sacrifice of human life for an advantage so trifling. But had the Duke of Wellington lost a fifth part of his army in storming the position of the Nivelle, no charge of rashness could have been

preferred against him ; for not only was he urged on all sides to push into France, but there was no other road by which he could conveniently effect an entrance into that country, as the position could not be turned. That the original disposition of Marlborough for the assault must have been faulty, or some of his subordinates must have conducted the operations intrusted to them in a thoughtless and imprudent manner, is evident from the enormous loss of the assailants ; for though the position of Malplaquet was as strongly entrenched as a few days enabled the enemy to make it, it possessed but few of the rugged features of that of the Nivelle ;—the enemy, not satisfied with the natural strength of the position, having fortified the whole of it ; their right in particular having been made so strong that the Duke did not deem it expedient to attack it in front. And yet so admirable was the plan of attack, and so ably executed, that Soult was compelled to abandon every part of the position, in strengthening which he had bestowed, not three days', but full three months' arduous labour, and with a loss to the Duke, not of a fifth, but the twentieth part of the army only, though the latter was but little superior in numerical strength to his opponent. To those who think that the Duke did not follow up this victory so spiritedly as he ought, we would say, read the following :—

“ I had determined to pass the Nive immediately

after the passage of the Nivelle, but was prevented by the bad state of the roads, and the swelling of all the rivulets, occasioned by the fall of rain in the beginning of that month."

Which should satisfy any reasonable person that such a thing as a movement farther in advance than the left bank of the former river was then impracticable.

As Malplaquet, the last, was the most sanguinary of all the battles of Marlborough, so Waterloo, the last, was the most destructive to human life of all the engagements of Wellington. At the close of these actions both of the victorious chiefs were greatly affected, as appears from the following —

"In so great an action, it is impossible to get the advantage without exposing men's lives; but the lamentable sight and thoughts of it have given me so much disquietude that I believe it the chief cause of my illness; for it is melancholy to see so many brave men killed with whom I have lived these eight years, when we thought ourselves sure of peace"—

from Marlborough; and—

"The glory resulting from such actions so dearly bought is no consolation to me. Indeed, the losses I have sustained have quite broken me down, and I have no feeling for the advantages we have acquired."

from the pen of Wellington.

The scenes on the field of Malplaquet produced fever and a nervous debility, from the effects of

which Marlborough did not recover for nearly three weeks. Though feeling no less acutely for the loss of friends, &c., Wellington's nervous system was not so much affected as that of his great predecessor. And why? Because it was owing to the rash and imprudent conduct of the former that the inanimate forms of so many of his friends and followers lay extended on the clay-cold earth; whereas, the latter, to stem the torrent of invasion rolling from the Sambre towards Brussels, was placed in a position, the importance of which cannot better be described than by the Duke's remark —

“Tell the general that he, *I*, and every man in the field must die or conquer.”

If Marlborough was so touched on perceiving the few thousands which he had been the means of sending to a premature grave, though not to serve any personal object, what must have been the feelings of an Alexander, a Pyrrhus, a Cæsar, a Sylla, a Pompey, a Napoleon, who immolated so many millions of their fellow-creatures at the shrine of their personal ambition—on traversing their numerous blood-stained fields?

Having, as we hope, satisfactorily proved, not only that the Duke of Wellington invariably followed up his victories with all the spirit which the relative strength of the parties would permit, but that no epithets were ever more completely misapplied than those of “Stunted Corporal,”

and “General of Chance,” were to the Field-Marshal,—to accompany the British General any further on his route to Toulouse appears unnecessary. When those epithets dropped from the lips of their celebrated author, he must have had his eye riveted on some of those commanders whose pugnacious propensities were so powerful that they never could see an enemy within hail without endeavouring to bring him to action, whether the circumstances were or were not favourable, and not on the Duke, as from the following—

“I am not quite certain that I ought not to attack the French; but although I have the advantage of numbers, I think the *sure game*, and that in which I am likely to lose the fewest men—the most consistent with my instructions, and the intentions of the King’s government; and I therefore prefer to wait the attack;”

and—

“Having such an enemy to contend with, and knowing as I do that there is no army in the Peninsula capable of contending with the enemy excepting that under my command—that there are no means of repairing any large losses I may sustain—and that any success acquired by a large sacrifice of men, would be followed by the most disastrous consequences to the cause of the Allies—I have determined to persevere in the system which has hitherto saved all, and which I hope must end in the defeat of the enemy”—

it is evident he would have been the very last

man to commit any grand military operation to the guidance of chance.

“ The battle of Wellington was like the heavy blow of the battering ram, that strikes straight and hard, and makes a great hole in the wall. The battle of Napoleon was like the rush and irruption of a gigantic sea, which, descending from a mighty height, bursts through all obstacles, and inundates the whole country to a great distance”—

writes the gallant historian, who should likewise have furnished us with the reason why ; it being, in our opinion, a much more difficult operation for an army of 50,000 men to make a large hole in a wall defended by 300,000 men, than for the latter number to overrun a country defended by the former. With an army of 800,000 men, Napoleon, for fully a dozen years, endeavoured, not only to make holes in, but to batter down the walls of Europe ; but, though often defended by very inadequate numbers, he did not fully succeed. With an army of from 50,000 to 60,000 men, Wellington, in less than the above period, not only made holes in the walls of France, but though defended by 800,000 men, brought them rattling down about the ears of Napoleon.

In this terrific struggle, Napoleon displayed much less foresight than his great rival. His want of it in the affairs of Spain in 1808, and Russia in 1812, we have already noticed. And

was it not equally deficient in all the operations carried on against the power of this country?—for what more short-sighted policy could any man have practised! What says Bourrienne touching the Berlin and Milan Decrees?—

“No real friends were they who could recommend such a system, calculated as it was to excite the indignation of Europe, and eventually to produce *the most terrible reaction*. To tyrannize over the human species, and, at the same time, to expect their uniform admiration and submission, is clearly to require an impossibility. It would seem as if Fate, which had still some splendid triumphs in store for Napoleon, was already, too, preparing those causes which were at once to wrest them from him and plunge him into disasters even greater than the good fortune which had favoured his elevation.”

But the fatal termination to all his prospects in 1814 did not convince him that in this very necessary quality he was wanting; for down to the crushing engagement of Waterloo, he clung to his long-cherished opinion, that one victory over Wellington would bring about a change of ministers in this country, and with it a peace on almost his own terms—so little did he really know of the patriotic feeling of the people with whom he had so long been at war. Did the Duke make a similar mistake regarding the power of Bonaparte? No—for what was his language when the latter was in the zenith of his power? Was it not?—

“The power of Bonaparte rests internally upon the most extensive and expensive system of corruption that was ever established in any country, and externally upon his military power, which is supported almost exclusively by foreign contributions. *If he can be confined to the limits of France by any means, his system must fall.*”

And fall it did as soon as he was shut up within the iron frontier.

Marlborough kept his army in a high state of discipline by attending to the wants and wishes of his troops, and the despatches and general orders of the Duke of Wellington testify to the fact that the splendid state of discipline of that little army, with which “he could have gone anywhere,” was brought about and maintained by similar agency? But what else was to be expected from an officer whose first act on joining his corps as an ensign, was to ascertain the precise weight under which a soldier has to march? and of whom, when in command of a regiment in 1799, General Harris wrote,—

“The regiment of Colonel Wellesley is a model regiment. On the score of soldierly bearing, discipline, instruction, and orderly behaviour, it is above all praise.”

For, before he could have brought his corps into this highly efficient state, he must, unlike a great many young military men of his day, have acquired a thorough knowledge of all that a soldier

requires, not only to render him an efficient instrument in the hands of his superiors, but to secure for him a small portion of those comforts which people in his station of life expect to enjoy ; for unless soldiers are perfect in their instruction, perfect in their equipments, and their comforts well attended to, there can be nothing like efficiency in a battalion—nothing in the shape of a model regiment in the British army. Commanding officers having their peculiar hobbies—those of some being drill, others the orderly room, a third class interior economy—but few of them bring their battalions into a model state of discipline. But though all regiments are not model regiments, the Duke has shown that all might be made so ; for if one can be converted into a model regiment, all can ; the men composing each not being selected from any particular locality, nor for their good or bad conduct, but are engaged by parties scattered over the country from John O’Groat’s to the Land’s End. The commanding officer under whom I had the pleasure to serve in the Peninsula, had two hobbies—drill and the interior economy of his battalion. To the latter he gave a great deal of his attention, and the fruits of it we have had before us for forty years—the present system of paying the army. It is the general belief, I am aware, that with the Duke of Wellington originated the idea of paying the men daily ; but knowing that, although to the

Duke the credit of carrying the present system into effect is unquestionably due—it originated in quite another quarter, I trust I shall be excused for stating what I personally know to be the truth respecting the introduction of this celebrated measure.

The troops being very sickly in 1811, in arrears of pay, and the issues of money very uncertain, the lieut.-colonel of my then regiment, in order to secure for the men a good basin of soup as often as circumstances would permit, ordered officers in command of companies to retain in their hands, at each issue of money, such balances as might be due to their companies for the particular months for which such issues were made—to divide those balances *by thirty*—and give to each individual daily, whatever the *thirtieth* part of the balances might be. Previous to the introduction of this system, men were almost daily proceeding to the rear; but it had not been many months in operation when the drain upon the effective strength of the battalion was greatly lessened, and the health and strength of the whole very much improved. Thus encouraged, the same system was continued down to the spring of 1813, when it was destined to have a place assigned to it in the annals of the country but little anticipated by its author two years before.

Colonel Cadogan, 71st Regiment, being in command of the brigade, inspected our regiment

in April; and having made a special report of the new system of paying the men to head-quarters, Lieutenant-General the Hon. William Stuart, commanding the 2nd division, on arriving to look at the battalion a few weeks later, addressed the officers thus :

“ After the highly-flattering report which my friend Colonel Cadogan has made of this regiment, my inspection will be short indeed. My object in calling you to the front is to state that I have it in command to make particular inquiry into the interior economy of this regiment, it being the intention of the Commander of the Forces, should he find it to be such as has been reported to him, to cause the same system to be adopted throughout the army.”

And true it is that, unlike other celebrated warriors, who have disdained to act upon the report, or the advice, or on a system proceeding from an officer of junior rank, lest their standing in the military world might be affected thereby, the Field-Marshal, at the very first issue of money, thereafter (3rd of August, 1813,*) gave orders for the men's balances to be divided by THIRTY, and the THIRTIETH part of each man's balance to be paid to him daily, being in entire accordance with the system which we had acted upon for the two years immediately preceding.

* See General Order, Lesaca, 3rd August, 1813.

How very unintentionally do men at times contribute to the accomplishment of some great public good!

Though neither Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, or Wellington entered upon their several important pilgrimages with heavy purses, all of them acquired much wealth; but, oh, how differently was that wealth obtained! Well might the imperial three have said, in the language of the old Celtic chief—

“My pointed spear, my sharp sword, and shining shield are my wealth and riches. With them I plough; with them I reap; with them I make my wine; with them I procure universal homage and submission. Whoever dares not resist them falls prostrate on his knees before me, and adores me as lord and king!”

It being matter of history that they obtained their riches by making a free use of their pointed spears and sharp swords, and drenching the plains of Asia, Africa, and Europe with human blood. The wealth of Wellington, on the contrary, consisted of the spontaneous gifts of a grateful country, and the no less grateful inhabitants of those countries which he had saved by his sword. To secure the friendship of those under their rule—Alexander expended the spoils of the East; Cæsar and Pompey, and others of their stamp, those of Asia, of Africa, of Europe; and Napoleon, the riches of the latter: but failed to command the people's esteem. By eschewing ambition, and that insupport-

able pride which but too generally accompanies it, and observing on all occasions a modest demeanor—the most distinguishing marks of a truly great mind—Wellington, without having recourse to a similar measure, secured, not the esteem of a large circle of personal friends only, but the affectionate regard of a whole people. Thus we see that the general who makes religion, humanity, and justice the rule of his actions, is invariably distinguished, honoured, rewarded, and applauded; while he who, by violence, cruelty, and a total disregard of religion, the laws, &c., renders the profession of arms as contemptible as it ought to be the reverse, plods his way through life an object of scorn, even by the most lowly of his followers, and ultimately descends into the tomb, unhonoured, unpitied, and unmourned.

“May he be crowned with victory who spares the unhappy vanquished,” must be the prayer of every person in whose breast rests one particle of humanity; a prayer which, may we not from the victorious career of the Duke of Wellington, humbly infer will find ready acceptance at the throne of the Giver of Victory? For though the blow of the Field-Marshal was like that of the battering ram, nothing is more certain than that when resistance on the part of an enemy seemed to call more for pity than resentment, he invariably endeavoured to save the vanquished; a fact we learn from—

“Since I have commanded the troops in this country, I have always treated the French officers and soldiers

who have been made prisoners, with the *utmost humanity* and attention, *and in numerous instances I have saved their lives.*”

No such assurance could Alexander, or Pyrrhus or Hannibal, or Scipio, or Sylla, or Cæsar, or Napoleon give the world; all and each of them having wantonly put prisoners to death after everything like resistance on their part had ceased, and treated a large portion of the others with great cruelty, viewing the ferocious acts like the Roman Proconsul Messala, perhaps; who, after killing 300 persons in one day, pronounced the bloody deed to be “worthy of a prince.” Be this, however, as it may, the humanity of the Duke, so characteristic of the generous disposition of the British soldier, will, while the world stands, be lisped with applauding rapture—the cruelties of Alexander and his associates, with horror and contempt.

Striking were many of the incidents in the lives of a large portion of those celebrated men whose names stand high on the roll of fame; and not less have been their exit from this world to another; many of whom must have died a thousand deaths, living, as they must have done, in constant dread of being launched into eternity, without one moment being afforded them for reflection. For is it not a fact, that Philip, Pompey, Cæsar, Perdiccas, Seleucus, Parmenio, Eumenes, and Satorius, were either prematurely put to death or assassinated?—Pyrrhus, Pelopidas,

Epaminondas, J. Brutus, Antigonus, Lysimachus, Labienus, and Marcellus, killed in action?—Scipio, Themistocles, Alcibiades, Philopœmen, and Napoleon, sent into exile, and died in foreign lands? Did not Alexander die by his own or the hand of another?—Sylla, of vermin?—Miltiades, of wounds in prison? And Hannibal, Antony, M. Brutus, Cassius, and Demosthenes by their own hands? How very different were the incidents in the life and the exit of the Duke of Wellington! What man could say that Wellington had robbed him of his children; or child that he had been deprived of his parent, to furnish food for some foreign cannon? What man could say that Wellington had despoiled him of his goods, or imbrued his hands in the blood of a relative or a friend? What man could say that Wellington elevated vice on the ruins of virtue, or tyranny on those of liberty? Echo answers, No man, woman, or child. And why? Because throughout his long life, the Field-Marshal endeavoured, as far as human infirmities would permit, to do unto others as he would that they should do unto him. What throne was ever so ably protected as that of Great Britain by the sword of Wellington? In what age of the world had liberty a more potent or successful champion? Is it not a fact, that in the Eastern as well as in the Western hemisphere, tyranny had to succumb to the weapon of the free-born British Com-

mander? And what better proof than this can be adduced of the versatility of Wellington's transcendent military genius—having been successful in all his wars, in the East and in the West, and under every variety of circumstances in which a general could be called upon to act? Having no ambition to gratify, beyond that of supporting, to the best of his ability, the tottering thrones of Europe, and the glorious institutions of his own country, in Church and State—the whole powers of his mind were directed to these ends. Acting, then, from the purest of all motives, and his hands unstained either with the blood or the plunder of his fellow-men, he trod this earth for the long period of eighty-four years, dreading no man's enmity, no man's dagger, no man's poisoned chalice; but in the full and complete enjoyment of every comfort and happiness which this world can bestow; and having, as it has been well observed, compressed within the space of his existence the interest of many lives, he died, surrounded by his family circle, as a lamp expires, the oil of which is exhausted.

From the days of Publicola, almost every Roman general, on returning victorious from the field, was honoured with a triumph. Seated on his triumphal car, the hero threaded his way through the streets of the capital; the unfortunate prisoners, when any, gracing the procession. That the bursts of popular feeling which saluted his

ears in his progress, were gratifying to the honoured individual, there cannot be a difference of opinion,—as, next to the approval of a man's own conscience, that of his countrymen should unquestionably be placed. But what, after all, were the short-lived honours of a day, to those which were showered down upon the Duke of Wellington, not by his own country only, but almost every nation claiming kindred with the European family?—for what were those honours, and by whom were they bestowed? On landing in the Peninsula, in 1809, the only title of which the Duke could boast was—"Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B." On his return to England, after the battle of Waterloo, he was saluted as Viscount, Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Wellington; Baron and Marquis of Douro, Prince of Waterloo, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and Grandee of Spain of the First Class; Duke of Vittoria, Marquis of Torres Vedras, and Count of Vimeiro, in Portugal; Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath; Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Military Order of Maximilian of Bavaria,—of the Imperial Military Order of Maria Theresa, of Austria; Knight of the Elephant of Denmark, and St. Esprit in France; Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order—of the Military Order of William of the Netherlands,—of the Royal Portuguese

Military Order of the Tower and Sword,—of the Orders of the Black Eagle and of the Red Eagle of Prussia; Knight of the Imperial Orders of St. Andrew, St. Alexander Newsky, and St. George of Russia; Knight Grand Cross of the Supreme Order of the Annunciation of Sardinia—of the Royal and Military Order of the Sword of Sweden,—of the Order of Military Merit of Wirtemberg,—of the Orders of Fidelity, and of the Lion of Baden; Knight of the Royal Crown of Saxony,—of the Most Illustrious Order of the Golden Fleece, and the Military Order of St. Ferdinand and St. Hermangildo of Spain,—of the Order of St. Januarius, and the Military Order of St. Ferdinand, and of Merit of the Two Sicilies,—of the Golden Lion of Hesse Cassel; and as a Field-Marshal of the British, the Russian, the Prussian, the Austrian, the Portuguese, the Spanish, the Netherland, and the Hanoverian Armies.

“ Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
The hope of such hereafter.”

Compared with this catalogue of honours, all that were ever bestowed upon any Roman, Grecian, or other warrior, are as nothing; and yet they form but a small portion of the honours actually conferred on the British general; for is it not a fact, that the thanks of the country were twelve times voted to him? each vote being that of a whole people; an honour fully equal in importance

to that of a Roman triumph. Is it not a fact that to the Duke was committed the command of the Army of Occupation in France, in 1815?—the most important command ever bestowed on any military leader—the troops, 150,000 in number, being selected from the armies of all the various nations who had put forth their strength to baffle the demon of discord in his work of aggression. Is it not a fact that in town and in country—in his daily rides and in his daily walks—the Field-Marshal received from his fellow-subjects all the homage which Royalty itself could expect or demand. Talk of Roman triumphs! What was a Roman triumph—the work of a single day—compared to the daily triumphs of Wellington during the long period of thirty-eight years! The former being more frequently conceded to appease the fiery temper of a military chief, than for any respect for the individual, or grateful feeling for the services which he had rendered; the latter being the spontaneous effusions of a free people to testify their respect for the character of their unconquered general, and their gratitude for the benefits which he had conferred on his country. Must not the merit of that man have been great indeed, who, though bent with the infirmities of age, could for so long a period command the undiminished homage of 24,000,000 of his countrymen!

Conceiving the Athenians to be somewhat dila-

tory in acknowledging his services, by the erection of a monument to commemorate his various achievements, Themistocles, without consulting them on the subject, erected, almost at his own door, and with the spoils captured during his campaigns, a temple to Diana of the Best Counsel; intimating thereby that he had given the best counsel, not only to Athens, but to all Greece; and arrogating to himself the exclusive wisdom of that interesting portion of Europe, than which no effrontery could be more barefaced, no vanity more despicable. How striking the contrast between the Athenian and the British general!—the Athenians and the British people! To bear testimony that the wisdom of Greece was centred in his own breast, Themistocles, with the spoils of war, raises a monument close to his own residence; but Greece, repudiating the claim as spurious, razes it to the ground, and banishes the claimant forthwith the soil of Athens. Wellington lays claim to no wisdom beyond that possessed by other men; but his countrymen, admiring no less the modesty of the Duke than the number and importance of his public services, cause a monument to be manufactured from the brass guns taken by him in action, to commemorate his many splendid achievements, and their gratitude for his having on all occasions given them the best counsel: and conceiving something wanting to consummate the glory of the great warrior, the

amiable and beloved Ruler of these realms, tenders a site for the beautiful tribute to transcendent merit, on the entrance to one of the Royal Parks, a few yards from the Field-Marshal's town residence; where, may the figure of the

HERO OF ASSAYE VITTORIA, AND WATERLOO, and his charger Copenhagen, long remain as emblems of the honour to which, in this free country, the junior ensign—Wellington having once been such—may attain by perseverance, an assiduous attention to the duties of his profession—by prudence, integrity, and virtue—by banishing self to the farthest corner of the habitable globe, and adopting as his pole-star, Country and Duty. For by what better model can any officer shape his own military character, than by that of him of whom it has been remarked—“One would imagine that the Duke of Wellington had studied the character of every commander that ever lived; and selected from them for imitation, that which appeared to him worthy, and refusing the unworthy?” the course of study being that which every young officer who is anxious to rise to eminence in his profession, should most assuredly adopt. For what greater pleasure could any officer wish to enjoy, after a life spent in the service of his country, than to hear it remarked—“Could the heroes of the past appear once more amongst us, answering their summons from the

roll-call of fame, they would, as the world's warriors of our day have done, recognise him as their head, and serve under his banner,"—as truthfully of himself as it was of the Duke of Wellington, some years before his death?

Pursue, therefore, my young military friends, the path so perfectly chalked out for you by your late Commander-in-Chief; that like him you may be qualified to lead forth your countrymen to victory, such a thing as defeat being to him unknown:—and why? Because, throughout the whole of his military career, the Duke held a faithful discharge of the trusts reposed in him to be an imperative duty which he owed to his *God*, to his *Sovereign*, and to his *Country*. Go, therefore, and do likewise; that when the curtain drops on your last battle-scene, you may be enabled to repeat the sentence which that distinguished man, who, as a Commander,

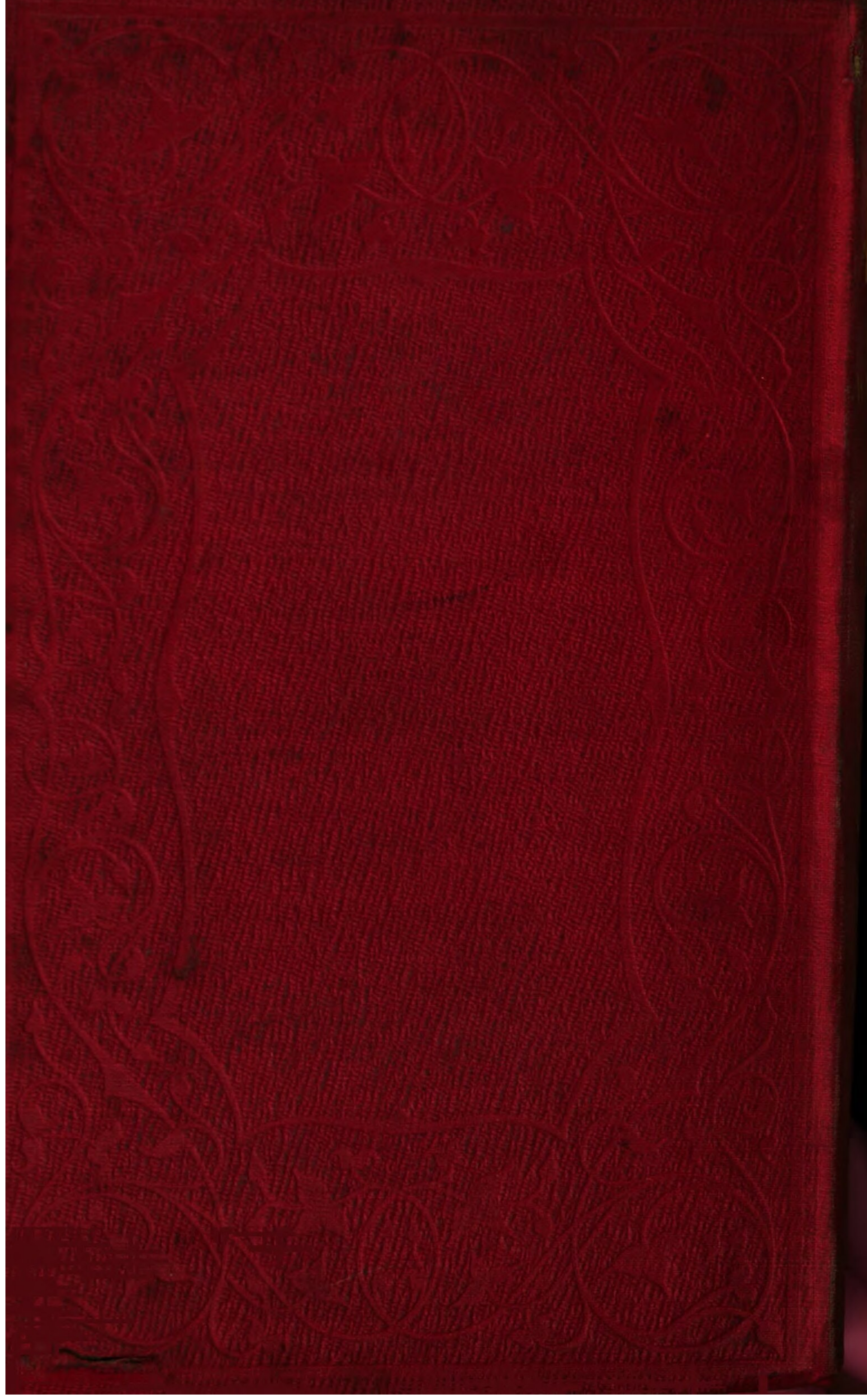
“STANDS ALONE IN HISTORY,”

addressed to a friend at the close of his last terrific combat:

“THE FINGER OF GOD WAS ON ME.”

THE END.

10



The military Achievements of field- marshal the duc of Wellington,
contrasted with those of Alexander Pyrrhus, Hannibal, Casar, Marlborough,
Napoleon, and other commanders. By a peninsular and waterloo officier,
author of 'Military memoirs of an infantry officier' & ??
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